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Yours affectionately

Andrew Lynn

Methodist Records:

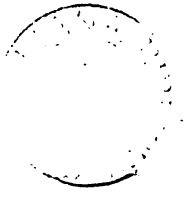
OR,

SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL

OF THE

REV. ANDREW LYNN,

DESIGNED TO PROMOTE SPIRITUAL CHRISTIANITY.



EDITED BY

JOHN STOKOE.

WE LIVE IN DEEDS NOT YEARS; IN THOUGHTS NOT BREATHS;
IN FEELINGS, NOT IN FIGURES ON A DIAL.
WE SHOULD COUNT TIME BY HEART-THROBS. HE MOST LIVES
WHO THINKS MOST—FEELS THE NOBLEST—ACTS THE BEST.
FESTUS.

LONDON:
J. B. COOKE, 21, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW
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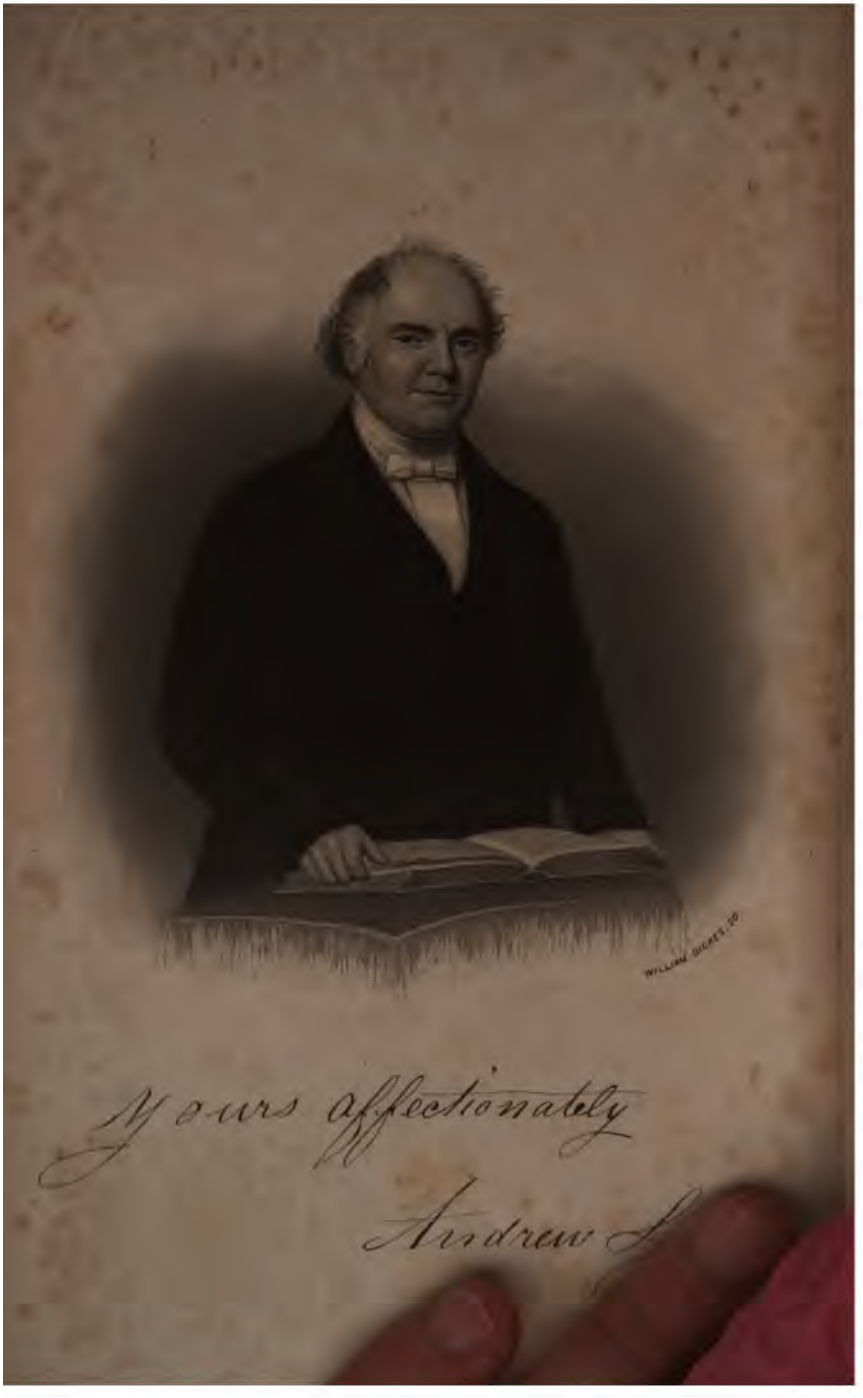
210. d. 132.


Yours affectionately
Andrew

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

PREFACE.

A LONG preface is objectionable, and yet most things require a preface. Geology shows how ample a preface the Almighty wrote to the present goodly edition of our earth. The ages which went before formed an introduction and their ceremonials a pictorial preface to the era of Christ, and the now happily unfolded secret of Christ crucified for the sins of mankind. The day has its preface in the mediating dawn, and summer, in the genial breezes and pretty flowers of spring. And a book, particularly a book of the character of this, requires an explanatory word or two in the way of introduction.

"Methodist Records" is a book of selections from the journal of a Methodist minister. It is divided, for the ease and profit of the reader, as well as suggested by the natural sequence of the subjects treated, into three books, containing short chapters, each, in general, complete in itself, and all rendered tributary to the spread of vital Godliness.

As Mr. Lynn is yet living, some may think the "Records" appear prematurely, and others, wonder how his character could be pourtrayed with biographical faithfulness, seeing it would have to meet his eye. The latter supposition is founded upon a totally wrong conception of the object of the work. The book is not so much the life of a minister (although that life is traced a considerable way) as records made during his life, and the work of the Editor, undertaken at Mr. Lynn's

special desire, was not to analyse it but edit them. I had not, therefore, to give a critical estimate of *the recorder*, showing wherein he differed from others and presenting the bright and shady sides of his special character, but to master, arrange, revise, correct, and render as readable and useful as possible *the records*. And here I found work sufficient. The journals reaching to 1837, where the present volume ends, embrace 1,682 quarto pages of closely written matter: these were to be read, indexed, extracted, and put into appropriate Chapters. Amidst the claims of regular duties and the anxieties of domestic affliction, I have laboured hard to render the publication attractive and profitable; and I am not without a belief that it will be extensively read, and made, by God's favour, an extensive blessing.

In respect to the objections which may be made to this, as to the publication of any journal or autobiography during the author's life, I can only repeat what was said in the prospectus. There it was observed that, "In general, those objections are such as to be respected and deferred to, springing, as they do, from the instinctive perception on the part of mankind, of what is modest and becoming; but in this, as in so many other cases, there are exceptions, which are as unexceptionable as the general law itself is excellent. Who thinks of finding fault with the publication, even during the author's life, of the journals of tourists, of navigators, of warriors, provided always that they throw new light upon the branches of study to which they respectively belong? We could refer to many such in our day, whose popularity is deservedly great, and whose value none would attempt to deny. And shall the traveller in the 'old paths,' the navi-

gator of life's sea, the soldier of Christ, be denied a means of usefulness, which we readily accord to others?"

My esteemed friend, the Rev. C. D. Ward, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, was associated with me in the prospectus as co-editor, and rendered valuable and most cheerful help, while I was engaged with the work in Staffordshire Potteries. It was intended that he should take the management of the work from Chapter xiii., Book II, including Book III., as I had managed it up to that part; but, when the work had progressed so far, my co-editor thought its unity would be best preserved by there being but one editor, an opinion in which I was induced, at length, to concur; and we arranged accordingly. He had, however, prepared a goodly portion of Chap. xiii., Book II., and Chap. i., Book III., and, after giving titles and introduction to those Chapters, I preserve where possible, as the reader may detect, my friend's diction.

Since 1837, Mr. Lynn has travelled in Manchester, Derby, Gateshead, Newcastle-on-Tyne, North Shields, Dudley, Sheffield (the second time), Bradford, Hanley, Staleybridge, Rochdale, Burslem, and is, at present, in the Halifax North Circuit. Ample and interesting records of labours in those Circuits are preserved, and a companion volume to this will be prepared and published at a future period, if the subscribers request the publication.

The book, which it was intended to call Revival Records, but has received its present title as more suitable, has, no doubt, defects. I was delicately situated, and could not in all things be absolute; and if I had been differently situated, "to err is human," and let the reader practically learn that "to forgive is divine." A few printers' and grammatical errors

were detected too late for correction; as at page 187, where are the words—"have each *their* own style." A few names of persons and places, too, may not be found correct; as, for instance, Mrs. Cope of Nottingham should be Mrs. Coupe. These have arisen, in good part, from the speed with which the proofs were to be corrected and returned.

A few letters from distinguished ministers and gentlemen appear in the work; but, in every case, the author's sanction has been solicited and granted to the publication.

We commend the book to the churches and the blessing of God. It is free from sectarian bigotry, and calculated to foster individual piety and extend Christian catholicity. May Jehovah speed its course!

JOHN STOKOE.

LEAZES PLACE, DURHAM,
AUGUST 19, 1858.

*** *The Work may be had from the Rev. A. Lynn, Halifax, Yorkshire; or from the Editor.*

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METHODIST RECORDS.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, *there* all the honour lies.

WHENCE anyone has come, and what he possessed, are questions which have been far more pondered, and far more popular, than the more worthy and weighty ones, which relate to what he was, and to what he achieved. All merited honour to those who inherit a name great in the annals and movements of the past, who can trace their pedigree through generations of titled and distinguished ancestors; and who possess, in virtue of such connexions, large estates, high positions in society, and potent influence in the government of their country. But, while we thus respect the time-honoured, and defer to legitimate power, we are not to despise, disparage, or even distrust others, simply because they were not so favourably circumstanced. Originally, the human family were one; and however, at present, the streams diverge and differ, or the branches multiply and vary, facts of the strongest character show that they flow from one source, and grow out of one stem. Having a common origin, and a kindred constitution, we should cultivate a "fellow feeling." Moreover, it is well known that from the most humble abode, and the most obscure descent, have gone forth some of the finest geniuses that have illumined the world, and some of

the most devoted souls that have benefited and blessed mankind. "God is no respecter of persons;" and in nothing have we a more manifest expression of His impartiality and general love, than in the liberal distribution of His noblest gifts and choicest graces among the varied ranks into which society is conventionally divided. In genius and grace there is no monopoly; for we often find them where distinction of birth, finish of education, and eminence of social and political status, are withheld. The antecedents and accidents of birth are no true criterion of the worth or dignity of life. Solomon was born in a palace, and Christ in a stable; yet, in simple and majestic truth, the latter could affirm,—"Behold! a greater than Solomon is here."

Still, however, when anyone has rendered himself remarkable in any of the many and useful walks of life, there is a desire to know whatever may be learned of his ancestry, early life, and general habits and associations.—This desire is *instinctive*. We are so made as not to be content with effects and appearances; we aspire to know their causes and combinations. If we stand upon the banks of a majestic river, which, as it flows, bears cargo upon cargo to the sea, and spreads fertility and beauty throughout the country it intersects, we feel, at once, an anxiety to know *where* it takes its rise, and *what* the spring which gives its earliest flow.—This desire is *instructive*. As the traveller finds that the largest streams have the tiniest springs; as the student of nature ascertains that its mightiest forces are produced by very simple combinations: so the biographer often reveals the fact, that the men who have been felt most as a power, who have moulded society into their thoughts and principles, who have been the soul which moved the body of mankind; that those very men have had, for the most part, an obscure parentage and humble home. Biography, thus, becomes a

commentary; the fulness of whose contents gives force to the Apostle's declaration,—"God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: That no flesh should glory in his presence." (1 Cor. i. 27—29.)

Mr. Lynn, by the fervour of ardent and consistent piety, and the force of natural talent, has secured for himself an honoured name in the community to which he belongs, and a respectable position in the ministry, which for forty years he has cheerfully and successfully served. He has been in the field of battle, faced the foe, fought in many engagements, and gained much valuable experience in the holy warfare which the Church is waging against the devil and sin, and for Christ and souls. He has carefully and amply recorded that experience. Our work, therefore, is to classify, and set it in order. The language—generally terse, and the style—generally easy and natural, of the journals, will be preserved as much as possible.

"I was born," says Mr. Lynn, "at Shafto Cragg House, a small hamlet, in the parish of Hartburn, Northumberland, December 8, 1796. My father and mother were the children of brothers, who were named Andrew and John Lynn. The family originally came from Scotland, and were engaged in the coal mining business. As I wish to give a little history of my two grandfathers, I shall begin with my maternal grandfather, he being the means of introducing religion into the family.

"He—the third brother in the family—was brought up by my great-grandfather in the coal mines; but he never liked the business. He had a great thirst for knowledge, and

spent his leisure time in reading, and in the culture of his mind. As soon as he was competent, he commenced teaching a school, and, in process of time, left the coal works, and devoted himself wholly to literary pursuits. He spent a considerable portion of his life in Sunderland, where, besides teaching land surveying and mathematics, he drew the plan of Sunderland Pier; and attained very considerable eminence in those departments. He married a Miss Errington, whose family resided at Gateshead Fell, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, but whom he met and married at Sunderland. My mother was their only child.

"As to general character, he might be termed a moralist; but, until a short time before death, he was a stranger to salvation, and had a great antipathy to Methodists,—regarding them as a deluded people; and yet, singularly enough, it pleased God to make them the means of his conversion. Falling out of health, and showing consumptive symptoms, he was ordered into the country for change of air; and, accordingly, he visited his brother David, who resided at Gallo Hill, a few miles from my birthplace. But this change was unavailing, and death and eternity stared him in the face. Fortunately, there were, in the neighbourhood, a few Methodists, who, when they heard of his illness, went—as Christians should *go—unsent for*, to see the afflicted, and introduced to him the subject of religion. At first, he showed some reluctance to be taught by them; but their manner was so kind, and they manifested such concern for his eternal happiness, that they quite gained upon him: they then prayed with and for him, and God made him deeply conscious of his lost condition as a sinner. He now became anxious for the advice and prayers of those to whom at first he objected; and the Lord was pleased to reveal His pardoning love to the penitent. This was a bliss of which he had no conception

before; indeed, he did not suppose that such happiness could be obtained on earth. With this delightful change, there was not only love to God as its author, but to the Methodists as its instrument. He was assured that these were the people of God; so he sent for all his brothers, and induced them to comply with his dying request that they would join the Methodists, and seek the salvation of their souls. They, on their part, became convinced by the change they witnessed in him, and the support afforded him in death, that he had what they did not possess; each promised to take his advice, and, to all appearance, began to seek and find the mercy of God: and though they afterwards declined in religious duty, there was hope in their death. As for him, after suffering much, he peacefully entered into rest, and received the 'recompense of reward.'"

We cannot meditate upon this description of the conversion of Mr. Lynn's ancestor, without perceiving how important it is for Christians to visit, even uninvited, the chamber of the afflicted; and without being encouraged to expect immediate happy effects to follow their humble and zealous endeavours. We tremble to think what might have been the end of this invalid, had he not been visited by simple-hearted and devoted Methodists.

In Mr. Lynn's paternal grandfather there was much to admire, and much to deplore. The sketch of his life, which follows, is equally interesting and admonitory.

"As I knew my father's father—Andrew Lynn, (whose namesake I am), I shall next state a few particulars respecting him. Up to the period of his brother John's illness, he was an entire stranger to religion, but having promised him to become a Methodist, he went to hear the preachers. On one occasion, when hearing, I believe, at Saugh House, Mr. W. Smith, a local preacher, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, he witnessed

that devoted servant of Christ grossly insulted by a wicked man—the fact is, he spat in Mr. Smith's face. This insult he bore with such patience as quite struck my grandfather with surprise; for he felt quite sure, that had the insult been offered to himself, he would have been speedily avenged on the offender. At once a conviction of his own sinfulness seized his mind, and he began very earnestly to seek a change of heart. How long he was in search of mercy before he found it, I am not prepared to say; but I am informed that he secured the sense of God's pardoning love under a sermon preached by the Rev. John Wesley, in the town of Morpeth; and from that time he lived happy in God for about twenty years. Soon after he thus 'tasted the good Word of Life,' he gave himself to reading, and showed deep solicitude for the salvation of others. He had also a profound conviction that he ought to call sinners to repentance; and, struggling with this until he could hold out no longer, he began first to give exhortations, and next to explain and enforce verses of Scripture, in the villages around,—proclaiming Jesus as the 'Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' Thus labouring, he introduced the Gospel into many places where it had not been previously heard; often travelling twenty, or thirty miles on the Sabbath, having preached thrice, and going, as usual, to his work on the succeeding day. The happiness he then experienced, he used to speak of in old age, with great pleasure.

"In this laborious manner he went on, and was made a blessing to many, until an unhappy occurrence took place. My father, who was wild and dissipated, had quarrelled with a man, and they had fixed on a day to fight a pitched battle. Of this my grandfather knew not, until my father had left his work, and gone to the scene of action. When, however, he was informed of it, he followed his son thither, for the

purpose of stopping the battle. When he arrived, the fight was just commencing, and my grandfather stepped between the combatants to part them, when the father of the other man struck him; this roused him, and put him off his guard, (for before conversion he had been a fighter), and a battle ensued between the two fathers. This was a sad day for my grandfather, and for the cause of God in that neighbourhood. Reproach and shame were his bitter portion for many long years afterwards. He sincerely repented of his sin and folly, but the Methodists looked shy at him and discountenanced his preaching. When he had got restored to God's favour, and the storm had blown over, he felt a great desire to engage in his beloved work of preaching; but he was opposed in such a way by the Methodists, as threw him into the deepest agony of mind. He felt the burthen of the Lord so heavy upon him that he knew not what to do. For two years together he was in an awful state. At one time, he was strongly tempted to throw himself into the sea, and went to it for that purpose. While thinking, however, on the dreadful step he was about to take, a voice said to him, 'The work that he wished to do, should not be done by him, nor by his son, but by his son's son.' He always regarded my conversion, and my call to the work of the ministry, as a fulfilment of the promise made, when, as I believe, by the kind interference of Providence, self-destruction was prevented. He kept morally steady in his conduct until after the death of my grandmother, who was a pious woman, and died happy in the Lord.

"Sometime after this event, however, he formed an acquaintance with a worldly woman, and by degrees gave up all profession of religion, and addicted himself to various sinful amusements. Surprising, and mournful to relate, he became a breeder and fighter of cocks, and attended cock-fights in the surrounding neighbourhood; and for many years

he became as decidedly irreligious as he had previously been for preaching and praying. It cannot be supposed that he could get on in this course without many pangs of conscience. He had a secret love to religion, and the Methodist view of the Gospel he believed to be the right one. In his irreligious associates he never could bear to hear the Methodists, or religion ridiculed, but always had something to say in defence of them: he even defended them sometimes, till he could do so no longer for weeping; such conversations bringing to his remembrance former happy days. But, alas! these feelings were only like 'the morning cloud and the early dew,'—they soon passed away. He was in a backsliding state for nearly twenty years. During this period he rented a coal mine, which he and my uncles worked, and he made a great deal of money, but much of it was spent in sin and folly. About 1812, he lost the coal mine, and with its loss he experienced a reverse in his circumstances." Adversity, though not a palatable, is a powerful teacher. "He was now brought to reflection, and, through the striving of God's spirit, to repentance. He sought once more by prayer, the Lord's favour; but, oh! how bitter were those pangs of guilt that wrung his troubled heart! His great grief was the reproach he had brought upon the cause of God. One promise only could he think of to encourage him to hope for mercy, and it was this—'Return unto me, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings.' He now abandoned his former course, spent his time in prayer and reading, (he was a great reader), and began to attend the preaching of the Gospel by ministers of the Methodist New Connexion, in the Newcastle-on-Tyne Circuit, and was much edified and encouraged by them. Again he enjoyed God's favour, commenced prayer meetings in his own house, and on Sunday evenings used to give exhortations, and preach little sermons to his children and grandchildren. He spent

many happy seasons in this way; and after a time, he went into some neighbouring places, and held meetings for prayer and exhortation.

"When my grandfather became so ill as to be confined to his bed, he had a wish to see all his children, and was especially desirous to see me. My conversion, and the restoration of my father, who had also been a backslider, were sources of great pleasure to him. He lived thirty miles from us, and I took a journey on purpose to see him. As soon as he saw me, his heart seemed to overflow with joy, and he exclaimed—'Now, Lord! take me.' I inquired the state of his mind; and he told me he was mostly very happy, but he was sometimes sorely tempted. I believe the memory of his backslidings, in his dying moments, was a great grief to him. At his desire, I preached on the Sunday afternoon to the neighbours and relatives who assembled in his house. I preached from, 'Happy art thou, O Israel, etc.;' and the truth was sealed on his mind, and made a blessing to him. He then arranged that I should preach his funeral sermon, naming the text,* and fixed the hymns to be sung on the occasion. He charged me to keep by the plain Methodist doctrines, observing, they could not be mended, and that this kind of preaching would be more useful than any other. Our parting was affecting. I was his first-born grandson, was called after him, and the first and only preacher in the family, excepting himself. He continued till Aug. 25, 1822. Shortly before his death, he was heard to say—'He died;' it was added, 'for sinners;' then, said he, 'I am safe,' and died."

The mother of Mr. Lynn was a woman of amiable temper and devoted piety. She was converted at Carville, a village

* John xvi. 28. This pious duty was discharged on the 25th September, when a profound impression was made upon the minds of the assembled relatives and friends.

midway between Newcastle-on-Tyne and North Shields, under the ministry of the Rev. E. Oakes, then stationed in the Newcastle Circuit. Her death was hastened by a false alarm. There was a dreadful explosion in the colliery, and it was reported that her husband, who was in the pit, was burned to death. The report was false, but it so excited the mind, and shook the nerves of Mrs. Lynn, as to bring upon her premature confinement, and subsequently rapid consumption. "This produced great distress in my father's mind, for he was ardently attached to her, and the idea of losing her seemed most awful to him. He sought medical aid from various sources, without any permanent advantage. He was, at length, advised to remove into the country for a change of air, and settled, accordingly, at a new colliery (Belsey Barnes), fourteen or fifteen miles west of Newcastle. All his efforts, however, were unavailing; the Master called, and the servant had to obey." Before death, she took leave of her children, and upon her first-born pronounced a blessing. "She took me by the hand," writes Mr. Lynn, "and said, with looks and language which none but a mother can show and speak,—'I am going to leave thee; I am going to Heaven. Thou must be a good lad, and be good to thy father.' Then putting her hand on my head, she added, 'and may the blessing of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob rest upon thee.' My little heart was like to burst. I trembled and wept. My sisters were taken to her asleep, and she blessed each of them; and, according to an impression she had mentioned several weeks previously to my father, that she would die on New Year's Day, took her flight to glory, January 1st, 1803, being a little over thirty years of age. During the bustle of preparation for the funeral, I did not feel so much the loss I had sustained; but after it was over, and I found no one but strangers at home, a gloom

overspread my mind, and I felt as if the world was stripped of all its charms." The "lad" never forgot the sight he then beheld, and never had erased from his mind the impression then made. Such scenes photograph themselves in the fancy, and such impressions interweave themselves in the memory. Forget them? No; they are "as nails fastened by the Master of Assemblies." Mrs. Lynn's death was improved by the Rev. James Mort; a name venerable in the archives of Methodist New Connexion history.

Matthew Lynn, her husband, and father of Mr. Lynn, died so recently as the 14th of Dec., 1845, at Houghton-le-Spring, near Durham. When a youth he was converted, but soon after declined in piety. He was again restored under the faithful ministry of Mr. Oakes, already mentioned; but on the loss of his wife, he lost his piety, and after a somewhat chequered career, during which he was again led to God, he made a peaceful and triumphant finish. His last words were, "Praise Him—Praise Him—Praise Him." At different times in his life he had been favoured with rare and remarkable manifestations of God; just before death, such a manifestation was given him, and from its rapture he went to Heaven's rest.

To departed relatives, we must say—farewell. Death has taken them, but to our care and keeping he has left their memory. We best keep and cherish it, by avoiding the errors, emulating the virtues, and excelling the labours of the departed. Whither they have gone, we go. Let us do the work the Almighty has assigned us, that hereafter, with those whose names we bear, and whose memories we revere, we may "enter the rest that remaineth."

CHAPTER II.

EARLY DAYS.

My heart leaps up when I behold
  A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
  Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.
WORDSWORTH.

EARLY days are memorable and impressible days. The mind is then eagerly receptive and tenaciously retentive. Whatever is seen or heard at that period makes an impression which all the sights and strifes, the travels and toils, the hopes and fears of after-life can never remove. Hence, the perfect ease with which the aged recal the incidents of childhood, while they forget the events of yesterday; and hence, too, the modified reverence with which the places of youthful resort are revisited, while places of greater name and richer associations are unvisited, or visited with comparative indifference. Nor is this all. The discipline, good or bad, of those early days, shows itself, for better or worse, in the subsequent life. Then, as the genius of the child is ascertained by its preferences and playthings: so, the character of the child is often formed by the teachings it receives, and the examples it observes. "The child is," thus, in a most momentous and admonitory manner, "the father of the man." O, with what care should this season of life be watched, and with what fidelity and piety it should be improved!

Mr. Lynn was not advantageously or happily situated at this early period; yet some valuable religious impressions were made upon his mind by a mother's tears and prayers; and, in his love of nature, of music, and song, we see foreshadowings of his lively fancy and delight in spiritual songs; while, too, in the narrow escapes he experienced, we see the good hand of God sparing a life whose work was yet to be done. Here are three narrow escapes from an early grave.

"One of the things with which I was affected, while living at Carville, was a narrow escape from drowning, when about five years old. I was playing with other children by the side of a horse-pool, in which was a log of wood. Some of the lads got on to it, and sailed in the water. I thought, child-like enough, I should like to sail as well as the rest. I, therefore, stepped on to the log. In a short time I lost my balance, and fell into the water; three times I went to the bottom and came up again, and the third time I came up, a boy caught and dragged me out of a watery grave.—About this time, too, I was in danger from the presence of an adder, the first I had seen, at Belsey Barnes. One very hot day I saw it basking in the sun. I was pleased with its beauty, and tried to catch it, having no knowledge of its deadly sting. As Providence ordered, it fled from me, and I escaped unhurt. When my father told me it might have stung me, and I might have died, I was alarmed, and when, afterwards, I saw another, instead of pursuing, I ran from it.—Some time after this, when living at Nether Witton, I had another escape. One evening, when returning from school, I resolved to bathe (a practice I was fond of) in a river which ran near my home. I came to a nice place, stripped off my clothes, and jumped into a part, the depth of which I did not know; and, not being able to swim, I soon found myself in great danger. I could find no bottom with my feet; my eyes were open in the

water; and, I could see the sun shining and the edge of the channel, and scrambled towards the latter, and with some difficulty, managed to creep out, and narrowly escaped death. Thus, the Lord, by an unseen hand, 'through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,' has 'gently cleared my way.'"

Youth is the period both of susceptibility and of hostility—susceptibility to truth—hostility to God. We see this illustrated very forcibly in Mr. Lynn's early days. The "enmity" of the "carnal mind" is no fiction. "I remember going with my father and mother to hear preaching, in a colliery house, at a place called Shiney Row. I well recollect feeling the enmity of my heart rise against the confinement during service. The Volunteers were then up, and they had a band of music which much delighted me. Passing the meeting-house, I suppose, to church, their music tempted me, and I slipped out and followed them, leaving my parents and the preaching. I felt, even then, I was doing wrong, and was afraid to come home. This I mention to show at what an early period the heart rises against Divine things."

But the heart is as susceptible of good impressions as inclined to sinful practices. "My first impressions of the truth of religion were made, at that time, on my mind. This took place at a Class Meeting, which was held after preaching, to renew the quarterly tickets. When my mother came out of the meeting, she was weeping, and her tears greatly affected me; for I then thought that when people wept they were in trouble. But I looked at my mother, and she was so happy. For the first time in my life I thought it must be religion that made her happy. This idea I never afterwards lost."

Mr. Lynn was not very fortunate in the schools to which he was sent. In the first, the schoolmaster soon had to leave the place; and, as for the second, the scholars would not have lost much if the master had never appeared. "My

first school was at a place called Bradford. We had a kind master, whom I loved; but he had to leave, and the school, much to the sorrow of parents and scholars, was given up. I next went to a school at Capheaton, a pretty village, the seat of Sir John Swinburne, Bart. The master was a proud, cross, severe man; we feared, but we did not love him. The severity of his treatment I never forgot. He taught us a little good manners, such as how we were to pass our superiors in going from and coming to school; but beyond this, he was a teachless teacher, as he was a heartless man."

But besides a defect in the teacher there was indisposition and inattention on the part of the scholar. "My father was very desirous to give me a good education. He used to say 'I am no scholar, but I will make thee a good scholar.' Two or three things, however, made against my being thoroughly educated. 1.—I had a great disinclination to learning. This made school a bore to me. 2.—At the time when I should have made some proficiency I fell into the hands of a careless master, and I got boys to do my sums for me, without his knowledge. 3.—My father being no scholar, he could not test my progress. When, therefore, I left school my education was very imperfect; nor up to the time of my conversion had I any disposition to amend it; but, at that period, I felt my need of learning, and set about recovering what I had lost, and obtaining what I never had acquired. I have made improvement beyond what I expected; yet, I am far short of what I might have been, and I daily feel the disadvantage of a defective education."

In the houses of the "working aristocracy" every hand must be thrifty, as in a hive every bee must be busy. Little pay, even for hard labour, compels many a parent to apprentice, or set to work, a child whose years are yet tender, and whose education is thereby forfeited. The prospect of a small

return, at once, for the child's labour, weighs more with some than the prospect of after elevation, as a consequence of present education. This is a great—perhaps the greatest—barrier in the way of the general or national education that patriots and philanthropists so much desire for our country.

Mr. Lynn early entered upon the career of a worker. First, his father's trade is adopted, and for four years he regularly worked in the coalpit; and, next, he settled down into the less hazardous, but not less useful, employment, the object of which is to provide for the comfort and security of the feet, somewhat facetiously termed the *under-stand-ings*. "This latter trade was not my own choice, but it seemed as likely as anything that offered itself at the time. My master was the son of a publican, at Cambo, who kept a large inn in the village, where respectable travellers were lodged, and had accommodations for themselves and their horses. This was a strange place for me to be put. I was surrounded by sin of every description; indeed, I saw and heard little else, and my wicked heart wallowed in the mire of sin. The scenes of drunkenness, quarrelling, and fighting, and the oaths and obscene conversation, that I daily saw, and heard, were truly awful. My master was a swearing, lying, dancing, song-singing, foolish man; yet, he was very kind to me, understood his business, had a good trade, and might have done well; but he was idle, and neglected his business. He wandered about the town, talking with anybody and about anything, whilst the journeymen were without work. I have sat, for hours together, without anything to do, while he was idling his time away. This conduct ended—as it was ever likely to do—in deep poverty. So true it is, 'he becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand.'"

Who can wonder that our youthful apprentice fell into sinful practices and pleasures? "Evil communications," infalli-

bly and insidiously, "corrupt good manners." "There were," says he, "a few vices from which I was preserved, as lying, dishonesty, and drunkenness; but in swearing, foolish-talking, Sabbath-breaking, etc., I was a champion for my years. Awful to relate! we sometimes used to swear in the shop until it was dreadful to hear us. Once I was reproved by an old widow, a methodist, for working on the Sabbath. She said she had often been shocked at my swearing, but she did not expect that I would have broken the Sabbath in that manner. I felt her rebuke most keenly, but I would not acknowledge it. I told her it was no business of hers. Thus, I hardened myself in sin; yet, I was ashamed whenever I saw the old lady, and I never did so again."

Let us not despair of the success of an honest attempt to do good, when, instead of gratitude we get scorn, and instead of a compliant response we receive a defiant challenge. Birds have been known to fly a long way, as if nothing were amiss, when the fire of the sportsman has inflicted a death-wound; and the sinner often laughs and scoffs, when, were he true to the tenderest feelings of his heart and the most genuine convictions of his intellect, he would weep and pray. Our friend was no exception to this general truth. Oaths might proceed from his mouth, but convictions of a serious order possessed his soul, and fears of an alarming character haunted his solitude. "Sometimes, in the midst of play, I have been so stung with conviction, that I have left my playmates, and stood thinking about my conduct, not knowing what to do, or what was the matter with me. At nights, when I have retired to rest, I have been afraid to fall asleep lest I should awake in hell. Sometimes I got out of bed, and repeated the little prayer my mother taught me, and kept myself awake lest I should awake to sleep no more. When the morning light dawned, and sleep was over, my gladness

knew no bounds. Yet I remained careless about my soul, scarcely ever entering a place of worship, or looking into a good book. I was fond of company, had a good voice, knew many songs; and, but for shortness of money, should have spent much of my time in the public-house, where I was anxious to show my singing abilities. Singular enough, too, I had a check in my master's father. Although he was the landlord of the house, and a drunkard himself, it is remarkable what a constant and careful eye he kept upon me. I am now thankful that he did, inasmuch as it restrained me from company that would have led me wrong."

The prayer referred to, as learned from a mother's lips, is to be admired more for its pious sentiment than its poetical or rhythmical construction. It ran thus:—

> "Lord, lie down with me this night,
> Safely keep me while I sleep;
> Wake I ever, or wake I never,
> Sweet Jesus! keep my soul for ever."

"How wise it is in parents to store the memories of their children with Divine sentiments, in early life! They are the 'bread cast upon the waters;' and in the reflections they inspire, and the resolutions they often beget, are 'seen after many days.'"

In those early days, moreover, there was evinced a commendable love of God's works, and there was fostered a kindly feeling to God's ministers. These are twin affections, and relate to a diversity of operation, but to a unity of aim. Both Nature and the Christian Minister are preachers, and both testify of God; the one exhibits His manifold wisdom and beneficence in all about us, and the other presents the fulness of His mercy and grace in the blessed Gospel. Hence, the love of the one should not militate against, but mutually help, the love of the other. In Mr. Lynn, we find both.

"While yet young, I was touched by the beauty of spring. I was quite charmed with the cowslips and primroses which grew by the side of the river. The wild notes, too, of sweet little birds, which found there a quiet shelter, thrilled through my soul as with united song they gave praise unto God."

Christian ministers often visited the home of our friend, and his parents spoke about them with such evident affection, as to excite in him an early love of them. Messrs. Mort, Oakes, and Blakeborough, were special favourites. "All of whom," observes he, "I well remember with affection. Of Mr. Mort, my father always spoke with great veneration. He regarded him as a deeply pious man. His manner was remarkably grave. His preaching was plain and powerful, and his appeals to the conscience were very impressive. The matter of his sermons was very like that of Baxter, and his appeals to professing Christians on their privileges and duties, were striking and effective. I once heard a lady say, when speaking of his preaching, 'While I was listening to him, I said to myself—'Well, this is Richard Baxter.' He was, also, a man of liberal views. Many years afterwards, meeting with him at Thorne, he observed, in course of conversation, 'Oh, Sir, during my affliction, I have more than ever seen the importance of loving all the friends of Christ. If God spare me, I mean to be a man of one book, and that is the Bible; and of one business, and that is loving and serving God; and, henceforth, to care very little about sectarian peculiarities.'"

Parents and Guardians! see from this record of early days how important it is to commence, while your respective charges are yet young, the holy work of their culture. Then, their minds are plastic, and may receive a Divine impression; then, the tender boughs of their spirits are flexible, and may receive a heavenly direction. Young men! sons of mothers who have clasped you to their hearts, and moistened your brow

CHAPTER III.

CONVERSION.

When God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state;
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.
WATTS.

CONVERSION, in the Christian sense, is more than a change of creed, the observance of a rite, or the reformation of the outward life. The adopted creed may be ancient and accurate; the observed rite simple and Scriptural; and the reform needful and praiseworthy; but their adoption, or observance, is not conversion. The Jew, the Mohammedan, the Hindoo, may exchange their creeds for the Christian's; the formalist, already baptised, may regularly partake the elements at the Lord's table; and the swearer may leave off his oaths, the drunkard reform his practices, and the gambler give up his degrading and ruinous traffic; yet, stopping there, each would stop short of Christ. Conversion is a change of our nature; not of its original powers, but its governing tastes. Its groundwork is the *heart*, which even more than the intellect or the will, is *the man*. The intellect may be enriched and expanded by truth, and the will brought into ready compliance with what is excellent, yet the life may be wedded to practical error, and besmeared by loathsome vice. Not so, when the heart is changed and purified. With its elevation and purity, we have the elevation and purity of the life. Heaven's Great Teacher and man's Divine Interpreter, truly said, "From within—out of the heart of men—proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications;" and, by logical inference,

from the same source, sweetened by Divine influence, must proceed whatever is noble and Divine, philanthropic and pious.

But, conversion, necessary to all, and effected always by the light of the Divine Word, and the energy of the Divine Spirit, is not accompanied in all by like transitions and emotions. In the case of one, who has been favoured with early religious training and example, and kept from the society of irreligious persons, and the visitation of irreligious places, the change may be as gradual and imperceptible as is the transition from night to day when relieved by the mediating twilight. In the case of another, early neglect, and the greedy gratification of sinful propensities, may have added grossness to his original darkness; and now, when the light of heaven streams into his soul, it is overpowering; the anguish created by the revelation made, is only equalled by the joy experienced when the dense darkness is removed, and the "*marvellous light*" everywhere triumphs and shines. In respect of time, too, there is a difference. Some, like Lydia, "Whose heart the Lord opened," are gently and gradually brought to God; while others, like Paul, are struck with conviction, in lightning swiftness, and at once cease from the imprecations of the blasphemer, and enter upon the labours of the preacher. In fine, no one instance of conversion must be taken as an infallible standard, or a fixed model for all others; while in each, as in all the works and ways of God besides, there will be a variety which will interest, and a truth which will edify, the devout inquirer.

In Mr. Lynn's conversion, therefore, we have no definite criterion for another; but we have, assuredly, what will interest and edify all. It was a thorough work, and its details are given with such simplicity of language and style, and are so evidently true to nature and fact, that we present them to the reader with almost more of fulness than our space will permit.

"In the spring of 1814, my father and grandfather became regular in their attendance at the Saugh House, occupied by Mr. W. Cooke,* where there was Divine service. On their way thither they passed my residence. Through the frequent and urgent invitations of my grandfather, to whom I was always very partial, I was induced, after the mastery of some vain excuses, to become somewhat regular in hearing the Gospel on Sabbath mornings; by and bye, I took to going in the afternoons, also. For some time I had no pleasure in the service. All sorts of wicked and foolish thoughts distracted my mind, and nothing ever touched me for good until about the Whitsuntide of that year, when Mr. George Beaumont, of Morpeth, who was just entering the itinerant ministry, preached a farewell sermon. I cannot remember the text, but I believe it was respecting Paul being "pure from the blood of all men." The Word came home to my heart, and produced an impression which I could not shake off. I left the place so stung with conviction, that I could think about nothing but my sins, death, eternity, the judgment day,

* The Cooke family consisted of five brothers, who were farmers; and a sister. Some of them were the musicians of the locality, and played on violins on festive occasions. All of them, with Mr. Thomas Rutherford, were converted to God, through the instrumentality of the Methodists. When they got religion, they felt they must abandon their former practices; but the question was, what to do with the violins. If they were sold or given away, it was thought the dancing business would still go on. A grave was, therefore, made, and they were buried, such instruments not being then used in Divine service. The Messrs. Cooke, were much persecuted, but God was with them and blessed them. In process of time, Mr. Rutherford, who was the class-leader, was called by Mr. Wesley into the Methodist ministry, and was for many years a devoted Christian and a useful minister. At the formation of the New Connexion, the Cookes' embraced the principles advocated by the revered Mr. Kilham, and the preachers of the Newcastle Circuit ever found a hospitable entertainment at their homes.

God's Word I engaged in prayer. At first this was a great cross, but I found it did me good. By and bye, the practice started in the evening was adopted in the morning also, and then we regularly presented our morning and evening sacrifice. Thus, my desires after God were kept alive, but I did not find peace.

"Class meetings I had often heard mentioned in favourable terms, and my father both urged me to go to one, and got the nephew of the leader to wait upon, and give me an invitation. I felt a great reluctance to go, but, as he had invited me, I engaged to go. When the day arrived I knew not how to muster courage to go among so grave a company of old men as assembled there. I had a mile to go, and I stopped and prayed several times in the fields as I passed along. When I approached the door all was still and quiet; but how to open the door, and go in, was the difficulty. I touched the latch several times with my hand, but my heart failed me; at length, I stirred it, and made a noise, and was obliged to advance. When inside, my heart beat, my face burnt, and I was so ashamed I did not know what to do. There were present W. Cooke, the elder, and Jacob, who was the leader; in all, five men and three females. They were seated with hymn books in their hands, as grave as judges. The old gentlemen had wigs on their heads, and buckles on their breeches at their knees, and upon their shoes. The whole scene was very patriarchal. When the time had come to begin old Jacob arose, and gave out the hymn, which begins thus:—

"The thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do;
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew."

He then prayed with great simplicity and feeling. The good gentleman afterwards related his experience, and spoke to the

knew of no one to encourage me. While I thus reflected, awful thoughts rushed into my mind, and I was tempted to break into swearing. I thought the oaths would come out of my mouth, notwithstanding all I did to prevent them. While thus struggling, something seemed to say—'Pray.' Instantly I cried, 'Lord do not let me swear.' In a moment the temptation left me; but not so my anxiety. It was suggested to me—'It is no use for *you* to attempt the mastery of sin; you have no religious person near you to consult, and no house to which you can resort for devotion; if you begin a religious life, you will give it up again, and if you give it up, your companions will tell you of it in terms of reproach, and in tones of scorn.'

"Arrived at home, I found my shopmate had gone into the house of old Margaret Thompson.* I followed him, and found her telling him about the sermon we had heard in the afternoon. In a while I said, 'Yon man will not allow us to be proud.' Somewhat surprised, she turned to me and inquired, 'Were you at the preaching?' 'Yes.' 'How did you like the preacher?' 'I liked him very well.' She expressed her pleasure at my having been there. In a few minutes we were left to ourselves. She perceived there was something the matter with me, and asked how I felt. I tried to inform her of my state, and she gave me some suitable advice. She said I must begin to pray. I replied, I intended to give up my amusements and begin to read. 'Very good; but you will make nothing out till you begin to *pray*.' Shortly after, when I was leaving for the night, she told me her house was at my service, and I was welcome to come at any time to read, or to engage in any exercise that would help me. This greatly encouraged me; for it seemed as if the Lord had opened a

* The faithful old lady, who previously reproved him for Sabbath breaking. See page 17.

place, and provided a religious counsellor for me when most needed.

"That night, like the night when God brought the Israelites out of Egypt, is one to be 'remembered.' In my bedroom, I fell upon my knees, but my heart was so hard and dark I could only groan to Him who reads the 'unutterable prayer.' When I got to bed, sleep fled, and I sighed and groaned so as to disturb my bedfellow. He inquired what I ailed. On hearing my case he tried to comfort me in his way of doing it. 'The Scriptures said we must not be righteous over much.' I felt I was not righteous at all. He reckoned I must not lay my sins too much to heart, or grieve too much over them. I felt as if I did not grieve enough, and that my heart was so hard it would not melt, and tears would not flow. I was wretched and could see no way of escape. My notions, too, of Christ were as confused as my distress was heavy. I could not tell how to apply for salvation, or I might soon have been saved. As it was, I felt the point and pungency of the inquiry—'A wounded spirit, who can bear?'

"Next day no oath escaped my lips; at its close I felt so pleased at the deliverance. I had tried to give up this practice in my own strength, and failed. I now prayed to God for help, and obtained it. I saw, if I must serve God, worldly amusements and ungodly companions must be set aside, and I at once ceased from card-playing, horse-shoe pitching, dancing, and song-singing, and was surprised at myself how easy it was to cut off those practices. I daily repaired to old Margaret's to read the Scriptures, and converse with her about salvation; by this means my good desires were greatly strengthened.

"Often considerable delicacy is felt in revealing to a parent, or near relative, the spiritual anxieties of the heart; but I shrunk not from making the revelation of mine, to both my

father and grandfather, who rejoiced greatly at the goodness of God towards me. On one occasion, when returning from service, I asked my father to pray with, and for me. We were by the side of a small stream; we knelt together; and he prayed. I thought I never heard anything so sweet as that prayer. We parted, and I went home rejoicing.

"Besides the daily reading of the Bible, under the guidance of a mother in Israel, as already described, I betook myself to private prayer. I arose by six o'clock in the morning, and spent an hour in reading and prayer. Several books, too, were put into my hands, at that time, which I found very useful. Among these I may mention Alleine's 'Alarm;' Baxter's 'Saint's Everlasting Rest,' and 'Call to the Unconverted;' Fletcher's 'Address to Earnest Seekers of Salvation;' 'John Nelson's Life;' and Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.' In the last, I met with some remarks on 'Closet Prayer,' which arrested my attention. The author said, it was well for persons who had their time at command to have fixed seasons for prayer. This idea quite met my views. Finding it difficult to get a place to which to retire, in summer I used to go into the fields, and pray behind the hedges, and in the corners of fields. There was a plantation close by, where I often hid myself amongst the trees, and sought the Lord. My custom was to pray at nine o'clock in the morning, at noon, at three in the afternoon, and again at five or six in the evening. Still I found but little comfort in these duties, as I did not then understand the way of salvation by faith in Jesus.

"Family worship appeared to me, at that time, all-important. This, however, I could not have in my master's house; but, on mentioning the subject to the lady so often referred to already, a ready response was given to my wishes, and we met every evening for family devotion. After reading

weaknesses, misgivings, and struggles against temptation, former habits and amusements, which are common to those who have entered upon and attained any maturity in the Divine life. As the child often falls before it learns to walk safely; so the youthful convert often stumbles, ere he gains the "fulness of the measure of a perfect man in Christ." First of all, unfavourable and discouraging predictions of the steadfastness of Mr. Lynn, were freely made by his neighbours, who, upon his conversion, turned prophets. "When I first set out in the way of the Lord, my acquaintances predicted that I would not stop long among the Methodists. Some said six weeks; others were sure I would give up religion at the Goose Feast, to be held at Christmas. Some were sanguine enough to suppose I might hold out for a year: but the most sanguine durst not exceed two years. It was said that I was not of the kind to stand; that my grandfather had fallen, and that I would fall. One man added persecution to prophecy, and thereby sought to upset my religion. It seemed as if the devil had commissioned him to get me back into sin. He came into the shop where I worked, and mocked me, and tried by all kinds of foolish talk to make me laugh at his folly. When I preserved gravity of look and feeling, he made sneering remarks thereupon. I have been so annoyed at him that I have had to retire into a private place to pray for help. Nor was he content with what he could do in the shop; he followed me into the house of my widowed friend; and there, when I was reading, he laboured to interrupt me, and get us into conversation upon other subjects. Several times I gave up reading when he came in, and in this way, to his delight and my annoyance, he gained his end. The old lady and I, however, agreed upon a plan to foil him. The plan was for me to keep on reading, despite his presence or interruptions. 'Let us have a psalm,' he

said. I read on. He tried again; I still read. 'What is the matter to-night that you will not sing?' No answer was given, and I still read. At length, he got up and walked away, having been fairly 'read out.' He occasionally followed me to other places after that; but when he knew that I shook hands with the preacher, and that he had given me a ticket of membership, despair seemed to possess him, and he gave me up as a decided Methodist. Both the predictions and the persecution, however, drove me nearer to God. When I was cold and discouraged, and tempted to think I could not get on, the thoughts of what had been said stirred me, and made me resolve to persevere; and, blessed be the Lord, He was the strength of my heart, and will be, I hope, my portion for ever."

The first prayer made in public forms a great crisis in the life, and the first participation of the Lord's Supper makes a solemn impression on the heart of a religious youth. To prepare for the former, Mr. Lynn made a prayer, which, however, was soon unmade. "When the hymn was sung, and we got upon our knees, and I began, I was all confusion, and my crutches broke; I could not remember my prayer, and I was obliged to catch at anything I could. When I had done, I was greatly ashamed; but I was cured of making prayers. I saw that I must depend on the Spirit of God for help. This simple occurrence saved me, in a great measure, from a self-confidence which might have been my ruin. How wise and kind are the dealings of God, in checking what is wrong, and encouraging what is right, in His poor erring creatures;"

He had the usual fears of unworthiness, and of eating and drinking to condemnation, to get over, before he approached the Lord's table; but after one sincere and pious commemoration of that blessed ordinance, it was ever high in his esteem, and precious to his heart. "It was to me a solemn,

precious opportunity. Since then, this has been a means of grace in which I have had much of the Divine presence."

Of all those virtues in which it is given to the Christian to be a mirror of God, none strikes us as being so palpable and beautiful as the ready forgiveness of insult, and the offer of fervent prayer in behalf of its author. All-important is it for young Christians to begin and discipline themselves in the practice. It will save them much perturbed feeling, flowing from the opposite course, and exhibit a fine picture of the genuineness and excellence of their religion. Here is an example :—Mr. Lynn had expressed himself, in the hearing of his master, to the effect, that in some business which he was then transacting the truth was not kept. "He took up a strap, and gave me a blow, and said he would teach me for calling him a liar. The first thought that arose in my mind was to retaliate; but another and a better one displaced it. I thought I had done wrong, and that I ought to pray for him. Retiring into a private place, I felt it hard work to pray; but I persevered, and it got easier. This circumstance taught me the hard, yet Christian duty, of 'blessing them that curse, and of praying for them that persecute us.' Ever after, it was my plan, when my feelings were wounded, to pray for those who wounded them; and by this method, I have got sooner and safer over such things."

The "Goose Feast," which was to make a goose of our young Methodist, made him into a champion. The mother of his master conferred upon him the honour of asking him to be a waiter on the occasion, complimenting him by the declaration that he was a "steady young man," and would not be required to take part in the frivolities and follies of the festivity. "I saw the danger, and respectfully declined the invitation; and went, as I had designed, to my father's for a few days. I felt truly thankful, when I found I had safely

passed the dangerous snare." He acted, in this instance, a prudent and pious part. Had he ventured there, he would have found himself upon the Devil's ground, and would, in all likelihood, have fallen into the Devil's snare. He, therefore, worked out the advice of Solomon—"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

He had just got to feel at home in the religious society which he had joined, and was making progress in knowledge and piety, when an unexpected change took place, by which he was removed, with his employer, to Morpeth, twelve miles off; and what was still worse, he had there to live in a public-house. The grief at leaving Cambo, and particularly, in parting with the "Mother in Israel," who had been his first teacher and firmest friend, was intense. But in this change of residence, there were, as there are in all situations of life, helps as well as hindrances. Here Mr. Lynn found a society of about thirty members of the community to which he belonged; and here, too, was his honoured father, who had been called by his trade into that locality. Class was at once entered, and here follow reflections on it, and its leader, which deserve record.

"I began to meet in class with Joseph Horton, a poor, but pious and sensible man. He was well acquainted with the Word of God; but he had not a lively enjoyment of religion. He lived more in the fear of God, than in His sweet and precious love. He seemed to think it a very serious thing to profess to know our sins forgiven, and, as far as I can remember, he did not profess it. This was a great loss to the members; for, as the piety or formality of a minister, affects for good or for evil the congregation to whom he preaches, so the character of the class-leader is contagious, and makes lively or languid members according to its own type. I believe, when this good man came to his death-bed, he obtained a

clear evidence of God's forgiving love. This is stated in an account of him which appeared in the Magazine for 1830, page 88. Yet, at various times, when I knew him, he had, as I believe, the witness of the Spirit, but was afraid to believe he had it. What a pity for himself and others, that he did not more clearly understand the exercise of simple faith in Jesus' blood! I enjoyed his company, counsel, exhortations, and humble prayers; but my soul was not in so lively a state as it might have been, provided I had been taught to expect present blessings to flow from an act of faith in Jesus."

The public-house, with its visitors and vices, tried the fidelity and perseverance of the Methodist apprentice. Besides the corrupting influence of bad examples, positive and planned attempts were made to seduce and upset him. We select a striking case or two:—The actors in the plot, which we mention first, were genuine successors of those Gibeonites, who, by their feigned attire and fair speech, beguiled a far-seeing and faithful Joshua; they were faithful servants of him, who, to gain a subtle and nefarious end, "doth quote Scripture." "One day, I was in my master's house, and was sent for into one of the rooms by some young men, who wished to speak to me. I could not conceive what they wanted, as I knew none of them. 'We wish to treat you with a glass, and to have a little talk about religion.' 'Religion,' they continued, 'is a good thing, and you are well off that you have it, and we wish you to inform us how you got it.' For a few minutes I really thought they meant what they said; but, by-and-bye, it struck me it was a trick, and intended to get me drunk. My very soul rose in indignation at their wickedness, and I told them it would not do for me to cast my 'pearls before swine.' They professed to be offended because I compared them to swine, and they tried to persuade me that they were sincere; but I rose and left them, and,

much to their disappointment, I escaped the snare of the Devil."

> "O, cunning enemy, that, to catch a Saint,
> With Saints doth bait thy hook! Most dangerous
> Is that Temptation, that doth goad us on
> To sin in loving Virtue."

As a contrast to this, we select a second. In the first, hypocrisy is the actor; in the second, open infidelity. In the first, the object, though the same, is stealthily concealed; in the second, it is unblushingly avowed. "I was sent for a little superior instruction in my trade to another establishment; but, oh! what a nest of wickedness I got into! There were six men, nearly all disciples of Paine, and the most wicked men I ever met with. Three or four were habitual adulterers, and all mocked the Word of God, and despised religion. I took an old Bible, with the view of reading it at dinner time; when they saw me take it into my hands, one said 'We will have no Bible reading here. If you read that book we will burn it.' I was astonished, never supposing there were such men in the world. If I sung a hymn, they sung a vile song. If I sighed in spirit, being grieved at their wickedness, they laughed at me, and intimated that it was all 'cant.' If their droll speeches made me smile, they then said I was as bad as they were for laughing at them. 'Religion,' they said, 'was priestcraft, and its professors were hypocrites.' There was little to be heard from them, all the day long, but wicked ridicule of God's Word, or filthy obscene conversation. I was like Lot in Sodom, 'grieved with their filthy conversation day by day.' In general, I kept silence, being young, and not able to argue the matter with them; yet their remarks respecting Christianity and Infidelity, often confused me and did me harm. Once, I was caught, in my secret retreat for prayer, by one of them, and, he telling the rest, they made sport of me. While,

however, they were engaged in mocking, one, who had a sister a Methodist, somewhat felt for me, and said—'Never mind, Andrew, my lad; attend to thy duty to God.' No one can tell what an encouraging influence this had upon my feelings. They often, and by all manner of inducements, sought to get me with them to the public-house, and to wicked sports; still, by grace, I was able resolutely to withstand them. Praise the Lord!"

But, besides the snares of the wicked, and the sneers of the sceptic, the young Christian is tried by an enemy which he carries within himself. The heart, even when renewed, "cleaveth unto the dust." In the battle which the Christian wages against sin and the Devil, there is not only danger from the strength, the subtlety, and the pertinacity of the foe; but also, alas! from the readiness with which his own heart may capitulate, and turn traitor. And of all foes, those which spring from within are the deadliest. What boots it, though the army we have to oppose, were small in number, and feeble in martial skill, if within the camp traitors were ensconced? What advantageth it, though the doors of our house are strong, and the bars and bolts firm, if a thief has concealed himself within? And what would it signify, though scepticism were silent, and worldly allurements motionless, and the Devil chained, if the heart doubted God's truth, coveted the world's pleasure, or inclined to the Devil's cause? Mr. Lynn, and he was not singular in this, felt his heart within him ready to give way at times. "At the fair," says he, "I was going to call at a friend's house, and, on my way thither, I saw, through the windows of a public-house, dancing. I stood and looked at the dancers, and at once I felt the suggestion—'What a fool you are to be a Methodist! Remember, what happiness you used to have in that sport! You are not happy now; go in among them; have a dance, and enjoy

yourself!' My corrupt heart was just yielding to the tempter, when a religious woman of my acquaintance came up, and asked—'Are you looking at the dancers?' 'Yes.' 'Don't they look silly, foolish creatures?' This broke the charm, and I fled from the spot, and rejoiced in the deliverance.

"Still I was very unhappy; my heart was hard, and I could not pray. When the fear of God restrained me from giving up religion, I felt the rebellious thought arise within me—'Never mind God; do as you like.' This awful though alarmed me, and, being engaged in a back part of the house, where I observed an old Bible, I took it up, and opened it, where these words met my eye,—'The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways.'—Prov. xiv. 14. I was struck with amazement. No one but God knew the conflict which was going on within me, and I felt that this was a word from Him. I closed the book, fell upon my knees, confessed my backslidings of heart, asked forgiveness, and begged of Him to give me grace to love Him more and serve Him better. This circumstance gave the turn to my mind. I now resolved to cleave to God, and ever after I was more decided."

In the summer of 1816, another change of residence took place. Mr. Lynn had not completed his apprenticeship, but scarcity of work induced his master to give him liberty. He made his way to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and ultimately got work at Felling Shore, and lodged with a relative at Gateshead Fell; both places being two miles from Gateshead and from each other. "Our New Connexion had no interest at the Fell, or at Felling Shore. At the first opportunity, therefore, I made my way to Bethel Chapel, Manor Chair, Newcastle. It was on a Monday night, and the Revs. A. Scott and B. Earnshaw were delivering a double lecture. Mr. Scott's text was, 1 Cor. iii., 12—15; Mr. Earnshaw's, Psalm cxlix. 2,—'Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.' Mr. E. was a fine,

blooming, young man, and, as I thought, a beautiful speaker. Mr. Scott's sermon was as 'full of wisdom,' as, it is sometimes said, 'an egg is full of meat.' Both lectures, to me, were very interesting. Afterwards, a prayer meeting was held; but the people were very shy about praying, and, after a long pause I was ashamed, and, although a stranger and unasked, I prayed."

While thus situated, he worshipped with his own people, at Newcastle, in the morning of the Sabbath, and spent the after-part of the day in the services of the Wesleyans, held close to where he resided. He was not then, as never since, so wedded to a denomination, as to get no good outside its pale. He has recorded a high estimate of the services of our neighbours. "In their meetings, I was much blessed. I saw religion in a more lively, earnest form than I had ever seen it before. The prayer meetings were most delightful seasons, and the ministry was more pointed and searching than I had ever heard previously; a free, full, and present salvation was more frequently and earnestly urged than I had been accustomed to; and the singing and praying were brisk and earnest. In the prayer meetings, salvation was prayed for there and then, and the hearty, fervent 'Amens,' which followed each petition, formed just such worship as delighted my soul. Many, and many a happy hour I spent there. The Wesleyans pressed me to join them, but I never felt free to do so, although I loved them, and was much with them."

Circumstances removed Mr. Lynn from the neighbourhood of the Tyne to that of the Wear, and, in 1817, we find him settled at Philadelphia, a small colliery village, midway between Sunderland and Durham. Here he found a small society belonging to his own people, and with them he cast in his lot, and laboured to be useful. Having started business on his own account, he found his time so fully occupied, that he began

to question whether it were right to spend so much of it in prayer, as had been his wont. A worthy minister, Mr. Manners, to whom he referred the case, dissipated the illusion by an apt quotation. He observed, "An old divine says—'No time, trade, nor money is lost by prayer.'"

Oh! ye, who have just entered "the straight gate and narrow way," take heed unto your steps! There are bye-ways and soul-destroyers before you. Let the Bible be your directory, and Christ your fortress. Have a closet, and frequent it. Take to yourselves "the whole armour of Christ." "Flee youthful lusts;" but, "fight the good fight of faith;" and, when the battle is over, and the victory gained, you shall receive a "far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory."

CHAPTER V.

THE LOCAL MINISTRY.

The Pulpit is, as it was designed to be, the centre of moral power in the world; and to the advancement of its designs, the progress of society will more and more contribute.—BARNES.

METHODISM has been long admired for the number of its modes of usefulness, and the facility with which it calls into exercise the varied gifts and graces of its members. Whatever of talent, or of practical power, the body may receive, it is never at a loss for a fitting outlet, or a useful channel through which it may flow, and in its flow fertilize and bless the adjacent territory. Is the convert lively of heart, but "slow of speech?"—He must become a tract distributor. Is a praying, but not a speaking gift vouchsafed?—He must be employed as a prayer leader. Is there ability to teach, to exhort, to beseech men in Christ's stead?—He must join the noble band of Sunday School teachers, the respected body of class leaders, or the powerful brigade of local preachers. Is there promise of still higher excellence and larger usefulness?—"Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister." The gifted one, accordingly, is joined to the brotherhood, whose great study is the Gospel, and whose holy work is the ministry.

Of all the agencies and outlets of Christian sympathy and enterprise, no one occupies a larger sphere, does a nobler work, or is held in higher repute, than that of the local preacher. The proportion of regular ministers to local preachers, is about one in nine in our Connexion; and, for every service conducted on the Sabbath-day, by the former, there are three

conducted elsewhere, by the latter. Methodism did not *create* this species of Christian agency, but it has called it out on a arger scale than any other religious body in Christendom; and, in this, as in so many more arrangements, it has acted wisely. But for this agency, what a large measure of ministerial talent would be buried in a napkin? What important villages would be left without the ministry of evangelical piety? What a fitting ladder, by which to reach the regular ministry, would be lacking? And, what a means of strength, and benediction, would be lost? The mother of Mr. Wesley proved herself a "Mother in Israel," not more by the holy influences which she kindled in the bosoms of sons, who would afterwards extend them far and wide in blessings upon the world, than by the penetration she showed, and the precaution she administered in respect to this means of usefulness. Her son John returned to London, irritated and displeased at an "irregularity," which had broken out in the Society, at the Foundry, in the City Road, during his absence. Thomas Maxfield, a layman, had turned preacher, and yet he had graduated at no college, and no episcopal hand had been laid upon his head! Mr. Wesley, of course, meant to stop this outrage. "John," said the old lady, who had heard with delight, and felt in her heart, the preciousness and power of the ministry of the first Methodist Local Preacher, "take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him, also, yourself." He heard for himself, and what he heard, satisfied him that Maxfield was a labourer that God had thrust into His harvest field. He, therefore, bowed to the Divine will, and, henceforth, the local ministry was no longer a tolerated or permitted agency, but an honoured and Divinely sanctioned one in Methodism; one which time has vindicated, and God has

blessed. At the present time, there are not less than 30,000 lay preachers in this kingdom, who preach every Sabbath to seven or eight thousand congregations; men of all stations in life, from the day-labourer up to the municipal mayor and borough member; men of all variety of talent, from the homespun thoughts, striking metaphors, and provincial dialect of Samuel Hick, or John Shaw, up to the native eloquence of William Dawson, and the classic chasteness of Dr. Melson; men whom God has prospered, and the Church delights to honour. The local preacher's is not a lo(w)-cal(l); even, the ordinary Christian's is a "high and a holy calling;" and the call to beseech men in Christ's stead, whether regularly or occasionally, is the highest and holiest anyone can receive. Let us see, how Mr. Lynn received, and responded to it.

So early as 1816, when struggling against the temptations which befel him at Morpeth, he had "thoughts of being a preacher frequently upon his mind; yet," observes he, "I was so utterly unfit for the work, that I durst not name the subject to anyone, lest I should be charged with presumption." The first who spoke to him on this point was a local preacher, Mr. John Potts. This brother urged and encouraged him to "try," and fixed for the event—the trial—to come off at Earsden, four miles from Morpeth. "I prayed and fretted until I was brought into a complete fever, and it seemed the greatest and the gravest concern I had ever engaged in. The only passage I could think of was Luke xiii. 3:—'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' The day, I both dreaded and desired, arrived. As we got near the preaching-house, I became distressed, and felt something like a man going to the gallows; what to do I could not tell. John would have no nay; I must 'try.' When the congregation began to assemble, my heart beat, my face burnt, my mouth was so hot I could scarcely move my tongue; and, at length, the

time to commence the service arrived. I got through the preliminaries, announced the text, and spoke upon the nature and necessity of repentance. What I said I do not remember, 'confusion,' with me, being 'worse confounded.' I was tempted to think the people were disgusted with me. I wished, in my heart, that I could slip down a trap-door, and get away without any of the people seeing me. I spoke about a quarter of an hour. I requested brother Potts to make an apology for me; but he did not; and, giving an address, closed the service. One woman afterwards came and endeavoured to comfort me. She said—'Do not be discouraged, you will make a preacher.'* I was glad to find that everyone was not disgusted with my poor performance; however, I got as much preaching that day as served me for two years to come."

First failures in any enterprise are no true criteria of what will be their final issue. Brilliant achievements sometimes follow close upon temporary repulses. A late spring is not unfrequently the harbinger of a luxuriant summer. The dullard at school has proved a genius in after-life. And, in like manner, the preacher, who, in his first sermon, hummed and hawed, stammered in his utterances, and lost himself in his thoughts; who displayed a readier use of his handkerchief than of his tongue; such a preacher has risen to a boldness of carriage, a consecutiveness of thought, a richness of fancy, and a force of application, which have thrilled the masses, and saved many. John Knox failed in his first attempt. Called by the minister to address the congregation, he stood up, could not speak, sobbed, and ran away! What a sight was that! He, before whom crowned heads would tremble

* Twenty-five years after this circumstance occurred, Mr. Lynn, when stationed at Gateshead, met this early friend, who, at once, recognised him, and reminded him of it. The meeting, as might be supposed, was one of mutual pleasure.

and weep, is, in his first effort at public speaking, speechless! What a rebuke is thus given to despair; and what an implied illustration of the philosophy which resides in the maxim,—"Try, try again!" Indeed, there is a philosophy in failure. It shows our weakness; it prompts to greater study; it calls for a wiser adaptation of means to ends; and, it inspires a humility, a carefulness, and an earnestness, which insure future success. Well might the architect of a noble erection, brought to a successful finish, after many predictions of total failure, and some false steps, occasioning temporary delay, inscribe upon it in Latin, the motto—"Never despair, by the blessing of God."

Mr. Lynn, though "cast down" by his first attempt to preach the Gospel, was not "destroyed." He retained the desire to be engaged in the holy work, and the desire kindled into the settled belief that God, by his Church, would one day call him to it. In an interview he had with Mr. Earnshaw, at the time he first heard him preach at Newcastle, as already described, that minister pointedly asked him,—"Do you never think about preaching?" "Sometimes; but I do not think I am qualified for it." "What qualification do you think needful?" "I do not understand the plan of salvation as I ought." "Perhaps you do not understand it so well as some of the best preachers in the kingdom; but I know, from your prayer to-night, you do understand it. I think," he concluded, "you ought to preach." "I told him I was awkwardly situated at that time, and might not remain long where I then resided; but I was much pleased with his kind and open manner, as I was encouraged by his opinion and advice. I was also spoken to, on the same subject, about the same time, by Mr. Ithell, then stationed on the Newcastle Circuit. But, I was most affected by a remark which was made by Mr. R. Bowsfield, of Windy Nook, near Gateshead,

a Wesleyan local preacher. He often spoke to me relative to preaching, and once, in particular, he observed, 'I believe God intends you to be a local, if not a travelling preacher; and if you do not yield, you will lose your religion.' These remarks made a deep impression upon my mind; I felt I was grieving the Spirit of the Lord, and I believed what he said would be the case if I did not begin to preach."

"A stone that is fit for the wall," says the Persian proverb, "will not be left in the way;" and he who has a ministerial call will not be left without a ministerial field. Ere long, the field presents itself; nor has it to be entered by breaking a hedge, or climbing a wall—the gate is opened. When Mr. Lynn settled at Philadelphia, the field, white already to the harvest, appeared, and the gate of the Church opened before him. The narrative we present in his own words:—

"Though discouraged by my first attempt at preaching, my mind was frequently much exercised about trying again. I had given a few short addresses at prayer meetings, and when at Gateshead Fell, I visited the sick, and was often blessed with great freedom of feeling and of language, in pointing sinners to Jesus. I sometimes thought that if I could say the same things in public, good might be done. I was now amongst my own people, and, as there were very few local preachers, the call for me to begin seemed very loud and pressing. I felt a great disposition to shrink from obeying this call, although I believed I should never be happy until I did make the effort. God's word was like a fire shut up in my bones.

"One Sabbath, we had a lovefeast, at Philadelphia, after which, T. Greener, at the instigation, I believe, of Mr. W. Savage, put his hand upon my shoulder, and said, 'I want you to grant me a favour?' I asked what he wished. He said—'Come to Lumley, next Sunday night week, and give

us a sermon.' 'A sermon!' I replied; 'Where must I get it?' He said—'Ask the Lord for it.' Such an invitation was the thing I had been waiting for; and yet, when it was given, I was afraid of it. After thinking a little, I said, 'I will promise, on this condition—that you will pray for me.' Of course, he promised. During the fortnight, my mind was much exercised. I prayed much, and tried to think; but I was so perplexed that I could make but little preparation. I got a text, and with some assistance, formed an outline. At length, the desired and dreaded day arrived. After tea, I started, praying, as I went through the fields, for help. I shall never forget, how my heart beat within me, at the sight of the place. In the last field, I met several friends, who had come purposely to meet and encourage me. They told me the Lord would certainly help me. We went on, until we reached the house of the person where the preaching was held. His wife got me by the hand, and said—'Do not be afraid; the Lord will help you.' I fell on my knees, and asked Him to do so. As the people began to come in, I watched the clock, with an anxious eye. I looked up to the pulpit, and the thought passed through my mind—'I shall be there soon; and how shall I do?' When the clock struck the momentous hour of six, I arose, and gave out the hymn, commencing—

'Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes,
Our inmost thoughts perceive.'

They struck up a lively tune, and sang so cheerfully, and God was so sweetly near, that, by the time we had sung the second verse, my fears were all dispelled. I had much liberty in prayer. At length, I gave out my text, Acts xvi. 31. The Lord wonderfully assisted me; blessed be His name! A few friends engaged in prayer, and several, afterwards, spoke encouragingly to me, saying, I had succeeded very well. I was thankful to God, for the help afforded me on this occasion.

I was, soon afterwards, requested to preach in our little chapel, at Philadelphia. I spoke from 1 Peter iv. 5; I found it heavier work there. I was ready to sink, but my friends told me I managed pretty well. In a week or two afterwards, I went to Lumley again; but, oh! how I was tempted on the way. I felt that I had nothing to say. I stopped several times, and thought of turning back. I felt as if I was running before I was sent; and I believed it an awful thing to do so. I knelt down in a plantation, and told the Lord my fears: begging, that, if it were His will that I should preach, He would give me liberty; if not, that He would confound me before the people. I arose from my knees greatly comforted; and went on in the name of the Lord.

"I found the people waiting for me. They little knew the conflict that had been going on in my mind. When I opened the service, I felt the Holy Spirit helping me. My text was Psalm cxxvi. 3. I preached with some degree of liberty; and was encouraged by the tears shed by some of my hearers. From this time, I seldom doubted that God had called me to preach. I was shortly afterwards taken on the Preachers' Plan, on trial, in connexion with Mr. Charles Parkinson and Mr. Joseph Love.* I cannot tell my feelings, on seeing my name upon the Plan. A solemn joy filled my heart. The work of preaching seemed a great work, and I was very unfit for it. I had very few books, and no one to instruct me; but I had an idea, that God gave both the text and the sermon—so, I made a practice of seeking my texts by prayer. A passage sometimes came sweetly to my mind, and then I prayed for an introduction and divisions; and I prayed all the week that God would help me to preach. During the service, also, I often lifted

* The present Joseph Love, Esq., of Willington Hall, Durham, whose princely liberality has made his name a "household word" in the community to which he belongs and the locality in which he resides,—ED.

seldom had a barren time. I had borrowed either sermons or skeleton, when God called men to preach. answer to prayer: therefore, I made were the blessings I thus obtained. very anxious to have seals to my one, I did not hear of any. This to me; but, I suppose, I was upon the glory to myself; there- He could honour me, and in

preacher. Mr. Lynn addressed simplicity and an Apostle's for close upon seven years. He preached in all the round, in his own appoint- Circuit Preachers, at intermediate places. in chapels and cottages, preached two, three, and in each ten, fifteen, or the local ministry be a for the itinerant, his apprenticeship very

spread of the Gospel in the in our neighbourhood in I began to preach, were before I left Chartershaugh, Houghton, Most of them I but few preachers in that

part of the Circuit, I had plenty of work. I often preached three times a day. At Philadelphia, the cause continued very low: it was a great grief to me. I should suppose there were but few houses in the village in which I had not prayed. I preached in the houses, and in the streets; and yet the congregations were small, and the classes badly attended."

As a Local Preacher Mr. Lynn was not remarkably quiet. He had a voice, and he was not parsimonious in its use. In his presence the evangelical prophet would have felt the exhortation superfluous—"Lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God." The consequence was that some of the preaching and prayer meeting services which he held were somewhat noisy. We state this as a fact, without expressing commendation or censure of the practice it implies. Extreme opinions prevail upon the subject. Some are so sensitive as not to tolerate sounds above whispers in the service of God, and others are so lively as to be contented with little short of the roar and surge of gigantic cataracts. Each should abate his sentiment. Sometimes, as in the taking of Jericho, silence is enjoined upon the soldiers and servants of God. "Ye shall not shout, nor make any noise with your voice, neither shall any word proceed out of your mouth, until the day I bid you shout; then shall ye shout." At other times, as when the ark of the covenant was safely and triumphantly carried to Jerusalem, God's people feel it to be their duty and their delight to make a "joyful noise unto the Lord." But, ever be it remembered that it is neither their silence nor their songs but their *spirit* that glorifies God; if *it* be right their worship may be quiet as the bosom of an inland lake in summer, yet acceptable to God as an archangel's song; if *it* be wrong their worship may be loud enough, as the observer

might suppose, both to reach and shake the very heavens, yet the Almighty will say—"When ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear." Moreover, the fact accords with our experience and with the experience of eminent servants of God, that in times of deepest spiritual feeling there has been but little outward excitement, and on some memorable occasions both the ability and disposition to express the soul's experiences, in audible accents, have fled. What but this does Wesley pray to experience?

"Remember Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But sunk in guiltless shame adore,
With *speechless* wonder at thy feet.

Oe'rwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,]
I shall not in thy presence move:
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe and *silent* love."

Referring to the "silence" of Jesus' life, Gilfillan observes—"The greatest objects in the universe are the stillest. The ocean has a voice, but the sun is silent. The seraphim sing, the Shekinah is dumb. The forests murmur, but the constellations speak not. Aaron spoke, Moses' face but shone. Sweetly might the high priest discourse, but the Urim and Thummin, the blazing stones upon his breast, flashed forth a meaning deeper and diviner far." Withal, however, we love those who, prompted by ardent affection, "make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise," and, on fitting occasions, we delight to swell their chorus; but Mrs. Lynn, Mr. Lynn's mother by marriage, was not of this class, and could not tolerate their conduct. "My poor step-mother," writes Mr. Lynn, "was a kind, good wife and mother, but she was one of the darkest about religion I ever met with, and so much

praying as we had was a great annoyance to her, especially if there was a noise. She used to shake the chairs and violently knock to the doors by way of showing her displeasure. One night, at a prayer meeting held in the house of a neighbour, who, with his wife, was a Wesleyan, my sister Fanny got much affected, and cried out for mercy. A few of us got round her, and we had a grand shout; and my sister that night found peace. My mother was present, and was very much vexed at us for making 'such a din,' as she called it. Her anger was such that she could not restrain it, and, under its influence, she left the meeting, and went into our house, which was next door. We had a clock, which had stood for some time past. As soon as she had got home and sat down by the fire-side, the clock, without any cause that we could discover, began to strike, and continued to strike many times. She was quite amazed, and rather alarmed, and, with considerable emotion, exclaimed—'You have converted the clock.' We never could find out the cause of this singular phenomenon."

While a local preacher and in business, Mr. Lynn found time to engage in the useful work of visiting the sick; nor were his visits in vain. One remarkable case will find an appropriate notice here. "I visited him (C. A.) in his affliction, and, as well as I was able, administered to his wants. He lived with Mr. W. Savage, who asked me to visit him. I found him deeply anxious to find salvation and as humble and teachable as a little child. He was soon brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. His affliction was long and severe, but God made him exceedingly happy. One night, when I went to see him, he was so happy he did not know what to do, and, throwing his arms about my neck, he would kiss me. He possessed a portion of an old Testament

only; and oh! how he devoured the Word of God! When he so far recovered as to be able to get to his work, he went to a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and begged a new Testament. The minister asked him if a little bread would not be better for him than a book. 'No;' he replied, 'I would rather have a new Testament than anything besides.' He obtained his request, and was so delighted with his present, that he kissed it, and read several chapters before he got home. To witness the delight he had in reading this book was very affecting. He made rapid progress in sacred knowledge; he became a member of our society and a most devoted Christian; he spent much time in reading God's Word and in prayer; and he was made a very holy and happy man. I spent many pleasant hours in his company. In a short time he became a local preacher, and some years afterwards, for some cause, joined the Wesleyans. He entered very deeply into the spirit of the Gospel. 'Mrs. Rogers' Life' was a great blessing to him; by it he more clearly saw the fulness of salvation, and entered into it gloriously and lived in it delightfully. He had much poverty and affliction to endure, but his religious friends were very kind to him. I hope God still keeps him." *

Neither regular nor lay preachers are free from imposition, and, as the most practised merchant may strike a losing bargain or take a spurious coin, so they may be deceived by fair pretences and give their sanction to noxious characters. Mr. Lynn was not exempted from this weakness. "About this period (1821), a young man, who was employed in canvassing for the sale of books, called upon me at Newbottle. He said he was a Frenchman, and, moreover, a local preacher.

* He has ceased to be a local preacher; we hope he has not forgotten the rock whence he was hewn, and the hole of the pit whence he was digged.—Ed.

I got him a person for me, and we let him have our chapel to meet a class in, and thought we were set up with a new man. Mr. Wal found fault with us for encouraging him, observing that the Word of God was in any hands entirely on its own. I thought Mr. Wal too suspicious, and believed this to be a genuine case, and we encouraged him all we could. He got a very good school, and might have done very well, but after awhile he began to neglect the school, and would leave it for a day together. We next found that he had commenced courting a young woman in Sunderland. By and bye, we found out that he came from Stokesly, in Yorkshire, and that he had a wife and child. When it turned out that the girl in Sunderland was pregnant by him. We had got him on the plan as a class, and Mr. Wal adroitly called him a 'wandering star,' and such he turned out. When his true character became known, he left the school, and went to live in Sunderland, after which we had nothing more to do with him. This was the first occurrence of the kind I had ever met, and it shook my confidence in strangers, and made me more cautious about putting them forward at first sight."

Success in God's cause is not always proportionate to pious and praying endeavour—that is under stronger. Depravity is an inveterate, and the Devil so powerful, that, in his attempts to save souls, the Christian labourer not unfrequently appears to "labour in vain, and spend his strength for nought," and we have a right to expect success; God has promised it: He is able to secure it; and, where it is deserved, He eventually gives it. The farmer has no more reason to believe that the seed he sows in spring, will increase itself thirty, or sixty, or one hundred fold, by the time autumn has arrived, than the Christian has the right to believe that the labour he patiently and scripturally puts forth to save his

neighbours, will be honoured in their salvation. He, therefore, who labours without success, should suspect that he labours not in a right spirit. Mr. Lynn did suspect this, when his early labours resulted not in religious converts. He searched his spirit, and tried his ways; and rested not till God gave "seals unto his ministry, and souls for his hire." Besides many conversions, witnessed in visiting the sick, there was quite a revival of God's work secured at Lumley and Philadelphia.

"The first revival I witnessed, after I began to preach, was at Lumley. On Sunday morning, I preached there on John iii. 19. I was much tempted as I went, very confused while preaching, and greatly ashamed when done; but afterwards I heard, with surprise and joy, that one great sinner, named J. V., had been wounded to the quick, under the Word, and that he had gone home, weeping along the street, in the greatest distress. The Lord saved him, and he became a very zealous man, although he had some slips afterwards. The last time I heard of him, he was a member of the society at Lumley. His conversion affected many young men, and a glorious work of grace began, in which many were saved."

Shortly after this, the good work, here noticed in its first risings, is further described.—

"Nov. 20th.—Sabbath.—Preached at home this morning, and Wilson's Row this afternoon. I was met at the latter place by a number of friends from Lumley. I returned with them, and preached at Lumley in the evening, and rejoiced to find that a blessed work had broken out amongst them. I desired the new converts to remain after preaching; I gave them some advice, and urged them to unite with the society. Twenty of them gave in their names, promising to meet in class. Two found peace and several more were groaning for

deliverance. I now see why Satan has tempted me so much. He saw that God was about to revive his work, and he wished to get me into sin, that I might be prevented taking a part in it. God doubtless intended by these temptations, to show me my weakness, that I might give him all the Glory.

"Dec. 31.—Sabbath.—I was at Lumley, and preached from Matt. xix, 27. The Lord was graciously near and the baptismal fire fell upon many. After sermon we had a Love-feast, and it exceeded all I ever attended for rich influence. I exhorted the people to exercise faith for a present display of the power of God, and soon the Holy Ghost began to move upon the people. One man, who was not clear in his evidence of the pardon of sin, spoke accordingly, and I besought him to believe for the full assurance at once, and, in a little time, the Lord came to His temple, and the good brother shouted aloud gloriously, while tears of heavenly joy rolled plentifully down his cheeks. He got up and told us what he felt, and prayed that all might feel as he did. His account warmed the people like fire, and cries for mercy were heard in all parts of the house. The scene was glorious and affecting beyond description. The precious Saviour was present to heal every contrite soul. One young man cried out—'Bless the Lord! He has pardoned my sins. I used to contend,' he added, 'with my companions, that none could know their sins forgiven, but I believe it now, because I *feel* it;' and, clenching all he had said, with much earnestness of look and voice, he concluded—'I am *sure* the Lord has pardoned me.' This declaration greatly encouraged his companions, who were penitent. I cannot say how many got the blessing of pardon, but several of them, ere the meeting terminated, were able to rejoice in the God of our salvation. The time being gone we closed this very glorious Lovefeast.

"It being the last night in the year, at nine o'clock, we commenced a Watch-night—I spoke on 1 Peter iv. 7—and closed at ten minutes pas ten o'clock; then we held a prayer meeting, which lasted till nearly eleven, when, being weary with the labours of the day, we rested, in silence, for a few minutes. Afterwards a few more prayed, and I gave an exhortation on the happiness of heaven, and the great pleasure of parents and children, husbands and wives, being there for ever. This had a good effect; most of those who were present, wept in joyful hope. Prayer, in a lively strain, was then re-commenced until within a few minutes of twelve o'clock, when we all knelt before God, and I begged the people to spend the last five minutes of the old year in silent prayer. The season was indeed solemn, and every soul seemed to be engaged with God. The last minute of 1820 having passed away the service was concluded by singing and prayer. We then sang as we went up the street—

"Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear,
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labour of love."

After this we retired to 'balmy sleep—nature's sweet restorer,' having spent one of the most happy and laborious days in my life. Next morning, before I returned home, we held two prayer meetings; about a dozen of the friends came with me a good part of the road home. May the Lord save this dear people!"

Not less interesting is the account of another day's labour in the same place, three weeks afterwards. "We had a glorious Love-feast (January 21, 1821.) at Chartershaugh: about

fifty came from Lumley, among whom were many of the young converts, who spoke with great simplicity and apparent sincerity. While the speaking was going on tears rolled down the faces of the people in streams. Many witnessed a good confession for Christ, and the young converts were most zealously concerned about their unsaved kindred. It was a glorious opportunity. I returned with them to Lumley, and preached to a full house there, after which, we held a prayer meeting, and when that was closed, we had another in a neighbour's house; after that, another in the preaching house. This has been a wonderful day. On Thursday and Friday, Mr. Wall was with them, and gave notes on trial to twenty-two; so that during the last month, forty-three have evinced a concern about their souls. May they never be moved from the hope of the Gospel."

At Philadelphia, too, the work began to revive. The father and founder of the little society there, Mr. W. Savage, died February 22, 1821. But God does not let His cause decline with the death of His people. When Moses went to the top of Pisgah, and returned not, there was a Joshua to lead the people over Jordan into the goodly land. When David fell asleep, having served his generation, there was a Solomon to bring to actual completion a temple, which had only existed in pious intention in the heart of his father. And, when this valuable brother fell, though his loss was greatly felt, God raised up others to occupy the place he had so long and so usefully filled.

"On the Saturday after, Mr. Wall preached a powerful sermon on,—'Oh, that thou would'st rend the heavens,' &c. Next morning, he improved the death of brother Savage. He preached a sweet, encouraging sermon, on,—'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you.' This was the

beginning of good days with us at Philadelphia. For three or four years I had been praying for God to revive His work, and had seen very little good done, but now the Lord began to pour out His spirit. I was going down there to attend a prayer meeting, and felt so discouraged, that I thought I must give the cause up in despair, and I stopped to turn back, with a heavy heart. However, I went on to the house of my friend, Mr. T. Gustard, where the meeting (which usually consisted of three or four persons,) was held. To my utter astonishment the place was full, and I had been so delayed by temptations that the meeting was commenced before I arrived. I could not account for it, but such a spirit of prayer, and such holy power were given, as made the place very delightful. From that time we had glorious meetings. The whole village seemed to be moved. Conviction fell on young and old, and so many thronged to the prayer meetings, that we were obliged to hold them in the chapel, which was now filled, and they were such meetings as astonished us all. In about a week, upwards of forty persons were earnestly seeking salvation. One night, three or four young lads got hold of one another, and stood and cried, as if their hearts would break.* We prayed with them until they found relief, and the work went on most marvellously for several weeks. We had to form new classes, and such was the zeal of the new converts, that they held prayer meetings in the coalpits and fields, and great was our joy in the Lord.

"The Wesleyans, also, were favoured with a gracious revival, and had a great increase, but the good work was nearly spoiled by Mr. J. T., one of their local preachers, and Mr. J. W., one of ours, getting into a controversy. The Devil stirred these brethren up, to discuss, just in the

* One of these was Mr. John White, a worthy man, and an acceptable local preacher in the Sunderland Circuit.

midst of this revival, the comparative excellencies of the two connexions. They wished to have a public discussion, and to publish the letters which had passed between them; but we gave them no encouragement. We had better work to do. Yet, so far as the matter became known, it produced a bad feeling. I was greatly alarmed about it, but it passed off much more lightly than I expected. Our numbers increased; many, on every hand, felt themselves to be lost sinners, and fled to Jesus for salvation.

"Though the work brought us much good, it greatly increased our labours and anxiety. I attended prayer or class meetings every night. I had, at one time, three classes to meet weekly. Mr. Goodall, then in the Newcastle Circuit, had an exchange, during the revival, with Mr. Ford, our young preacher (and young he was in appearance, but of manly voice, and attractive pulpit ability). One Saturday night, he gave tickets of admission to about fifty young converts. It was a delightful sight, especially to me, who had groaned, and travailed in birth, several years for the salvation of souls in this place. My heart did praise the Lord and Mr. Goodall expressed his delight at what he saw and heard."

Prescience is an attribute of God, and whoever foreknows and foretells what, amid all the complications and conflicts of the future, will assuredly happen, gives evidence that he is inspired of God. As miracles demonstrate the power of God, prophecy unfolds His prescience; and as no one can work miracles except God be with him, so no one can predict future events unless God reveal them. Yet, "coming events" in the religious not less than in the material world, very frequently "cast their shadows before them." The observant and experienced eye of the farmer can see when a change of weather is upon the eve, and the intuitive and practical good

sense of the sailor apprises him when a storm is a-head. And why should not the Christian labourer be able to discover in the signs of the times, indications of a coming revival? Often this is done; and the prophet was not more assured, from the rising of a "little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand," that a "great rain" was approaching, than the devout and discriminating Christian often is assured that "showers of blessing" are ready to fall. Mr. Lynn mentions such a case. "A few weeks before this work broke out (at Philadelphia, &c.), a Mrs. Robson, of Sunderland, who belonged to the Society of Friends, held a meeting at Newbottle, in the Methodist Chapel. I was there, and heard her remark, in her address, that when she was in America, the villages in this locality were much upon her mind, and she intimated her belief that the Spirit of God was hovering over them, and would soon descend upon them like the dew upon Israel. She visited several of the villages, where no particular movement appeared; yet, surprising to relate, in a few weeks afterwards, they were powerfully visited by the Spirit of God, and, I believe, in every village in the neighbourhood there was a revival of the Work of God, and souls were saved."

We shall now cull a few extracts intended to show where and how, at this period, Mr. Lynn exercised the functions of a local preacher. The first is a Sabbath spent for the most part at home. "Sabbath.—Met our young men at six o'clock, for reading, and prayer, and conversation on the concerns of our souls. The Lord made us very happy. A goodly number of us went to Lumley lovefeast, and found it a precious means of grace. When I got to New Lambton this afternoon, I found that the house would not hold those who thronged to hear the Word. I therefore preached in the street, and had freedom and holy influence in the service. Oh that New

Lambton sinners may take warning and embrace the blessed Saviour. I heard S. Buttrell at our chapel, and closed one of the happiest days of my life by visiting a few of the members. The Lord make me faithful unto death."

The next relates to the Shields Circuit whither he frequently went, and where his visits were highly prized and greatly blessed.

"May 23rd, 1821.—I was at Shields. Preached in the Low Chapel, morning, and Milburn Place, afternoon. In the morning I had good liberty. A blessing from God was given to us. In the afternoon I felt timid. Oh Lord! do own my feeble efforts.

Aug. 1st.—Sabbath.—I was at Jarrow in the morning. I had prayed for help, and it was granted. We had a happy time. I was amongst our dear friends at South Shields in the afternoon, and preached on Psalm l. 15. I began with much fear and trembling, but this passed away. I felt I was in my own place. Lord help me

To fight and win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

The kindness of the friends greatly encouraged me."

The third is a visit paid to his native place to fulfil an engagement to preach his grandfather's funeral sermon; an engagement made some time before the old gentleman's demise.

"Sept. 20th, 1821.—I did not attend my grandfather's funeral as my father went, and we could not both leave together. I set out to-day to fulfil his last request to preach his funeral sermon. I remained with Mr. Rabey at Newcastle all night, and next morning took coach for Morpeth. I dined with my aunt, who lived there, and made inquiry for a horse or cart, which I understood would be sent to meet

me. To my great disappointment I found neither, and I had twelve miles to walk on very bad roads. Whilst I was in Morpeth, I got to know that Mr. G. Beaumont was in the town attending the funeral of his father. As he was the instrument of my conversion, and I had not seen him since the day that I was awakened, I was very desirous to see him, and called at his sister's, and inquired for him. He had heard that God had used him as the means of my conversion, and we were very glad to see each other, and spent a little time very happily together. I asked him to pray for me, and he did so. This interview afforded me much gratification. I set out from Morpeth, on my long and fatiguing journey to Shaftoe Grange. I reached there about seven o'clock, and shortly afterwards got the family and neighbours together, and spoke to them about getting ready for Heaven. I prayed with them and we retired to rest. I was thankful for a good sleep, and, after breakfast and prayer next morning, I went to see my grandmother and other friends. I found them all well in health, but not well in soul-matters. My dear grandfather's house seemed a desolate place without him. His absence produced great seriousness in my mind. His widow has some acquaintance with religion, but she is not thoroughly devoted. I read to her, and urged her, with great affection, to give herself up fully to God. After praying with her, I set off for Saugh House, and on my way called at Close House, where I had the pleasure of once more seeing old mother Thompson. She is very feeble in body, and expected soon to drop into the grave, when no doubt her spirit will rise to Heaven. After praying together we parted. I had a very kind reception at the Saugh House. This venerable dwelling will ever be dear to my heart. I had much interesting conversation with the family.

"23rd.—Sabbath.—Thank God for the rest of the past night, and for the return of His holy day, which furnishes me with an opportunity of being employed in his vineyard. Spent about two hours in reading and prayer. Found access to the Throne of Grace. After breakfast and family worship, I was in private until preaching time. We had a goodly company. My text was, Matthew xix. 27. As there were several present, who knew me before my conversion, I told them how happy religion made me, and invited them to go with me to Heaven. I preached at young Mr. Cooke's, on Job xiv. 10, in the afternoon. It was a solemn season. Returned to Mr. Thornton's, to execute the chief object of my visit. The large farm-kitchen was crowded. Nearly the whole of my kindred were present, and I felt it a great cross to preach before them. The text chosen by my grandfather was, John xiv. 28.—'If ye loved me ye would rejoice because I said I go to the Father.' I applied it to our blessed Saviour leaving His disciples, and to our dear parent leaving us for Heaven. The word was well received, and it was a very solemn season. Oh! that lasting good may be done.

"24th.—This morning I took leave of my friends, and prayed that God may bless them. Mr. H. Thornton lent me his horse seven miles on the road, and I walked to Newcastle, where I preached at night. Stayed all night with Mr. Frost, who treated me with much kindness.

"25th.—Came on to Sunderland, where I met with my dear friend Miss Dent, of Barnard Castle, who seems quite happy in God, and whom I was truly happy to see."

Let those who are essaying to occupy the imporant sphere of religious labour, in which Mr Lynn was at this time engaged, but who, like him, experience many drawbacks and failures, cheer up, and take heart. If they love the work, and feel it to

be "the burden of the Lord," they will continually study to be approved; and, before earnest study, careful practice, and God's blessing, the most stubborn difficulties will melt like snow in the sun. And let those who are in it, but underrate its honour and importance, raise their views of it, prepare more vigourously for its duties, and pray more earnestly for success in its labours, and, depend upon it, thus honouring God, God will honour them. Moreover, let all know, that, in the pulpit, as elsewhere, according to their faith, it shall be done unto them; and "he who goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

CHAPTER VI.

THE METHODIST AND THE MILITIA.

> Will you again unknit
> This churlish knot of all-abhorred War,
> And move in that obedient orb again,
> Where you did give a fair and natural light?

One summer evening, when Mr Lynn had finished the work of the day, and was preparing to go to a "place where prayer was wont to be made," a bold, authoritative knock made the door tremble. He then resided at Gateshead Fell. "Whoever is here?" thought he. "Who can want me?" With the rapidity with which the mind, when it is excited, can leap from thought to thought, and conjure surmise upon surmise, thoughts and surmises crowded on his mind. He hastened to the door and found there a messenger from the Crown! What! then, is he lucky enough to receive courtly or royal patronage!—is he to be elevated to a high place and receive a distinguished title? If such thoughts for a moment rushed to the front-door of his soul, they were soon driven into the back-ground by the shrill voice and stern announcement of the stranger. "You are balloted," said he, without introduction or explanation, "for the militia, and must attend at Gateshead to swear in, or find a substitute." "This was a tremendous blow: it seemed as if it was the most disagreeable thing that I had ever met with. I thought and prayed about it, and was much excited. When the case was generally known, it excited much sympathy among the

Methodists, and there was a good deal of talk about helping me to procure a substitute; but it began and ended in talk. When the time came I had to swear in for five years, and left myself in the hands of God; and this turned out the best course. One verse of a hymn was constantly upon my mind, and its sentiment was my spirit. It was this:—

'Close by Thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow Thee where'er thou go.'"

Having taken the oath, the time soon came when he had to take the field. The recruits met for discipline at Barnard Castle, a small market town which stands on an "eminence, rising abruptly from the river Tees," twenty-two miles S.W. by S. of Durham.* His journey thither, his exploits and experience when there, his lodgings, preaching exercises, mischances, and happy friendships, will form one of the most interesting and suggestive episodes in this volume. Here follows the narrative:—

"In the summer of this year (1820), the Durham Militia was called to Barnard Castle, and I was obliged to go; although only for a month, it was very inconvenient for me to leave my business. We were required to be at Barnard Castle on Monday morning, at ten o'clock, and this obliged me to leave home on the Sabbath afternoon. I preached in the morning

* This town whose population at present is about 5,000, derives its name from a castle, now in ruins, between its northern extremity and the river. The ruins "enclose an area of about 6½ acres. Portions of the wall stand on the verge of a cliff, which rises precipitously from the bed of the river Tees to the height of 70 feet, commanding an extensive view of the beautiful valley of Teesdale. The castle was originally built about 1178, by Barnard Baliol, grandfather of John Baliol, King of Scotland." —*Impl. Gazette.*

and led a love-feast in the afternoon, at Lumley. Mr Barnes, of Sunderland, and I, had arranged to go together. We set out from Lumley after the love-feast. My friends were very sorry that I had to go on such an errand, but promised to pray for me. We passed through Durham, and arrived about dusk, at Bishop Auckland. As we ascended the hill into the town, wondering where we should lodge, we saw a pleasant-looking woman standing at a door. She perceived that we were strangers, and inquired if we wanted lodgings. We told her we did. She said she thought she could accommodate us. We examined her accommodations, and thought they would suit us, understanding we were to have a room to ourselves. Being thoroughly tired, we ordered supper, and intimated our wish to retire. Afterwards I told our hostess, we were religious men, and that it was our custom to read the Scriptures and pray, before we retired to rest, and that we should wish to do so on this occasion. To this she readily consented, and having conducted family worship, we felt comfortable in this strange abode. We conversed with her about her soul, and she appeared interested in what we were saying, when we heard a knock at the door, and immediately several drunken fellows rushed into the house and asked for lodgings. The woman agreed to take them in. This was a terrible disappointment to us; for we hoped we had got into snug, quiet quarters. These men were on the same business as ourselves, and their wickedness greatly annoyed me. My companion having been a soldier before, was not so much troubled as myself. There were three or four beds in the room in which we were to sleep, and when we went to bed, these fellows had to share the room. There wickedness was such that it quite distressed me, and what to do I knew not. It was my custom to kneel down and commend myself to God

for the night; but this I felt I could not do in the sight of such men. I waited till all the candles were put out, and then I knelt down. I thought—'If this be soldiering, it is rough work indeed.' We arose about six o'clock, when a similar noisy scene occurred. All kinds of foolish talk were carried on. As it was daylight I was fast again for a place of prayer; I went out of the house, however, and stood behind a stone wall, and gave myself into Divine keeping, and truly glad I was to get away from the noise and tumult.

"We set out on our journey, and, not being accustomed to long walks, I had not gone very far before my feet blistered, and I became quite lame. And yet, I must go forward, although it was with the greatest difficulty that I could do so. I arrived at Barnard Castle—a stranger in a strange place. Not a soul did I know besides the person who accompanied me, and I was surrounded by the wildest set of men I had ever seen. I inquired where I was billeted, and was informed that it was at a public-house. I was anxious to have private lodgings, and inquired of the landlord if I could. He said I could, as they had sent several out, and there was just room for another. I found out the place; but, alas! what did I see! I had to lodge with three wicked soldiers, and their noise and nonsense were unbearable. For some days I could not muster courage to propose prayers to them, and I became unhappy. I knew not what to do. I used to go anywhere out of doors for prayer. One day, as it rained, we could not go out to parade, and we were all in the house together. I thought I would propose to read to them that part of John Nelson's journal which relates to his being a soldier. I did so; and it took with them very well. I then talked seriously to them, and proposed to pray with them. To my surprise, they did not object. We knelt down, and I engaged in

prayer. When we arose, they looked very serious, and one of them said,—'You are a good hand at it.' I smiled, and thought he did not know that God had helped me. From this time I conducted family worship, and said grace at meal-times; but they were like the wild ass's colt, and I had something to do to keep them steady. However, this made my way much more comfortable than before. Our hostess was often affected to tears.

"I had much persecution amongst the soldiers. Whilst on duty, they would sometimes pluck my hair, and slap my face, and would call out, 'I say, you Methodist, preach us a sermon.' I said, 'If you don't repent, the Devil will get you! there's a sermon for you.' They were all young men, full of life and spirit. Their drollery was such that it was impossible to avoid smiling at some things they said; and if they saw me smile, they would say, 'See, he is laughing at us; he is as bad as we are.' Well-disciplined soldiers would have behaved better on duty; but they are raw and wild young men. One provoked another to sin. I felt like Lot in Sodom.

"One Sabbath, I had an invitation to preach at Staindrop, but could not go without a pass from Major Byers. I went to his quarters, and asked for one. 'What are you going to do there?' I told him I was in the habit of preaching amongst the Methodists, and wanted to go for that purpose. 'Do you intend to preach in your regimentals?' I told him I did. He turned up his nose with a scornful sneer, as much as to say, Poor, simple fellow, it is very foolish of you to think of preaching. He then said, 'Well, my lad, I think you'll be better at home, reading your book.' I went away, much disappointed and vexed to be under a control of this kind. If ever I prized freedom, it was when a soldier. I left him, and went off with a few of the Methodists to a small village,

[illegible] came from the town, and preached. The evening being wet, [illegible] would be no parade, and I was [illegible] [illegible]. He was preaching at the [illegible] [illegible] I was there. The weather cleared up, and the drum beat for parade. I did not hear it, and, of course, did not attend. When the soldiers who lived with me came home, they told me I was to go out at six o'clock the next morning. As I had not been at parade; but, as they had been threatened if any one went to the long drill, I thought they were trying to deceive me, and did not go. They kept telling me, during the morning, that I should catch it; but I did not believe them. About eight o'clock, the sergeant came, shouting, in a great rage, at the window, and ordered me to come directly. He said he wondered that I should give him so much trouble. "There now," said the soldiers, "you will believe," and they heartily laughed at my expense. I listened away, and it turned out that some of the soldiers had appeared on parade, on the previous night, drunk and disorderly. This had vexed the officers, and they were determined to punish them. They called the roll to see who were absent, and thus I was found out. All the defaulters were required to appear next morning, at six o'clock, to give account of their absence; and all who did not obey this order, or did not give a satisfactory reason for their absence the previous evening, were appointed to the long drill. We were drilled an hour sooner and an hour later than the rest. Had I gone out at six in the morning, as ordered, I should probably have escaped this drilling. But mine was a double crime; I had been absent from parade, and had disobeyed orders; so, without being asked any questions, I was numbered with the transgressors. As soon as the men came out to parade, the companies were formed into one line, and I was placed at the

head of the offenders, and we were marched up and down in front of the regiment, I suppose, as a warning to others. Afterwards, we were sent off by ourselves, to be drilled in the same locality with the 'awkward squad.' As we stood together, before we were marched away, the sergeant wished me to go and speak to the sergeant-major. He said, he believed I should be forgiven, if I explained how the matter stood. But I had not sufficient courage to do this, although he came close to me. As he stood and looked at us, he said, 'I suppose you think you will do as you please with us, but we shall teach you different.' The opportunity was missed, and the sergeant scolded me for missing it, telling me, I must now take the consequences. One of my fellow sufferers reminded me of the two thieves at the crucifixion of our blessed Lord. He was a Scotchman, and had been drunk the night before. He inquired why I was thus drilled? I told him I had been at chapel, and had missed parade. He said, 'That is a shame, we deserve our punishment, but you have done nothing wrong.' I was much ashamed of my position, especially as I was a religious man, and a preacher, and, moreover, the only one in the regiment. I feared my religious friends would discard me; but when they heard of it, they sincerely sympathised with me, and asked me to preach that night. I complied, and spoke from Heb. x. 36, 'For ye have need of patience,' &c. They felt and prayed much for me. I had two or three days of this long drilling. The drill corporal became quite sorry for me, and told me to go to my company, after which I heard no more of it; but the drilling made such a profound impression on my mind, that I took care never to miss parade any more. As I hated soldiering, of course, I made but little out in learning my exercise. The whole system is one of such complete subordination as did not suit my high and hot

temper. To have so many masters, and to be ordered about with such authority, after being made a soldier against my will, never coincided with my feelings. And yet, such was the wickedness and carelessness of most of the men, that no less stringent discipline would have reduced them to order. Having to mingle with such brutish men, as most of them were, was to a God-fearing man a very great annoyance; and had it not been for the great kindness of the Methodists, and the many opportunities I had of preaching, and of attending the various means of grace, I know not how I should have withstood the strong opposition I met with. But I knew it would not be for long, and I cried much to God for help; nor did I cry in vain. A kind man of the name of Warton, took very much to me, and invited me to go to his house whenever I could. I preached in several country places, and some of the people wished me to preach in the Methodist Chapel in the town; but, when the superintendent of the Circuit heard that I belonged to the New Connexion, he would not allow it. Mr. Pybus, a schoolmaster, who had a fine large room, invited me to preach in it. This I did several times to large congregations. The 'red coat,' attracted crowds of people. Mr. Dowson, the second preacher, came to hear me on one or two occasions. I also preached in private dwellings, in other parts of the town. I met several classes, and God met me, and blessed me abundantly. We were marched to church on Sunday mornings, but the behaviour of many of the soldiers was most disgraceful. They laughed and talked as if they had been in a theatre. Yet, thank God, I did not suffer any spiritual loss whilst amongst them, but I was taught some useful lessons which I have never forgotten.

"When the month expired, we were sent home, and glad I was to get away. Yet I had in that short time contracted

some friendships, which made it painful for me to leave. On my way home, I preached at Staindrop, and stayed all night at the house of a truly devoted couple. The wife was the daughter of Mrs. Snaith, of Barnard Castle, a holy woman, with whom I had become acquainted while there, and with whom I felt great unity of spirit. They treated me very kindly. I met with an old woman, the wife of a blacksmith. She was a very devoted Christian, though very rough in her manners, but her husband was a drunken, swearing man, and persecuted her very much. On one occasion, when she was at a prayer meeting, he came and ordered her out, swearing he would drag her out, if she did not go instantly. She left the meeting, and as soon as she got out of the house, he struck her in the face. She bore it meekly; put her arm in his, and walked home with him. As they went along, she said, 'Oh, bless thee! I know thou lovest me. It was not thee that struck me, but the Devil that made use of thy hand.'

"I heard of a woman here, who had had a family of sons converted in answer to her prayers. She took them one at a time, beginning with the eldest, and prayed for each until he was saved.

"The following day I waited for the Durham coach, but when it came up it was full, so I had to walk home, a distance of thirty miles, after three o'clock in the afternoon. This was the longest walk I ever had. When I reached Newbottle, I found my father had gone to bed. I knocked him up; and, poor dear man, he could not have expressed more joy at my return had I been away twenty years. My religious friends and neighbours, likewise, were truly rejoiced to see me, and none felt more thankful than I did, that I had got out of the lion's den, and out of the house of bondage."

A year afterwards, he was called to re-visit Barnard Castle. This time, however, circumstances, were much more favourable. He met friends, whose piety had endeared them to him, and embalmed them in his memory; he took up his abode with a "pious family, where he could have family worship, and might pray as often as he liked;" and he exercised the ability God had given him in his favourite work of preaching. It was something singular in those days, for a "red coat" to appear in the pulpit, and, at different places, crowds assembled to hear "the soldier." Captain Hedley Vicars, Colonel Wheeler, and General Havelock, "soldiers of Christ," not less than soldiers for their country, would have been a greater wonder then, than they are to us at present. A few selections from the journal of this second militia tour will close the chapter.

"June 1st, 1821.—I started in company with a young man, named Chipchase, who lived at Lumley, but was a native of West Auckland. The Methodists at the latter place, had heard of me the year before, and they sent me word by Chipchase, that they wished me to call and give them a sermon. I consented, and went to the preaching-room, where there were about thirty persons—a smaller number than I expected; but I found, that during the year, one of their leaders, the principal man for zeal and activity, had become an infidel; yea, a bold blasphemer against Christianity, and his conduct had nearly broken up the society. I was kindly entertained all night by a pious farmer, about a mile from the place. Both he and his wife loved the Lord, and we all engaged in prayer, before separating for the night, and found the Saviour very near to bless our souls.

"2nd.—I arose, refreshed by my night's repose, and thankful to God for it. After breakfast, my host and hostess,

and I, joined in reading God's Word, and in prayer for each other's present and eternal welfare. We parted with mutual Christian love, and brother Chipchase and I started off for Barnard Castle. We arrived at Barnard Castle about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. I called to see Mr. Warton, who treated me so kindly when here last year, and he directed me to a pious family with whom I might lodge; at whose house I could have family worship, and might pray as often as I liked. This I esteemed a great privilege. I got a private billet, obtained my uniform and my rations, and then went to my lodgings. I found, there, a very nice family, who seemed to be sincere in the love of God.

"3rd.—Sunday.—We were, of course, marched to church. I found it a long, tedious, and unprofitable service. I felt truly thankful for the simple, lively, and powerful ministrations of the Methodist preachers. In the afternoon, I heard a sermon to scholars, from Mr. Anthony Steel, a local preacher. His text was, 'Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.' I liked his remarks very much. At night, I heard the superintendent, Mr. Triffit, and partook of the Lord's Supper, which was a gracious season to my soul. I was comforted by the kindness of many whom I had known and loved the year before.

"5th.—The few pious soldiers there were in the regiment had a meeting, and agreed to strengthen each other's hands in the Lord. Mr. Steel offered us a room in which we might hold whatever meetings we thought proper. We held a class meeting, and agreed to have a prayer meeting at seven o'clock every morning.

"6th.—We held our first prayer meeting, and God greatly blessed us. In the evening I preached to a crowded house, in Briggate, on Job xiv. 10. The people were deeply affected.

from Darlington, who gave an interesting account of the Primitives, showed us their hymn-book, and sung us some of their hymns, which were very sweet and lively. They must be a stirring people, but they are spoken of as if they were mad.

"11th.—By the urgent request of the family, I held a meeting in the house where I lodged, and I never remember seeing a house more crowded. I ran the parallel between the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt and a sinner's conversion. Several, who had never heard the Gospel, were present and had their prejudices removed; whilst the people of God felt Him near to their hearts.

"13th.—I preached a farewell sermon, in Mr. Pybus's room, on 2 Cor., v. 10. The place was very full, and it was a solemn season. Some, who had not been to any religious service for years, came 'to hear the soldier.' One woman, quite an ungodly character, wept much under the Word, and when she went home, she called her children together, and tried to pray with them. We were loth to part. I hope God will reward this dear people for their great kindness to His unworthy servant. Oh! that my labours may be sealed by the Spirit of God.

"21st.—I had the pleasure of taking tea with a deeply devoted woman, named Miss Dent, who was converted under the ministry of the Rev. John Smith, and is now a class leader. We spent a little time in spiritual conversation and prayer, and God greatly blessed us. I went with her to Mr. Dixon's class. It was a glorious season. We had the love of Jesus in our hearts, and we shouted Hosannas to His name! What a uniting thing this love is!

"24th.—I was much troubled that we had to break up on the Lord's-day; but so it was. The band played—"Over

the hills and far away;' and I had my clothes to deliver, and my money to receive—all on the blessed Sabbath! I dined with my dear friend, Mr. Warton; after which, he and another friend came with me some distance on the way. The Lord reward him for his kindness to a stranger. I walked on to Staindrop, and preached on Psalm xxvii. 9. We had a good prayer meeting. I stayed all night with Mr. Buxton, who treated me as a brother beloved. Praise God for the kindness shown to me by His dear people!

"Had an interesting interview with the blacksmith's wife, whom I met here last year. Walked on to West Auckland, and took the coach thence to Durham. I arrived at Newbottle about nine o'clock, and was very thankful to find my dear father and friends well. I rejoice to think that I shall never wear a red coat again; and I praise God who has kept me by His power in all my tribulation, and has enabled me to end in safety what I feared so much. How wisely I was guided in 'swearing-in' for myself! I tried to get a substitute, but could not succeed. We have been up only seven weeks in five years.* I am truly glad it is now over."

A more forcible illustration of the text—"In all thy ways acknowledge God, and He shall direct thy paths,"—will not often be found. Had Mr. Lynn concealed or compromised his religious convictions and character, rough places would not have been made so smooth, nor crooked ways so straight, as they eventually proved. As it was, he became a witness for God, where witnesses were greatly needed; and God became to him a "strong tower, into which he could run and be safe."

* Three years elapsed, after Mr. Lynn was balloted, before he was called into the Militia, so that the actual service of the five years was as stated above

So was it when Joseph was in Egypt, when Elisha was on the hill Dothan, when Daniel was in Babylon; so will it ever be while a faithful man remains upon earth. True to our faith and to our God; true to our devout convictions and our lofty privileges; true, in large and small, in secular and sacred affairs; true, everywhere and in all things, we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

CHAPTER VII.

HOW TO LIVE.

"Live while you live,"—the Epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day."
"Live while you live,"—the Sacred Preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord! in my view let both united be,
I live in pleasure while I live to Thee!

"LIFE is more than raiment;" yes, the humblest life is better than the gayest attire. Let life be in peril; and what, in the way of costly treasure or stately apparel, will not be sacrificed to escape the danger and preserve life? And, in like manner, the inner life—the Divine life—the life from above—is more than the sacrament which symbolises it, or the services which nourish it. Yet, as devotees of fashion are to be found, who think more of their dress than of their better life, so there are Christians, of mere form, who are more concerned about the cup from which they drink, than they are respecting the "wine of the kingdom," which it should convey. Life, with them, therefore, becomes a routine, and religion a form. But, the true Christian exhibits a nobler spirit. He is more anxious to "grow in grace," than boastful of meats and drinks, fasts and feasts. To him—

> "Life's more than breath, and the quick round of blood:
> It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
> * * * * He most lives,
> Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

Far, very far, be it from us to disparage creeds, or religious forms, or worldly resources: they have their place, and render service in the Church. Creeds are the sanctified memorials,

the recorded consciences, the guiding beacons of great and good men, who lived and studied, and laboured and died here. Religious forms are the vestments, the expressive attitudes, the symbolic hieroglyphics, in which the God-fearing and God-serving have rendered their choicest worship. Wealth, properly used, has blessed the world: it has sent abroad and supported Missionaries; printed in all languages, and spread in all lands, the Holy Scriptures; and given stamina to important and influential institutions. But what to us are memorials if they instruct not, consciences if they admonish not, or beacons if they guide not? What to us are vestments if they fit us not, attitudes that become us not, and hieroglyphics that edify not? What to us are Missionaries if we are not missionary in our spirit, or Bibles if we are not their counterparts, or benevolent institutions if we are not benevolent? The Bible, creeds, forms, resources, are instruments with which we do battle; but think of an instrument or sword in the hand of a statue! Were the latter multiplied till they covered the shores of our sea-girt land, would we be sufficiently defended against the attack of a proud and powerful invader? Alas! no. We want soldiers as well as swords! And, in the Church, we require *living souls;* this is our first and great concern. The Church's power is all from within herself—from her life; and her life is from God.

Life, with Mr. Lynn, in those years when he was engaged as a local preacher, was a Divine thing and a Divine power. He felt the tendency and the temptation to make his piety formal and professional. "I see an awful danger of recommending religion to others, and of living without it one's-self. I dread the idea of being but 'sounding brass and a tinkling symbol,' or of preaching the Gospel to others, and afterwards becoming a cast-away myself." He, therefore, wrestled with God and prayed; searched the Scrip-

tures, and sat in judgment upon his soul, daily; resisted temptation, redeemed the time, and converted the means of grace into helps, and reverenced them not as idols. He who thus lives finds life a Divine and precious reality, not a vain and flimsy dream. He apprehends God, rejoices in God's favour, enters into God's fellowship, shares in God's guardianship, and reflects God's likeness. A few extracts from the journal, where similar ones meet us at every page, will show the difficulties and the delights, the duties and the privileges, of such a life.

"Oct. 13th, 1819.—I have been reading the life of Mrs. Rogers. It has been made a great blessing to my soul. I see more clearly the necessity of holiness, and I am stirred up to feel a holy longing after it. Oh! may the blood of Jesus cleanse me from all sin.

"14th.—Heard Mr. Blackett, Wesleyan, on 'Being a new creature in Christ.' He is a blessed man, and gave us a blessed sermon. I am at present hungering and thirsting after holiness, and I prayed God to direct His servant to speak of it. I went to chapel, expecting an answer to prayer, and it was done to me, even as I wished. I was greatly enlightened and encouraged, and feel resolved not to rest, till, in His blood, I full redemption have.

"Nov. 4th.—To-day, my little bark has been shaken by two or three squalls of temptation; but, praised be God, though the winds arose, and the waves raged, they could not overwhelm the vessel without the permission of my Captain; for He has the winds and the seas under his control; and, in the wildest storms, if He speak the word, there is a sudden calm.

'With Christ in the vessel, I'll smile at the storm.'

"22nd.—I have just been at the throne of grace, and the Lord has refreshed me. I feel that my love to Him increases,

and, at the same time, my love to both saints and sinners increases also. Oh! to be fully swallowed up in the sweet love of Jesus. I long to serve Him with all my powers. May He live in me, and move in me for evermore.

"25th.—My soul is in a sweet, composed state of feeling. I have been reading the life of dear Mrs. Fletcher, and am much stirred up to seek for holiness. I see more beauty in it than I ever did. Jesus has purchased it for me; I cling to this blessing; I feel that it is my privilege to have it. If I enjoyed full salvation, I could honour the Lord more. Oh! make my soul and body Thine, for Christ's sake. Amen.

"Dec. 22nd.—Glory to God, I have had several refreshing seasons of late. The Lord impresses eternal things with greater solemnity upon my mind. I feel the truth of the Scriptures, 'that without holiness, no man can see the Lord.' I long, I pray, I believe, for the mind that was in Christ. The cry of my heart is,—

'Slay the dire root and seed of sin,
Prepare for me the holiest place;
Then, oh! essential love come in,
And make my heart a house of praise.'

"27th.—The last few days my soul has entered more fully into union and fellowship with God. I have felt nothing of the remains of sin, and I am filled with peace, love, patience, faith, and humility. Yet, I see there is much land to be possessed. Lord help me to

'Sink into the purple flood,
And rise to all the life of God.'

July 7th, 1820.—I thank God my mind is in a peaceful state; yet I do not know how soon I may be attacked by an enemy. I have lately had sad struggles with flesh and blood, and desires after forbidden objects. Others, besides the Lord, seek my affections, and present their charms to gain me over

to their service. They promise me long and sweet enjoyment, but I am aware that,—

'*If* I attempt to pluck the rose,
A prickly thorn I'll meet.'

Therefore, in the strength of God, I determine, that He shall have my heart. For Him I'll live, and for Him I'll die.

"9th, (Lord's-day).—I have sweet peace with God. I preached three times, and I feel I have injured my frame. My breast is very sore; but it is the delight of my soul to work for God.

'My remnant of days, I spend to His praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem;
Be they many or few, my days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him.'

"Nov. 2nd.—Of late I have had strong temptations. I have been beset with unholy thoughts, which nearly dragged me into the slavery of the Devil, but the Lord made a way for my escape. I feel very weak, but am cheered when I remember that in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

"August, 1821.—I have to lament my unwatchfulness. I am prone to talk of the faults of others, and, when I do so, I find it robs my own soul. Oh, Lord! deliver me from this wicked practice, and give me to love all mankind, and rather hide than expose their faults. I heard Mr. Jones, one of our new preachers, at Houghton—was much delighted with his sermon, and hope God will make him a great blessing.

"Nov. 6th, 1822.—Last night I was much comforted at Brother Scott's meeting. I urged the people to press into the fulness of God. There were several absent; but I saw most of them after the meeting, and I know this is a good plan. A visit will sometimes break the snare of the Devil, and cheer and encourage the drooping soul. Lord, make me faithful and useful!

"8th.—I see the necessity of being truly in earnest about my precious soul. I feel ashamed that I have not been more dead to the world and to the praise of men; and that I have not been more fully devoted to the service of the Lord. I have trifled with most solemn things. Oh! may I act as under the eye of God! Lord! help me to do all to Thy glory, and do prosper Thy work amongst our members! May they be filled with Thy Spirit, and sinners be saved!

"January 1st, 1822.—Another year of my time on earth has for ever fled away. I have produced but little fruit; yet I have much cause to be thankful; I believe I have more religion at the end of the year than at the beginning; and I am resolved, by the help of God, to give myself—soul and body, time and talents—to God, and seek to promote His glory with all my might. Oh! my blessed Jesus, do help me!

"March 4th.—My stepmother's affliction, which has been long and severe, has stirred us up to pray. We have more prayer than we should have had without it; and whatever either draws us or drives us to God is a blessing.

"13th.—In returning from Newcastle, I preached at Blue Quarries, in the house of Mrs. Snaith. The place was full of people, and God was graciously with us. After preaching, this devoted woman, who some time before had obtained the blessing of perfect love, spoke to me respecting it, and charged me with inconsistency, for preaching a doctrine I did not enjoy. She stuck to me, and pressed me to seek it that night. As she continued to urge the matter, I began to feel some desire after the blessing. We knelt down, and I began to pray earnestly for it. I prayed a good while, and felt my faith to increase, and got into an agony of prayer. Mrs. S., then began to pray for me, with all her might, during which

I frequently found faith; but I wanted a feeling willingness. 'Hold on,' said she, 'believing, whether you feel or not, and leave it with God to give the witness as He pleases.' We each prayed again. Afterwards I sat down in silence. She told me, if God were pleased to give the blessing, with the lowest degree of feeling, I must be willing to receive it in that way. Every word seemed to bear me nearer to God; at length, I got a sight of the Holy Trinity, by an eye of faith, and I felt an equal love to each. Then, these words came sweetly to my mind—'Thou art all fair, my love.' I laid hold, and determined to keep hold, of this; and the Lord came into my heart, not in a very powerful way, but I felt a closer union with God than I had done before.

"17th.—Since I received this further work of grace, the enemy frequently tempts me to give it up; but, thank God, hitherto, I have been enabled to resist, and conquer. Many are the sweet moments I enjoy in communion with God.

"June 2nd.—At Newcastle: the previous night I spent with my esteemed sister Snaith. When I told her I had lost the witness of purity of heart, she was greatly troubled; and gave me a smart dressing for my unfaithfulness. Before retiring to sleep we had a wrestling spell in mighty prayer. We both besought the Lord to restore again to me His full salvation; and, thank the Lord, we got near the throne. I felt it hard work to cast my unfaithfulness into the cleansing fountain; but, in secret, before I went to bed, I was enabled to hang my soul on the merits of Jesus, and trust in Him for a fulness of love. I did not feel much joy; yet I saw my interest in the bleeding Lamb to be quite clear.

"July 2.—I still feel power over sin; but I want the plenitude of the Spirit. May I—

'Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow.'

"Sept. 2nd.—Class meeting at West Herrington. We had such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit as made us so happy, we scarcely knew whether we were in the body or out of the body. It was, in truth, a night of the Son of Man. I sometimes think that the Devil knows when I am about to get my soul blessed; for I had such a struggle with myself to go to this meeting, as I seldom ever had before. But I praise God that I went. I was 'made to sit with Christ in heavenly places.'

"Nov. 7.—I have had such struggles with temptation as I seldom ever experienced. The enemy was determined to have me into sin; and I certainly would have fallen, if I had not cried mightily to God. He had mercy upon me, and answered my prayer. I see a great need of self-denial. Lord help me to practice it.

"Dec. 25 (Christmas-day).—We had a very good prayer meeting, at six o'clock this morning. I preached at Hetton, and held a love-feast. It was a grand season. Many of the Ranters were there. Many of them are very sincere, good men. I love all that love the Lord Jesus. God keep me from a narrow spirit.

"March 31st, 1824.—It is three months since I wrote about my experience. My soul has been variously exercised; sometimes strongly tempted and heavily oppressed with various things. My poor heart has often sunk like lead in the waters; but I have always found that carrying my sorrows to the throne of grace is the best plan. When I do this, the Lord never fails me: I have either deliverance, or supporting grace. But, with all my sorrow, I must declare, likewise, that my cup has often run over with love and joy; and my soul has triumphed in the God of my salvation! This morning, the Lord filled my soul in such a glorious manner as I cannot describe. He has quickened my soul afresh

in pursuit of Christian holiness. I pray God to admit me into the enjoyment of the blessing bought for me by my Redeemer's blood."

Whoever has laboured to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and man, and sought, in everything within him and without him, to have purity unto the Lord, will read in these extracts the faithful delineation of himself. Such objects are only gained by agonising prayer and continuous devotion. To be distinctively like God, and that is the noble aim and proper type of a true piety, we must hourly live to God. Mr. Lynn was greatly helped in his religious endeavours by the journal he kept. "If it profits no one, in future," he observes, "it promotes self-examination in me; and its perusal afterwards always does me good. I always do the best in my soul when I attend to it." Is it not possible for us to profit by this intimation, and to enter upon the salutary practice it recommends?

BOOK II.

MINISTERIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CLOUDS DISPERSE.

Sooner or later, the builders will be glad of thee; the wall will need thee to fill up a place in it, quite as much as thou needest a place to occupy in the wall.—DEAN TRENCH.

BETWEEN the period when the conviction seizes the mind that the Almighty would have us to do a given work, or pursue a certain course, and the period of actual introduction to it, there is often a long and painful suspense—a tedious and testing journey. We prepare for it; pursue it, but it seems to shun and fly from us. It is the port for which we are bound, and to which we sail; but, once and again, when ready to enter it, the sea is becalmed, and head-way cannot be made; or a fearful gale drives us with fury into quite an opposite direction, and quite a distant region. We are, therefore, to wait; and this waiting is no inconsiderable test of our call to, and fitness for, the work. Moses had long, and long, to wait before the great mission of his life was entered upon, or his Divine wish was realised. The Apostles were not to begin the arduous work of preaching until they had gone through the wholesome discipline of waiting. "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." John Knox was a grey-headed man before his way was opened to preach, as he had long desired, to his countrymen, and before he entered upon labours which entitled him to rank as the apostle of his country. In fine,

great workers have been great waiters; and the efficiency with which they did their work, was indebted, in no small degree, to the strong self-help they acquired while waiting.

> "How poor are they that have not patience!
> What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?"

For a long period Mr. Lynn had the deep conviction that the work of the ministry was to be his work, and an ambassador for Christ, his office; but he had to wait, and to wait long, ere the holy work was entered, and his devout wish was gratified. Sometimes he was ready to give up his hope as a forlorn one; but he was always timely and providentially checked. Sometimes he was tempted to take steps, and enter into engagements, which, when completed, would have certainly hindered him becoming a minister; but, conscience lifted its voice in eloquent declamation, or friends interposed their pious remonstrances, and the danger was shunned. Ultimately, the night of watching and waiting was over; crooked things were made straight, and rough places smooth. This was the "Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." The openings of Providence, in this case, may yield encouragement and guidance to some who are conscious of a Divine call, but are surrounded by earthly blockades, and to whom the old command, with new emphasis, is given:—"Stand still, and see the salvation of God."

During the last three years of the local preaching career of Mr. Lynn, thoughts of the ministry were never out of his mind; they prompted his meditations by day, and gave a character to his dreams by night. In 1821, we read,—"I begin to feel much concerned about being given up to the work of the ministry; it is seldom out of my thoughts, and yet I seem hedged in on every side. I often plead with God that it would please Him to open my way." A year later,

we find this passage,—"I feel a longing desire to be entirely devoted to the service of God, and

'Only live His blood to show,
Which purges every stain.'

If it please God to open my way to the work of the ministry, I shall be glad; it is seldom out of my mind." Some time afterwards, we read,—"Of late, I have been unspeakably happy, and feel a strong desire, if God will open my way, to be entirely given up to the great work of saving souls from death."

Nor was the desire, which fluttered in his breast, without response in the approving conviction of others. Very sad, indeed, it is, to find an aspirant for office the only one who supposes that he is qualified for it. Vanity, in such instances, takes the place of ability, and self-exaltation takes precedence of public usefulness. Yet, the Church has had candidates for her highest offices of this character, and she has not always been fortunate enough to discover their hollowness, and dispense with their services. "I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran: I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied." (Jer. xxiii. 21.) Not so in the case before us. Among both members and ministers of the Churches a feeling had arisen that Mr. Lynn *ought* to enter the ministry, and that God evidently designed him for it. The able and venerable Mr. Wall, on leaving the Shields Circuit, after a residence of three years, and a ministry of great acceptability and practical efficiency, "intimated to me that he believed God would open my way into the ministry." The Rev. James Wilson followed in the same track. "I called upon Mr. Wilson," once when at Newcastle, on a preaching tour, "and opened my mind to him. He deeply sympathised with me, and told me he had great confidence in

Providence. He believed God would deliver me. He said,—'You must not fly back into the arms of despair, nor rush into the Red Sea of presumption; but, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God," and let God deliver you in His own way, and in His own time.' We entered a little room, and prayed together, and so left my affairs in the hands of God. This was, indeed, to me a truly seasonable and profitable interview; the advice given was so solid and Scriptural, that it strengthened my faith, and cheered my soul. I returned home with a thankful heart; and, finding peace there, I praised God for his goodness towards me."

Why, then, with ministers and friends on his side, and constraining convictions in his heart, did he not at once enter upon the sacred work? Hereupon, we elicit a reply, which will excite generous sympathy. The best men in the world have not been the most successful. Rewards come not according to our deserts, while in this transitory state and this life of trial. Panics, accidents, miscalculations;—competition, avarice, cupidity, and a thousand other things, happen to deprive the most diligent and deserving in business of a fair and sufficient recompense. Hence, the straits into which the most exemplary and virtuous have been driven, and the heavy and almost overwhelming burdens they have had to bear. Who does not sympathise with these sons of misfortune? With them, failure is not the result of folly and indolence; nor misfortune the punishment of recklessness and vice. No; their hearts within them beat in love to God, and honour and charity towards their fellows; but their circumstances defeat their skill, and neutralize their toil.

Mr. Lynn had many drawbacks and fetters in business. Unsuspicious—he was often imposed upon, and got neither pay nor praise for his work. More tender of others' feelings than alert to his own interests, when he first entered business,

he dared not ask for his due in cases where there was not high and honourable feeling enough to give it without somewhat of plain and pointed asking. Perhaps, too, he fell into the nowise common blunder of the age, and rendered to the Church the time which a wise prudence would have adjudged to the world. But, more than all, he was kept down by the pressure which arose from misfortune and affliction in his family, and, by which he had, for the most part, to become a father to his father and family. His house became theirs; and, with a generousness which honoured him, he ministered to their wants, and nursed them in their afflictions. But who cannot see, that, with so many claims, and so young a business as his—and, at best, a business which is not particularly lucrative—there would not be a profusion of this world's good? Indeed, there was not; and, often, the poor fellow knew not what to think or do. Lamentations, on this account, are found in many parts of his journal. A few, without dates, will present a sample of many:—

"This has been a day of great conflict. My temporal affairs have oppressed me greatly; but I have been comforted by spreading them before the Lord in prayer."—"I have been in great straits lately for want of cash to carry on my business. I have a deal owing, in my little way, and my family expenses are too heavy for my income; and I know not how to alter matters."—"Worldly matters try me much. I wish to be honest, and to owe no man anything but love. Oh, Lord! stand by me!"—"At present, with respect to temporal things, I walk in darkness and have no light. The Lord help me to do, as the Prophet directs persons to do when in my situation—namely, to 'Trust in the name of the Lord, and stay him upon his God.' I firmly believe, if I do this, I shall yet prove the faithfulness of Him, who is the 'health of my countenance and my God.'"

Once, under the weight of these trials, and at a time when they had reached a painful climax, he went to Newcastle, and preached from the text—"O, Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." Afterwards, "My old leader, Mr. R. Frost, one of the best men I ever knew, invited me to dine with him When we reached home, and were seated, he looked me very kindly in the face, and asked, in such a fatherly manner, 'Is not this sermon your own experience?' 'Yes;' I said, 'I know something about it.' He put a pound-note into my hand. I was surprised, and my heart filled with thankfulness to God, for this seasonable relief. The following morning, good old Mr. Snowden came to me, and said, 'We have an impression, from your sermon yesterday morning, that you are in trouble: Is it so? You have spent much of your time in the cause of God, and we ought to help you.' I related to him how matters stood with me, and he put three pounds into my hand, —one, I believe, for himself; one for Dr. F., and one for Mr. W. How did my heart praise the God of Love, for the timely help given to me!"

In the painful trials of this period, Mr. Lynn was more than once tempted to seek relief in marriage, and give up all thoughts of the regular ministry; but, at such times, it seemed as if God and man arose to oppose the project. "One night, when I had taken some steps in that direction, and had gone to bed, it seemed as if God was looking at me, and as if He spoke to me in these words, 'If thou get married, thou wilt shut up thy way into the ministry; and I will flog thee.' There was something so awful about this, that I dared not proceed further in the business, and when my heart inclined to give it up, I felt easy, and as if the smile of God returned to me."

"About the same time, I had a conversation with Mr. John Weatherburn. He said, 'I was dreaming that you were going

to get married.' 'To whom?' I inquired. He said: 'To such an one.' He added: 'I thought, in my dream, that all your friends were sorry for you, as they thought you were blocking up your Providential path; and it is their opinion that God designs you for the ministry, and your marriage would prevent it.' This opinion so coincided with the feelings of my heart that it made me tremble. 'But,' I said, 'Was it a waking or a sleeping dream?' 'Oh!' he said, smilingly, 'It was a waking dream.' This circumstance fully decided me; and, being able honourably to retrace any steps already taken towards a settled life, I gave up all; and once more resolved to 'Stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and watch to see what God would say unto me.'"

In a most unmistakable and remarkable Providence God did speak unto him. On the very day that he received from Mr. Snowden the gift, which was as honourable to the givers as useful to the receiver, an event occurred which was more influential than the gift was acceptable. J. Ridgway, Esq., was in the town, and had been announced, on the previous day, to preach there that evening. He had, however, intimated a fear that he would not be able to take the service; but would come to the chapel as soon as convenient. Under these circumstances, the friends agreed that Mr. Lynn should be engaged to preach. In a minute or two longer it would have been too late, for Mr. Snowden was only just in time to see Mr. Lynn, before his return home. "We wish you," he said, "to stop, and preach for us to-night; and we will pay you for the loss of your time. We believe that God designs you for the ministry, and this will give Mr. Ridgway an opportunity of hearing you; and, as he has great influence, if he should approve, he may open your way." "I had no objections to preach to them, for I was unspeakably grateful for their unexpected kindness; but I did not at all like to preach

before this great Staffordshire 'Squire: it made my heart tremble within me. However, there seemed no alternative—but stay I must, and preach I must; so I retired to a private room in Mr. Snowden's house, and shut myself up for a time. Under much excitement, I laid the matter before God, and entreated Him to help me. I was many times upon my knees, and I got hold of the Lord; and, in the evening, I went to chapel, depending on His assistance. I had great enlargement and power given me in prayer. When I arose from my knees, the great man was there sitting; but there was something so very pleasant in his looks, that convinced me he had come to get good, and not to criticise. I gave out the second hymn, and he joined so heartily in the singing, that I got less fear and more confidence. I gave out my text, John iii. 16; and God wonderfully helped me, and I soon saw he was interested. After preaching, he came to me, and got hold of my hand, and, with a face as pleasant as a summer's day, he said: 'Well, my worthy friend; thank you, for your bit of plain, warm, good stuff, to-night. It is no great compliment to pay you; but I think you have managed your part as well as I could have done myself.' This cordial commendation was such a comfort to my poor trembling heart! I felt as if I could have gone right away with him."

Among the philosophies of the world, none deserve, or would more repay, our study, than that of small things. The sea is made up of little drops; the globe of tiny atoms; and all time of brief moments. Individuals, families, and nations, are not unfrequently made or unmade, established or revolutionised, blessed or blasted, by things which are small enough to pass through a needle's eye. O, wondrous is the power for good or for evil possessed by the smallest things! Wisely, therefore, did the Saviour urge us to be "faithful in that which is least."

Upon the apparently small event, of preaching before a gentleman from a distance, was suspended the entry of Mr. Lynn into the Gospel ministry. No doubt, he often revolved in his mind the thought of how he stood in the estimation of his influential hearer, and to what it might lead. When he reached home, he made his father's heart rejoice over all the good and great things his eventful journey had developed. One week—two weeks—three weeks elapsed, and Staffordshire remained Staffordshire, and Durham—Durham; but nothing revealed what was said in one county of an anxious waiter in the other. Before, however, the fourth week expired, the post relieved his anxiety, and raised his anticipation. This was the letter brought:—

"Cauldon Place, Staffordshire, June 29th, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,—You will recollect our meeting in Manor Chair Chapel, on Whit-Monday, and the religious duties we there engaged in together. I have mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Manners. This being a season when you are not very busy, it would be well for you to pay us a visit, in this quarter of the world; serving, as it would, to make you known, and, probably, to open your prospects in future life.

"Without saying too much on this head, I do think a friendly visit would be useful and acceptable here. The work would be to preach, and to help in the vineyard. We will pay all expenses, and make you a present, in addition. You will give us of your spiritual things, and we will give you of our temporal things.

"Look to God by prayer; and consult any judicious friend, for prudence'-sake.

"If your way is open to come, I may inform you that we are a circuit of good hearers. You will be at home amongst us; and your plain, simple, lively preaching, with our prayers and affectionate intercourse, will be blessed to us. Write me, in a few days, and then we will send you all needful particulars.

"Wishing the best direction, and the richest blessing,

"I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

"JOHN RIDGWAY."

Important letters have been written, and momentous conse-

[illegible] have resulted from them: but the receiver of this, though there never had been a document so momentous penned [illegible]. "No tongue can tell how much I was [illegible] with this letter. It seemed to me like a message from heaven."

The letter was sent to Newcastle: the friends there, with [illegible], requested a visit from Mr. Lynn: he went—a [illegible] and decided that this note was [illegible] and it was answered accordingly. To the answer [illegible] was returned—

"Caulton Place, Staffordshire, July 11th, 1824.

"Dear Sir,—I received your esteemed favour of yesterday, and am glad to find that you have made it convenient to pay us a visit. About Thursday or Friday next week, we shall expect to see you; and, I trust, your coming amongst us, though for a short season, will be made a blessing.

"You will take the coach at Leeds, where you will be in time to catch the Manchester coach, so as to reach there the same evening. The next morning several coaches leave Manchester for Newcastle-under-Lyme, which my servant will direct you over to Caulton Place. The expense will be considerable, and we must be as economical as possible; but I have looked at the thing, and am well satisfied with what we are doing.

"And now I commend you to a kind Providence for journeying mercies, to favour in the sight of His people, and for the benediction of Him, who is able to exceed all we can wish or conceive. Be encouraged, my good friend. When we meet, we will have some talk together, which will be better than writing a long letter. I enclose you a £5 note, which will defray your expenses here and back; the rest we will settle hereafter, and [illegible].

"Your sincere friend,

"JOHN RIDGWAY."

The way was now opened for a start, at least, in the good work, to which the heart of Mr. Lynn turned as the needle turns to the pole. The gentleman who was instrumental in assuring this opening has had many distinctions awarded

him. He is "Potter to the Queen," deputy-lieutenant of his county, a county magistrate, and has recently been made the first mayor of his native town. But, we venture to think, none of these exceeds the distinction of bringing into the ministry one whom God has called to the work. To be a co-worker with God; to raise the pious into a larger sphere of usefulness; to encourage the development of natural talent in the lowly, is to ensure a richer honour than that of kings, and to participate the bliss of Heaven. Ministers, and pious laymen, of all ranks! let us look out for similar opportunities of usefulness and honour. There are many young Davids tending the flock of an unimportant business; and God designs them to be Kings in His spiritual Israel. Try to find them, and encourage them. The Church needs them, and the world is perishing for want of them. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

CHAPTER II.

AFLOAT.

The task Thy wisdom has assign'd,
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy acceptable will.
C. WESLEY.

WHOEVER has seen the launch of a noble vessel, has witnessed an interesting and thrilling sight. It is both the completion and the commencement of many hopes; a great work has been done, but a greater remains to be done; the ship is manufactured, but she has yet to enter upon her mission. And who shall say what is the future before her? A little fortune has been spent in her erection and outfit; large expectations of commercial gain from her future voyages are indulged; but what perils lie before her, and what possibilities may overtake her! She may be stranded on a foreign shore, or wrecked, soon after quitting her own; she may meet disaster upon the heels of disaster, until her profits are counterbalanced by her losses, or she may, as if a special favourite of Neptune, escape every danger, make rapid voyages, and secure, for all connected with her, unprecedented returns. The presence of these and kindred considerations, makes a ship-launch a period when fear and hope alternate—change places—and struggle for mastery.

And what is the entry of a minister upon the solemn duties and divine work of the ministry but an eventful launch? He enters a sphere of perils as well as usefulness; he may make "shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience," or, abiding

faithful until death, have ministered to him an "abundant entrance" into the eternal haven; he, by his aptness for the work, and the faith which brings God to his help, may win souls, or sinking into lifeless formality, his ministry may be the "savour of death unto death." What need then has the young minister to be reminded, as Fénelon was, that the day of his ordination is a very different day to the day on which he would be called upon to give account!

Mr. Lynn rightly appreciated the solemnity of the occasion when he left home, and the importance of the work upon which he then entered. "I made the best arrangements I could for my business, in the family, and in the Church. I had a strange mixture of feelings as to whether I should return again or not; if I should not, how my parents could do without me; and, as there are few local preachers, how my labours could be spared from the circuit; but, most of all, how my temporal matters were to be satisfactorily arranged, provided my way opened into the ministry? However, I committed all to God, trusting in His Providence to clear my way. My religious friends were much in prayer that God would bless me, and make my journey prosperous."

The journey was characteristic of him. "I left home on the 21st of July, about five o'clock in the morning, feeling very much, and accompanined by my father to Houghton-le-spring, where, at six o'clock, I met the Sunderland coach for Durham. As I ascended the top of the coach, I lifted my heart to God, and said, 'If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence;' and I felt as if the Lord said to me, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.' As I passed along from Durham to Leeds, I was charmed with the beautiful face of nature; all seemed to rejoice with me that the desire of my heart was now given me."

Hospitably entertained at the house of the Rev. W. Ford,

of Leeds, for the night, he started next morning, at six o'clock, for Manchester. "I was much delighted in viewing the mountains and valleys that lie between Leeds and Manchester. The people were making hay, and the cloth and blankets were stretched on the tenters—a sight new to me; but the sweet thought of going to preach the Gospel of the Saviour of sinners, was to me more charming than all besides. About half-past eleven o'clock, I reached Manchester, and was struck with its immense size. With some difficulty I found where Mr. Wall lived. When I entered the house, he could scarcely believe his eyes. I dined with him. His fine taste was quite shocked to see me carrying a couple of bundles over my shoulder. He went with me to a shop, where I bought a trunk, deposited my bundles, and was much pleased with the improvement. When I went to take my place by the 'Potter' coach for Hanley, my money was objected to. I had got my five-pound note changed in local notes, which would not pass in Manchester; but Mr. Wall kindly lent me what I needed."

Journeying, thence, in company with Mr. George Crosland, of Lindley, to whom he was accidentally introduced, he reached Hanley about ten o'clock, and, luggage in hand, presented himself at the back door of Mr. Ridgway's mansion. "The servant answered the bell. I inquired if Mr. R. was at home. 'Yes.' I desired her to inform him that a person from Sunderland had arrived. He told her to ask me in; and he met me in the passage. In his pleasant, cheerful way, he got me by the hand, and said: 'Well! my worthy friend; who would have thought, when I met you at your Newcastle, that we should have met in this quarter of the world?' After supper, we had much interesting conversation about the cause of God; and he gave me some directions how to proceed. He then said, he had got a little apartment, called 'The Prophet's

Chamber,' which was kept for ministers and strangers. After reading and prayer, he conducted me to this convenient lodging-room, where I had a very comfortable night's sleep."

Bethesda Chapel, Hanley, is a spacious and splendid place —the Cathedral of the New Connexion. Its growth—from a coach-house to its present size—is a delightful proof that God has been with the Church which worships there, and at intervals constrained it to say, "The place is too strait for me: give place to me that I may dwell." It now seats about 2,500 persons, and when tolerably well filled, presents a fine and inspiring sight. In this chapel Mr. Lynn made his *debut*. "I preached this morning in the large and beautiful chapel here; much the largest chapel I ever saw. Several influential gentlemen and their families attend it; and the thoughts of a poor, simple countryman, like me, from a poor colliery village, addressing so large and respectable a congregation, was to me frightful. My only refuge was the Throne of Grace, and to this I fled in search of strength and courage. I suppose I was at least seven or eight times on my knees that morning before I went to chapel; and when I got there, and looked at the congregation, my heart palpitated within me. As soon as I gave out the Hymn, the organ struck up a bold and lively tune, and the congregation joined more heartily than I ever heard before. While the singing was going on, I felt half cured of my fears. When I began to pray, I had sweet access to God; His power came down among us, and there was a fine peal of 'Amens,' from all corners of the chapel; this gave me a glorious lift. I read for my lesson the Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon; then we had another good sing, and I came to what was most dreaded—the preaching. I took my text from Exodus, xxxii. 26—'Who is on the Lord's side?' God wonderfully helped me, and greatly blessed the people. I was thankful when this

great business was done, and to find the people were pleased and profited. In the afternoon, I preached there again. The congregation was smaller, and the service was not so pleasant.

"At night, I was directed to go to Burslem. The friends there had heard that I was a Scotchman, and had said among themselves, 'We shall have something dry from this Scotchman.' They could not tell what to think when I wished to have a prayer meeting. However, when I commenced prayer, the Spirit of God powerfully moved among them; their feelings were touched, and they began to turn out their 'Amens' like claps of thunder. Oh! what a shout we had! Such a race of *Ameners* I never heard before in any part of the Connexion. We had a glorious time of it. Praise the Name of the Lord for this good day."

The inauguration was not more propitious than his stay there was prosperous. His preaching, which was in the style of Bunyan, and in the spirit of the Baptist, took amazingly. Six months after he entered the Circuit, we find him preaching one of the anniversary sermons of Bethesda Chapel. And there was point, not less than popularity, in the pulpit. Take an instance:—"At night the Lord assisted me to preach at Burslem, on 'Death,' with much enlargement. Very many were deeply affected, even to tears. One man, for whom I have prayed fervently of late, said, he felt as if penknives were running through his heart; and he was so pressed down that he could not stir, and every bone in his body shook as if he had the ague. This is a true description of a powerful conviction of the Spirit of God. I pray my God to finish it in sound conversion."

But the minister finds a sphere of usefulness in household visitation, not less than in pulpit ministrations. Nor is it unapostolic, or calculated to raise doubts as to a minister belonging to the ranks of the Apostolic succession. The

Apostle Paul "visited from house to house." Mr. Lynn, commenced this work in good earnest, and at once. "Charles G., a blind man, a leader and local preacher, and a blessed praying man of God, is my guide in visiting the people. We have been out together to-day, and he has greatly surprised me by taking me so correctly to the streets and the houses of the members. We each prayed with eight families. We found many of them in good earnest about their souls, and we left many in tears." The death-bed scenes witnessed, the wonderful conversions effected, and the stirring incidents related, in connection with this course of visitation, would fill a volume themselves, and some of them will find a place in another part of this volume.

Nor was personal and pre-eminent piety overlooked. What he calls "heart-holiness," he preached and daily sought. "Do you believe this doctrine?" inquired a friend. "Yes." "Preach it, then," he said. "There are some of the chiefs of the people, so far as worldly circumstances are concerned, that do not believe in the Methodist view of Christian sanctification; but, thank God! my soul believes, and I mean to preach it. I pray that I may have it fully in possession, and that my whole life may be God's."

It is not surprising to find, therefore, that shortly after his zealous labours began, Mr. Lynn was engaged to act as a supply in the Circuit until Conference. "A few gentlemen," he observes, "will pay my quarterage (stipend), and I am to spend in rotation, a week at Hanley, a week at Newcastle, and a week at Burslem, and get my board amongst the people, who are very kind, indeed, to me. So far, the Lord has made my way plain. How wonderfully has He appeared in my behalf! May I honour Him as long as I live!"

During this year, Mr. Lynn received a letter from the Rev. John Kearton, which, without approving of all it contains, we

insert, for its manly tone, the excellency of much of the advice it gives, and the genuineness and generosity of brotherly love which it displays. The writer was a powerful, portly man, and, after his conversion, became as valiant for Christ, as before he was fearless in sin. A grateful recollection of him is cherished by old friends in many parts of the Connexion. Here is the letter:—

"Thorne, February 21st, 1820.

"My Dear Brother,—I received your letter with much pleasure, and rejoice to find you engaged in calling sinners to repentance. Ever since I first saw you, I have thought that God would, at one time or other, open your way; but I sometimes had my fears that you might become impatient, and frustrate the designs of Heaven concerning you. 'I praise the Lord, He has kept you, and put you in your own place. How wonderful are the ways of our God! When, at the Hanley Conference, I proposed you as a proper person to travel, nothing seemed to stand in your way, but your private matters. Mr. Ridgway then thought you ought to be a great man for such a sum, and behold he is the first man to make your way plain. Here we see the truth of God fulfilled; 'He can turn the hearts of kings as the rivers of the south.' Nevertheless, you will have to struggle with difficulties for some time yet, and I wish you to be very careful how you spend your money. Do not buy foolish and useless books, but get out of debt as soon as you can. Be sure you have nothing to do with women until you have finished your probationary state; or nearly so; and then you must, if you do right for yourself, keep two things in view, namely, a woman with piety, and some money. I suppose you have Wood's "Dictionary of the Bible;" read it closely, and, if you can, borrow "Cruden's Concordance;" the book will do you good. "Wesley's Sermons," you cannot read too much; and "Jay's Short Discourses for Families," will do you great service. "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," and "Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion;" these two books, if you could eat them, you would never repent the act. Get "Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary;" it is now very cheap; 7s. in boards. Be sure and get this book; it will rectify your pronunciation; but, above all other books, read the Bible; rise early; pray much; and the God of peace will be with you. I feel deeply interested in your welfare, and, at the Conference, I will send you £1 10s. as a small present, by the Hanley representative. Be sure to thunder out the terrible threatenings of God against impenitent sinners; follow your own talents;

labour to improve them; but never wish to exchange them. Keep in your own shoes, and fear the face of no man; yet always have humility to be instructed, and firmness about you never to flinch from the truth. I hope you are prospering in your Circuit, and raising the interests of Zion more abundantly. I found the Hull Circuit in an awful state; it has made me groan many time this year; but, blessed be God, we have got much better. In some places I find my faith increasing, and some souls have been soundly converted to God. Pray for me, my dear brother. My family are very well, and believe me, when I subscribe myself,

"Your affectionate Brother in Christ,

"JOHN KEARTON."

CHAPTER III.

A DREAM AND ITS INTERPRETATION.

If I may trust the flattering truth of Sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

"ALL's well that ends well," says a proverb, which genius has immortalized; but the proverb implies, and receives emphatic application from the consideration, that what ends well, not unfrequently begins ill. Many a day which opens in portentous clouds, sets in sunny smiles.* Many a voyage which was interrupted by hostile winds, and irritating disappointments, ends in valuable discovery, or ample remuneration. Many a war, threatening and hazardous at first, terminates in a success which was never anticipated; and in a peace, which treaties guarantee, and long years confirm. Aye, and many an individual enterprise, however laudably undertaken, or laboriously followed, is of very doubtful character, at first, and threatens its votary with bankruptcy, oftener than it promises him prosperity. The history of Joseph in Egypt was not one of continuous progress and sunshine; he had his drawbacks

* Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B., was much struck with a Persian couplet, inscribed over the door of the dining-room of a Dictator, in Affghanistan. It illustrated the mutability of human affairs, and read thus: "The morning may begin with a bright sun, and yet the evening be darkened with storms." In the case of the distinguished General, however, the motto was reversed. Clouds hung over the morning and meridian of his life; but his evening's sun set in a clear and transparent sky. Still, the Persian maxim contains a solemn and admonitory truth.

and cloudy days, and was a prisoner before he became a prime minister. Oh! if the missions and enterprises which at first did not succeed had been abandoned,

> "Where had been our present knowledge,
> Where our hoped millennium?"

The supply at Hanley did not escape trial. Though his launch was favourable, and his early sailings successful, it turned out he had on board a load which perilled his safety, and either it must be cast overboard, or he must be wrecked. In what consisted the load? It was the old load,—the load which embarrassed him when in business and a local preacher. In consequence of this, the Conference, although satisfied of his general fitness for the work—his sound faith, his clear experience, his holy zeal, and the Divine seal which had been given to his call,—declined to accept him on probation as a preacher. "My kind friend, Mr. W. Ridgway, took me down to his house, after I preached (on the 31st of May, 1825), and informed me, as we went along, in the kindest manner, that the Conference had not received me, owing to my embarrassed circumstances. This is a deep cut to my feelings; but I do wish to submit to the will of the Lord. Mr. R. sweetened the bitter cup by informing me, that as there were only two preachers appointed to the Circuit, it was likely I would be helped out of my difficulty by the annual committee being induced to appoint me as a supply to this Circuit. This is a ray of hope in the dark night of disappointment; but I must wait the final decision with patience. Oh, my God! help me for Jesus' sake.

"As I returned to my lodgings, I called at Mrs. H's. She inquired where I was going. I told her I did not know; the Conference had rejected me, because of my temporal circumstances; but Mr. R. had just intimated, that there would be an effort made to help me. 'Oh!' she said, 'you must not

fear; we will give £5, and my brother Job will give £5, and Charles will give £5. I thanked her very kindly. I now saw that God was undertaking my cause; and I went home much cheered. Blessed be the name of the Lord for ever and for ever!"

A week did not elapse before that was done for him, which the worthy gentleman, just mentioned, had intimated as probable. A Circuit Meeting was convened. Mr Bailey, of Lightwood, (though of Longton Circuit), attended it, and urged that Mr. Lynn should be employed as a supply; and engaged to give as much as any gentleman in Hanley towards his relief. "It was, therefore, decided, that I should be the supply for this Circuit for the present year; and that I should change with the preachers in the Chester and Lane End Circuits, if they were willing. The great goodness of my God quite astonishes me. Oh! what a miracle He has wrought for me! 'Bless the Lord, Oh, my soul, and forget not all His benefits.' The kindness of the friends here, will, I trust, cause my soul to sing for ever. I pray the Lord to reward them in their own bosoms a hundredfold. I believe this deliverance has come in answer to the united prayers of my sincere friends and myself."

Singularly enough, Mr. Lynn, fully a fortnight before these events, had a dream, which made a deep impression upon his mind, and which he recorded in his journal. We enter not into its philosophy, but state it as a notable fact, which preceded a remarkable Providence. "About this time I had a striking dream. I dreamt that there came a person to me, with a letter containing a list of subscriptions, and he put the money down before me in bank notes, and said, 'This is to open your way into the ministry.' I awoke; thought over the matter; got up, and prayed; went a second time to bed; fell asleep, and dreamt the same dream again; only the money

this time was in gold. What the meaning of it was, I could not understand."

Mr. Lynn, after his re-engagement as a supply in the Hanley Circuit, entered, with lively interest and burning zeal, upon his labours. In August, he exchanged with Mr. Watts, the young preacher in the Chester Circuit, and he laboured there for six months, with pleasing proofs of the people's esteem, and of Jehovah's benediction. While there, not only was he instrumental in enlarging the Church of his own community, but others were instrumental in enlarging his mind in respect to Churches of other communities. Towards the end of September he was brought into contact with ministers and friends of the London Missionary Society, and the union removed prejudiced feelings, and produced the conviction that Christ has genuine sheep belonging to other folds.

"I took dinner and tea with a number of ministers belonging to the London Missionary Society, who had come to attend a missionary meeting, in Queen Street Chapel. They were very kind and cheerful; but some of them were not so serious, perhaps, as ministers of Christ are expected to be. The meeting was very much crowded; and several of the ministers pleaded the cause of missions with great ability and zeal. Up to this time, I had worn a strait-jacket in regard to this and kindred communities, and judged them vastly inferior to Methodists; but to-night, I gave up that opinion. I never before saw a greater amount of zeal for the world's conversion The Rev. R. Philip, the Rev. John Morrison, and Mr. Reeves, who had been a missionary nine years, delivered speeches which were most brilliant and powerful. Mr. Reeves drew a melancholy picture of the state of the Heathen world. Poor creatures! they do need our pity, our property, our preaching, our prayers, and the enjoyment of our most holy religion. I hope they will speedily receive

Almighty God. My dear friend, let nothing be so dear to you and me as the love of Christ; for His favour and salvation are worth more than the world; and we have His blessed word for it, that if we live to His glory, we shall reap eternal life.

"What is this world but labour and sorrow, even to one in affluence? In this situation the world may smile upon us, and its smile is dangerous to some minds; but, I trust, I look for better things than the smiles of mortals: this, with ourselves, will perish; but let us seek His smile, who created body and soul, and made them for an eternal destiny. O, then, let us seek the Lord, and fear His great name. Let us live in the constant habit of communion with the blessed Spirit of the living God; then, should our time be long or short, our end will be heaven and eternal happiness.

"I am, my dear friend, yours sincerely,

"RICHARD HICKS."

But the third letter was *the* letter. Whether the *Notes and Queries* Magazine has ever traced the origin and given a reason for the form of expression—"the third time makes up for all," we have not observed; but, assuredly, this third note, in thrilling interest, crowned all. It read as follows:—

"Shelton, December 14th, 1825.

"DEAR SIR,—You will, ere this, I fear, conclude that I am something like the butler who remembered not Joseph; yet this, in reality, is not the case. I have frequently thought about you—I trust, remembered you at the throne of grace. But I was anxious to send you some account as to how I had managed your pecuniary affairs before I wrote to you. On the other side, you will see what I have done, and, I hope, it will release your mind from the anxiety under which, I perceive from your letter of the 5th of November, you have laboured. To that Almighty Being, who has so far opened your providential path, I feel assured it is unnecessary to direct your mind. It has pleased Him in mercy, to make us a few unworthy instruments in the accomplishment of His gracious purposes, and, I hope, we feel thankful in being made the channel through which His goodness to you has been manifested. To His blessed name be all the glory. It afforded me pleasure to learn that you feel a degree of encouragement and comfort in prosecuting your ministerial labours, and that you avail yourself of the privilege you are at present favoured with, in labouring with so eminent a servant of Christ as Mr. Allin. I hope his example and advice may prove a lasting advantage to you. What constant need of watchful-

ness and prayer! How apt we are to forget this is not our rest! 'Quicken us, O Lord, in the ways of thy commandments," ought constantly to be our prayer. When I examine myself, I see so much to be ashamed of that I stand astonished at the forbearance of my Heavenly Father, and wonder that I have not long since been cut down as a cumberer of the ground; but our God delighteth in mercy. Mr. Jackson was taken very unwell on Tuesday last; he has nearly lost his voice, and was unable to preach last Sabbath. He is something better; but we have prevailed on him not to preach this week. He is a precious follower of the Redeemer. May you and I strive to follow him as he follows Christ. Upon the whole, we are doing well. On Sunday next, we commence distributing tracts, and our friends seem zealous in the undertaking. May the Lord crown their labours with abundant success! If you have not heard, you will be surprised to learn, that I am removing to my old farm; the distance from my worldly business is great, but I go willingly; I consider it a call of Providence, and pray that my Lord would use me as seemeth good in His sight, and so as to promote His glory in the salvation of my fellow-creatures. The friends in the Circuit will feel much pleasure in welcoming you back. You will unite with me in praying that you may come in the 'fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Peace.' Present my kind regards to Mr. Allin, and say that the Irish Mission is going on well, and, I trust, under Divine guidance, the committee are endeavouring to fix it upon such a plan as will ensure its continued prosperity. Mrs. R. unites with me in kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Allin and yourself, and,

"Believe me, dear Sir, to remain, yours, very truly,

"WILLIAM RIDGWAY."

The "list on the other side," including six donors of five pounds each, amounted to the goodly sum of £35 14s. This sum was increased, a few months afterwards, at Leeds, where, in an emergency, Mr. Lynn went to preach for a few Sabbaths. The friends there—well known for their generous hospitality—hearing of the case, spontaneously set to work, and contributed £6 10s., thereby raising the sum collected to an equality with the liabilities involved. The recipient, as may well be imagined, did not know how to contain his gratitude, and scarcely knew whether to admire more the generousness of the friends who helped him, or the graciousness of the blessed God, as exhibited

in His matchless Providence. "This is the sum," he says, "these dear, kind friends, gave me, to prepare my way to work for God. I pray that the Lord may reward them in their own bosoms, giving them good measure, shaken together and running over; and may my life and labours prove my gratitude to them and to the Lord. What shall I say to my good God, for this marvellous display of His providential love? May all I have, and all I am, ceaseless to thy great glory live!"

This is the dream, and we have told the interpretation thereof.

CHAPTER IV.

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

When sin's dark cloud hung o'er my breast,
And anxious thoughts destroyed my rest;
I sought a rem'dy for my case,
By kneeling at the throne of grace.

'Twas thus for mercy long I prayed,
Devoutly for my Jesus stayed;
And, oh! how precious was His face,
As seen before the throne of grace!

EVERY conversion to Christ is remarkable. It is *the* event of a Christian's life; giving a complexion and character to all the subsequent life. It is the result, not of any educational or earthly power, but of the quickening influence of the Word and the Spirit of God. When it takes place, Satan loses a slave, and the Almighty adopts a son. It starts an influence for good, which may be transmitted from one to another in succeeding generations, until the little ripple, in ever-increasing circles, has bounded the great ocean of universal existence. We are, therefore, not surprised to find that an event of such importance and greatness is watched by Angels, and produces a thrill of delighted feeling in Heaven. "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth."

But, while every conversion, or "new birth," like every natural birth, is interesting; there are some conversions, as there are natural births, which are accompanied by circumstances that give them a unique character, and a special interest. As Moses, and the Prophet greater than Moses, were introduced to our world in a way which calls special attention to their birthplaces

and early days, so Christians are brought into the Divine life, and started upon their heavenly course, in modes which invest them with extraordinary interest. We have selected a few such cases from the records before us. They are confined to the period when Mr. Lynn was engaged as a supply; and when, therefore, he laboured in the Hanley and Chester Circuits. No order, but that of time, is preserved in their insertion; but they might be made to represent distinct classes, as we trust they will help earnest inquirers of all classes. The first occurred at Newcastle-under-Lyme, and has to do with one who belonged to the Church, met in class, partook of the Sacrament—but, alas! was ignorant of the power and sweetness of experimental piety.

"Jan. 10th, 1825.—I saw, to-day, a very remarkable display of the power of God to save. I took tea with ——; and her mother was there from Hanley. She has met in class for several years, yet she had never been converted. When she heard our friends talk about knowing their sins forgiven, and feeling the power of God operating upon them like an electric shock, she said, 'I never felt anything of the kind.' She seemed an utter stranger to the witness of the Holy Spirit. I gave out a verse of a hymn; and, as soon as we began to sing, she was seized with such a fear that she durst not stop in the room; but ran into the back part of the house, feeling afraid that if she remained with us she would die! She, therefore, determined to get home. Her daughter followed her, and, with much to do, prevailed on her to stop. In a moment, she fixed the resolution to stop, 'if,' as she said, 'all the devils in hell were in the house.' She then sat down, and began to tremble, and to wrestle with God in prayer for salvation. Her daughter joined her, and they were in one room, and we in the other; but, as I got to know what was the matter, I went to them, and we agonised with God in

mighty prayer. At length, she screamed out, with all her might, for God to have mercy upon her; and in a short time the Lord set her free, filled her with His glory, and gave her to know that there is such a thing in religion as feeling we have it. I saw, now, what had made her afraid: the devil perceiving she was likely to get a blessing, wanted to get her out of the way. But, glory be to God, the snare was broken, and her soul was saved."

It is a source of melancholy regret to find, as is often found, the sons and daughters of valued members of our Churches, deserting the paths of their progenitors, and leaving vacant the pious places held and honoured by them in the domestic circle and the Christian Church. Upon themselves rests the responsibility of the course they pursue; but who can tell how much of all this arises from a want of prayer, and of faith in prayer, on the part of parents? We here present a fine example of parental anxiety for the salvation of the family, and of the complete success which crowns the parental prayer when presented and pleaded aright.

"Feb. 26th.—I was at Burslem bandmeeting. A sweet spirit of Christian love and feeling ran through the meeting. The place was like the 'House of God, and the gate of Heaven!' One of the leaders, U. Y., thanked God for His goodness to his father's family. He observed, that it was about thirty years since his father set out for heaven. At that time none of the family were saved; but when his father found peace, these words were applied to him:—'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thy house.' He cast his soul on the Redeemer and found salvation: thus the first promise was fulfilled. He now fixed his faith on the second—namely, the salvation of his house. He prayed for some time, often saying, 'I know it shall be done.' It was done. The good brother added, 'Out of fifteen of his children,

nine are gone to heaven, and the other six are on their way. The old father and mother are waiting for the time to come, when they shall be carried home to their children and their God.' The narrative produced a powerful impression on our minds. I was greatly delighted with it."

The third selection which we give of special conversions is suggestive of many lessons. It may teach ministers and Christian friends to embrace what opportunities they have of speaking a "word in season" for Christ, and to ask their friends, courteously but faithfully, whether their souls are set in order; and whether they are living for God and heaven? In this way the person before us was converted.

"March 15th.—This has been a happy day. I met with E. B., in deep distress of soul. Three weeks ago, I was taking tea at ——, and she was to have been one of the party; but was afraid to meet me, lest I should speak to her about her soul. After tea, I went to see a sick person in the neighbourhood, and she, thinking I would not return again, came to make an apology to Mrs. B., for not having been to tea. I returned to the house quite unexpectedly, and she was fairly taken in a trap. I knew nothing of her fears, and began to talk to her. I asked her if she saw herself to be a sinner? 'Yes; but I do not *feel* it. As soon as I feel myself to be a sinner, I will begin to serve God.' I was struck with the distinction she made, and liked it. I said, 'God can give you to feel your sins. I will tell you what I will do; it will be three weeks before I am here again, if you will promise me to pray for yourself every day, that God may give you to feel your sins, I will pray for you.' She at once said, 'I will.' We both remembered our engagement. I met her mother this morning, and she said, 'Have you heard of my daughter?' 'No,' said I; 'what is the matter?' She said: 'She is in such trouble, she can neither eat nor work; she is to

meet you at Mrs. B.'s, and she is expecting to find the Lord while there.' When I got to the door, and knocked, she opened it. She looked truly wretched. I said to her, 'How are you to-day?' 'Oh, sir! I am very miserable!' I said, 'I am very glad to hear it.' When we were seated, she told me her feelings. She said: 'During the three weeks which have elapsed, I felt very little until Sunday, when, preparing to go to chapel, an acquaintance called, and said to me, 'Have they made you a Methodist?' In a somewhat haughty tone, I replied, 'No; I will take care they shall not make me a Methodist!' I was instantly seized with the conviction that I was ashamed of God's people. I went to chapel, and, under the sermon, the feeling was deepened. When night came, I was completely miserable. On Monday, I was still worse, and, to-day, I am in the deepest distress.' She wept, prayed, and cried after God, in the most pitiable manner. After this conversation, a friend and I prayed for her; but she obtained no relief. We then had tea, and afterwards sung several verses of that hymn—

'O that I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem!'

Afterwards, we prayed very fervently, and with great power; and then we sung, on our knees—

'Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary'—

and the verses which follow it; then, her mother prayed, and, last of all, she herself gave way to the Spirit, and prayed most fervently for the Lord to save her soul. She put her faith in exercise, and told the Lord she *would* believe. She kept at this, until she was exhausted. We then sung—

'It runs divinely clear;
A fountain deep and wide;
Opened by a soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side!'

I was giving out the verse which begins—

'Exults my rising soul,
Disburthen'd of her load!'

when she started up suddenly, and exclaimed—'I have got it!' A heavenly radiance beamed in her face, and she said, ing—

'My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!'

She joined us most heartily. Her previous distress and her present joy for a time quite exhausted her; but, on recovery, she stretched out her hand to Mrs. B.,—heaven shining in her face,—and said, 'Now, I'm bound for the kingdom; will you go with me to glory?' Oh! praise the name of the Lord, for this instance of His mercy! It is one of the clearest instances of conversion I ever saw. During the night, she had a fresh manifestation of God's love; her chamber seemed full of glory. The next day she was so happy, she could do nothing but go about among her friends and neighbours, and tell them what God had done for her soul. The same morning, another soul obtained mercy at M. S.'s house. The work is going on very well. Praise the Lord! In a few months, more than twenty have been soundly converted in Newcastle, and have joined the society."

The "little maid" of Israel, who got the "great man," Naaman, to visit the Prophet of Samaria, and thereby to get rid of his vexatious malady, is a fine type of the good that pious servants may do when they seek their aims modestly and prudently. As sap forces its way from the roots of the tree upwards, until it reaches every branch, and communicates its

influence to the most distant twig; even so, piety has been known to rise from the servant to the master and the mistress, and to work apace, until the whole family have become members of the family of God. A pious servant started the good work which the next extract describes.

"Sept. 23rd.—I left the Lea, this morning, for Chester, and called to see Miss H., an independent lady, who has been stirred up, by the advice of a pious servant, who is a member of our society, to hear the Gospel and seek salvation. I asked her how she liked the meeting on the previous night? 'Very well; but I do not know my sins forgiven.' I enquired, if she believed that persons could know their sins forgiven in this world? 'Oh, yes.' I said, you may have the blessing this morning. I then gave her an account of a few instances of conversion which I had witnessed in Newcastle-under-Lyme, and they seemed to encourage her. She said, 'Will you pray with me?' I said, I would, with pleasure. She called her servant, and we fell upon our knees; and I engaged with the Lord. Thank His name! I found him draw very near to us. I then requested the servant to pray, which she did most humbly and fervently. I then asked the lady herself to pray, and without a moment's hesitation she began, and prayed suitably and earnestly. After this we sung two verses of a hymn, and I prayed again; and God was very near. The servant prayed again; but she seemed shy about praying for her mistress' conversion. 'Pray again;' I said to the lady, 'and believe the Lord is present to save.' She commenced again, in good earnest, and said, 'I believe Thou wilt save me; I feel Thou art saving me!' I prayed a third time; so, also, the servant; and, then, her mistress, who, in a short time, cried out, 'I see Him; I see Jesus Christ on the Cross!' Then, she fell helpless on the chair. I now believed the

work was done. I arose, and went to her, and asked if she was happy? With tears streaming down her cheeks, she sobbed, 'Yes.' I lifted her up, she was quite exhausted, and said, 'I have long been dabbling with religion—the Church, the Sacrament, and the dead forms of prayer.' I said, 'It was nothing like this.' Weeping, she replied, 'No.' 'Did you ever feel anything like this?' With heaven beaming through her tears, her answer was still, 'No.' She was unspeakably thankful for what the Lord had done for her, and earnestly desired that God would save all her kindred. This instance of God's mercy to this dear lady was very refreshing to me. I left her praising a sin-pardoning God."

"Oct. 17.—Many people at the Lea, and Jesus blessed us. Miss H. has become a zealous Methodist. Oh! that she may drink deep into the Spirit of God!"

The next is a penitent who has got up to the strait gate, and has had hard struggling to get through; but, by prayer and perseverance—most eminent helps to progress—the gate is passed, and the narrow, but fair and felicitous way to Heaven is entered.

"Nov. 2nd.—I had many people at Tarvin; the Lord gave me liberty and power. I preached from my old text—Job xiv. 10—it has been much owned of God. A deep, serious feeling pervaded the minds of the people; some stared as if stagnated—others poured out tears in a copious manner. I do hope my God fastened His truth on many hearts."

"3rd.—I took breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. J. They have got into a good state; their mourning is turned to joy, and their heaviness to happiness; but poor Mr. D. was labouring and heavy laden. I was much affected to see him in such distress; and felt stirred up to pray for him. Jesus gave me the wrestling power. I put out all the faith

I had, and prayed till all my strength was exhausted. When we arose from our knees, he seemed a little better, but not delivered; his heart was broken, and tears flowed plentifully, which made me more anxious that he should be saved. We retired into another room to try what the Lord would do for us. As I felt unwilling to leave him unsaved —there being but few to help distressed souls in Tarvin— we fell on our knees, and cried mightily to the Lord for mercy; nor did we cry in vain. He came upon us like the rain upon the grass. The burden of guilt, which rested upon this poor penitent's soul was removed, and his soul was set free. He felt he could give up all for Christ; and determined henceforth to live to His glory. I hope God will keep him evermore."

Finally, we have a backslider. "They have turned their back unto me, and not their face." How many are in this situation? Weakened by neglect of duty, or beguiled by subtle temptation—they first stood, then turned, and, last of all, tumbled into the mire of sin. It is difficult to get such restored; and the difficulty is felt by both the soulseeker and the backslider. Difficult, however, as it is—it is possible.

"Jan. 11th, 1826.—This morning, I called on ——, at Hawarden, and had a very serious conversation with his step-daughter, about the state of her soul. I found her in a backsliding state, and exhorted her to turn to the Lord; but I could make no impression upon her until I related the conversion of E. B., of Newcastle. I repeated the verse we sung on that occasion—

'It runs divinely clear;'

and when I mentioned these words: It was—

'Opened by a soldier's spear,'

her heart was broken, she burst into tears and wept aloud. My soul praised the Lord; and I exhorted her to believe on

Jesus Christ. We then got to our knees, and I prayed for her with all my soul. The Lord was powerfully present. She continued to cry most earnestly, with many tears, for mercy; and, thank the Lord, neither she nor I cried in vain. The blessed God set her soul at perfect liberty, and made her shout His praise. Glory be to our Jesus! I never saw a clearer change. The Lord keep her by His mighty power unto full salvation."

CHAPTER V.

PROBATION BEGINS.

Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.—ST. PAUL.

"LAY hands suddenly on no man," is the advice of Paul to his son Timothy. It is important advice, and should be acted upon by all who have responsible offices at their disposal. Men must be tested before they are trusted, and made to serve before they are raised to command. The statesman must, by sound experience, ability, consistency, and honour, establish his claim to the distinction of prime minister of a great country. The lawyer must work his weary way upwards, by small degrees, before he wears the judge's ermine, or seats himself upon the chancellor's woolsack. The surgeon must, by long study and careful practice, qualify himself for the diploma of office. Indeed, there are no offices of distinction or importance to which men are safely raised, but by an apprenticeship which tests their fitness for the work. What folly it were to raise comparatively unknown and untried men into places where their unfitness or inaptness might jeopardise the interests and the lives of multitudes?

But, if precaution is needed anywhere, it is in appointing men to the high office and holy work of the ministry. What truths are there to expound! What delicate questions to settle! What transcendant interests to watch! What spiritual successes to gain! "Who is sufficient for these things?" Not the mere scholar, the acute logician, the elegant

rhetorician, or the fluent and finished orator. No; learning gives light, and no one of sound mind would despise or disparage its light; but the ministry, like the world, requires light and heat combined to make it fruitful. If light is obtained at the college, fire—holy fire—the fire of the Divine Spirit, is got from Christ. "He shall baptise with the Holy Ghost and with fire." It follows, therefore, that the Church, in calling ministers to their work, should test their piety not less than their ability; and how can it be tested but by time? Hence, in Methodism, the arrangement by which ministers are on trial four years before they are fully accepted and solemnly ordained for the great work. During this time, their fitness for and love of the work are tested in a variety of ways, and a certificate thereof is sent annually from the Circuits in which they travel to the Conference, so long as their probation continues. They thus make full proof of their ministry.

At the April Quarterly Meeting, of the Hanley Circuit, in 1826, Mr. Lynn was recommended to the ensuing Conference, as a proper person to come upon ministerial trial. He had been to Leeds, supplying that Circuit for a few weeks, and just got back in time to attend the Quarterly Meeting, where, besides the interest connected with his recommendation to Conference, there was the further interest of receiving as a local preacher, one who has since distinguished himself in Methodism, and produced works, which, as endearing monuments, will bear witness of him when, having served his generation, he has fallen asleep. "It was, upon the whole," says Mr. Lynn, "a very pleasant meeting. One thing was very affecting; namely, the reception of Brother* William Cooke, as a local preacher, after having finished the period of trial. He answered the questions very well, and was unanimously received. Mr. Jackson, as Superintendent of the

* The present Rev. W. Cooke, of London.

Circuit, gave him an address, and, being a relative by marriage, and feeling a deep interest in Brother Cooke, was very much affected, and could not proceed with his address for tears; indeed, the whole meeting wept. I have not wept so much for a long time. I believe, I shall never forget the service. Mr. John Ridgway inquired who the young man was, and where he came from? It was said, in reply, that 'he came from the Rising Sun,' alluding to the sign of the inn, kept by his mother, and where he resided. Mr. R. said, 'Well, I hope he will be a rising sun!'"

The Conference received Mr. Lynn upon probation; but it would not count the past year of supply as the first of probation, alleging, as a reason, that the embarrassments which prevented his reception at the last Conference, had only been removed six months. "I think they spin the thread very fine. It is a disappointment to me; but they are masters, and I must submit; yet I am thankful my way is now clear; and if they will not admit the year as one of my probation, the Lord will do so. I hope my future life will be devoted to His service."

He was appointed to Leeds, with Messrs. Styan and John Henshaw. Before starting for his new Circuit, a painful parting was to be taken—how painful, only those who have experienced it can understand. "I preached at Shelton, for the last time. The attendance was very numerous; a holy feeling thrilled us; the people were much affected, and their feelings, several times, nearly overcame mine. I found it hard work to part with them. Oh! that the Lord may keep them every one."

On his way to Leeds, he visited Manchester and Preston; at the latter place, his object was to pay his respects to an aunt, who had gone to reside there; and, at both places he preached, and had soul-stirring services. At Manchester, he

visited some devoted Wesleyans, relatives of friends of his in the Staffordshire Potteries. The visit was a memorable one; and, although the narrative may be startling in some parts, we give it as it is written :—"I went to see a sister of ——. She is a Wesleyan Methodist, and a very good young woman. We had some sweet conversation about Jesus. She enjoys the rich blessing of perfect love. While we were at prayer, two of her companions arrived. The Lord helped me, and gave me power in prayer; each of them followed, and the glorious God was near. While they were praying, one fell helpless on the floor, and lay for some time. When she recovered, tears of holy joy rolled down her cheeks, and she sweetly praised the Lord. She pressed me to get tea at her house, which was near. I was very glad of the invitation; for I felt it quite a privilege to be with such happy souls. We all went together; and, shortly after we got there, another companion came in, and we had a delightful conversation about the pure, precious love of Jesus. After tea, they went into another room, and left me to myself; and, while they were talking together, the power of God came down upon two more of them, so that they fell on the floor, and their countenances shone with the glory of God. One of them stretched out her arms, and cried, 'Now, Thou art letting me into Glory!' and, as if about to fly away to heaven, she raised herself, and exclaimed, 'I will come to Thee; let me come to Thee.' We led her into another room; and she continued in the same frame of mind. I sung several lively Hymns, which seemed to give her relief. It really looked as if the 'tenement of clay' would burst with the Divine glory. While I was at prayer, another of them fell on the floor, and lay there as if dead. My soul shouted, 'Glory be to God!' I shall never forget this day while I live. I never saw religion in this fashion before. After they had come round a little, we went to Oldham Street

Chapel, where I was greatly helped in preaching. We had a delightful waiting on the Lord."

While his visit to Manchester was remarkable for the glory of God, which was revealed in answer to the prayers of sanctified believers, his visit to Preston was signalised by laudable efforts to introduce religion amongst those who at that time were destitute of it.

"I soon discovered that my relatives were destitute of religion. I resolved, however, to let them know that the Lord had done something for me. They had some lodgers as careless as themselves. With a good deal to do, I got them together, and read a chapter, and prayed with them and for them. Several of them seemed as though they had never been on their knees in their lives before. I was greatly blessed in taking up this cross. Oh! that the Lord may make me useful to their souls while I am with them."

Nor did he rest in efforts to save his kindred and friends. True religion will direct our first attention to those who are within the circle of our family ties; but within that circle it will not for ever rest or revolve. No; but, like the circle produced by the fall of a stone in a lake, it will widen and widen till it reaches the shore; so the spirit of a true piety will carry us beyond the circle of personal and family connexions, into the great world of strangers and foreigners. Although himself a stranger, in a town never before visited, yet, we read:—

"I preached out of doors. My poor aunt was alarmed lest I should be opposed; but I had no fear of opposition. We had about 100 persons present, who listened to me with great attention and seriousness. I hope the Word was not given or received in vain. I did not feel easy to leave those parts without speaking a word for the Lord; having now done so, I can leave in peace of mind. I do long after the salvation of my kindred here. They are very dark about

Divine things; they treated me with great kindness, and I have prayed that God would fasten conviction on their minds, which would lead to the conversion of all their souls. Oh! how my soul would praise the Lord, if He would grant me this request!"

After a call, at Bolton, to see Mr. Ford, where "I met my old friend, Mr. Nall, the second preacher there," and a visit to Halifax, where "I sought out Mr. George Beaumont, my spiritual father, who received me very kindly, and was glad to find me engaged in the work of the Lord," Mr. Lynn made his way to Leeds, where he was partially known, and received a hearty welcome. Once settled there, he began his labours in good earnest; and in what spirit may be gathered from an extract which is dated the 16th of June—a fortnight after his arrival:—"I have just been at prayer, and the Lord has filled my soul with His heavenly love. I long to be entirely His; when shall it be so? Ah! how I have been robbed of happiness by living at a distance from God! I have just prayed for parents, sisters, relatives, and a score or two of particular friends; for all the preachers on our plan, by name; for our mission to Ireland; and for the societies and congregations in the Circuit. While thus engaged, the Holy Spirit watered me abundantly."

Prayer is the secret of the genuine success of a minister or a Church. It is not in itself power, but it fetches power; it is not God, but it lays hold of God. A minister or a Church may get on without the smile of the monarch, or the power of the magistrate, or the sword of the soldier, or the genius of the poet; but there is no success for either without prayer. No one ever knew this better, or felt it more keenly, than Mr. Lynn; and, hence, the frequency and fervour with which, day by day, he invoked the Divine blessing in the privacy of his closet. The journal is full of such narratives.

He lived to pray, and prayed to live, aright. He watched his heart with more than a sentinel's watch of a city, and laboured to keep it free from the deteriorating influence of wicked thoughts and worthless meditations. One passage, bearing on the subject, we cannot forbear to cite :—

"Aug. 10.—I have had access to the throne of grace to-day. Oh, how sweet is the love of God! Oh, that I had more of it! Notwithstanding, God has made me happy, and in general keeps me happy; yet I have a daily war against powerful temptation: but when the battle is over it does me no harm. Faithful to my Captain and myself, I am sure of victory, and every conquest I gain increases my courage to fight again, and strengthens my confidence in the faithfulness of Jesus. None can tell, but God, what struggles I have at times with all kinds of temptations; but it is a happy consideration amidst all, to remember that no temptation is sin until it is yielded to. Jesus was 'tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.' Oh, thou blessed Redeemer! who didst endure such things, and knowest my frame, and rememberest that I am but dust, teach me to discern between temptation and sin, and to maintain at all times the assurance of Thy love in my heart! When I have been in a storm of temptation, and my feelings have been disturbed by it, Satan sometimes would persuade me that I have sinned; but, while my affections reject the temptation, and my will firmly resists the tempter, I am as free from guilt as though I had never been tempted."

Where God is thus honoured and the heart is thus guarded, success in the ministry, in ordinary circumstances, is certain. Mr. Lynn had success. Two months after his arrival in Leeds, he writes :—

"Sabbath.—I attended the seven o'clock band meeting this morning. One girl told us the Lord had pardoned her sins

during the past week. She seemed very happy; she praised the Lord most gloriously. We had a numerous company this forenoon at Ebenezer, and our souls were revived and watered from on high. I preached at Hunslet this afternoon; the chapel was nearly full, and the Lord blessed the people. I hope some were persuaded to come to the Gospel feast. We were nearly full to-night at Ebenezer, and the heavens dropped fatness upon us. I have reason to believe that five precious souls, during the week, have entered into Gospel freedom. Oh, for a mighty, holy stir. The Lord move all over our Circuit, and pour floods of water on the dry ground.

"Monday.—This has been a day of devotion. The Lord blessed me with the spirit of prayer, and prompted me to recommend religion to everyone I met, where it was proper to do so. To-night, I finished my Sunday evening sermon in Ebenezer; the bottom of the chapel was nearly full. The Lord was with us indeed. He stirred amongst us most graciously. I believe we shall see signs and wonders wrought in His name."

He started a new class at Ebenezer, which prospered in his hands. At first, it consisted but of six members; two who had not met in class recently; one, who found it a more convenient time than the class in which she had previously met; and three who had never met in class before. This number, ere the year closed, had increased more than three-fold, and when called to part with their leader, did so with deep regret.

The Leeds Circuit, at that time, embraced Ripon, and Mr. Lynn paid many interesting visits to that part of the Circuit, and was made a blessing to it. Brief extracts from one journey may not be amiss.

"Sept. 16th.—I took my journey to Ripon. The day was

very fine; the hills and dales, the brooks and woods, which passed in review, were very delightful. The works of God are various and wonderful, and ought to lead us to wonder and adore His wisdom and power. Oh, that such happy employment may be mine as I wander from place to place in search of precious souls! I reached Ripon at half-past five o'clock, and had a kind reception. I was glad to find the society a little improved. Some souls have lately got into Gospel liberty. Oh, that Jesus may go on to work wonders among them.

"17th.—I preached three times at Ripon. The Spirit of God was felt in a blessed manner. I trust the truths delivered were fastened on the hearts of many by the power of God. We had the Lord's Supper in the evening, and it was a solemn spiritual time. The Lord made Himself known to us in the breaking of bread. Oh, my God! help me to pay my vows and live to Thee!

"18th.—On my way to Skelton I was drawn out in sweet reflection. I felt I could walk and talk with God. The road is interspersed with plantations, and much calculated to produce serious and pensive thought in the pious mind. When the heart is excited thus, what beauty we discover in the works of creation, and what a tendency the discoveries thus made have to brighten the flame of devotion, and prepare us for the spiritual duties of religion! The little house was full of attentive hearers of the Word of Life. Every part of the service was spiritual and powerful. The presence of God delightfully overshadowed us. I gave tickets afterwards to the members, and was really grateful to find so many of them living to God. There are eighteen of them, and they meet exceedingly well. I got back to Ripon, a little after ten o'clock, and we had a most powerful season in prayer for Miss C. W., who is seeking the Lord; but she is bound down by

unbelief. She wept much; and, I believe, if she perseveres, God will soon save her."

"19th.—I spoke to about fifty people, besides children, at Monkton. I believe many found the Lord to be in the Word. Oh, that they may remember and obey it.

"20th.—This has been a precious day. I have got much good from reading, meditation, conversation, and prayer. I have been the guest of Mr. T. W. He is a sensible, kind man, and a sincere lover of good men; and his wife participates of his spirit. I pray the Lord to fill their souls with His heavenly love. I preached in Ripon, on 'Purity.' We had a numerous attendance. The Holy Spirit shed the glory of God among us delightfully. At the prayer meeting afterwards the spirit of prayer and lively feeling was vouchsafed. I do believe the Lord is stirring among the people here. May the mighty, shaking influence come upon them quickly, that sinners may be saved and believers sanctified; then my soul will sing Glory, Glory!

"21st.—Accompanied by C. H., I went to Kirby. We took the field road, which led us through several woods, and by the side of a pleasant, murmuring brook. The walk was delightful. My companion and I both preached at night. The Lord did us good. I lodged with H. F., who lives near Kirby, and was very happy in the company of my host and hostess. They are simple, pious souls. I found them quite willing to talk about Jesus, and that suits me.

"22nd.—A double lecture at Carlsmoor. It is a thinly-inhabited neighbourhood; yet the kitchen, in which we preached, was full of attentive hearers, and the Lord blessed us.

23rd.—I spent some time with ——. He is one of our local preachers, and an honest, good Christian. He has a rough abruptness about him, which is offensive to those he

makes free to reprove. He has treated some of the preachers in a very uncouth and offensive manner. If he thought them either proud or lazy, he was nearly sure to tell them of it. We had a precious meeting at Kirby in the evening.

"24th (Sabbath).—At nine o'clock, I preached at Kirby. The attendance was good; we had a lively season, several were much affected, and the Lord made it a blessing to many. I had a long and somewhat pleasant walk to Ripon, and preached in the chapel to many people. The Lord sweetened the service by His holy presence. At six o'clock, the chapel was well filled; and the Lord gave me freedom of speech and applied His word. Oh, that it may take root and bear fruit! A good prayer meeting closed this happy Sabbath-day.

"25th.—I gave tickets to three classes, at Ripon, to-night. There is good doing here; and we had, as we Methodists say, 'a right good time!'

"26th.—Wandering thoughts have plagued me to-day.

> "Lord! when shall all my wanderings end,
> And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?"

I preached at Shidley; the house was full, the sermon was simple, and the people understood it and felt blessed by waiting on the Lord. I gave tickets to the class; sixteen out of eighteen members were present. Most of them are in a good way. A stranger remained with us, who seemed concerned to get salvation. May he speedily find it!

"27th.—I was pleased and profited by a visit to sister Hannam, daughter of the late Mr. Thos. Hannam, of Leeds. She is in a holy, triumphant state. She is very weak, and fast going to the grave; but very, very happy. She sung, 'Glory, Hallelujah!' I prayed with her, and had a rich blessing. We had a good company at Ripon, and a rich blessing was given unto us. Once more I have closed my labours in this locality.

"28th.—By the particular wish of friends at Monkton, I remained and gave them another sermon. They took much trouble to make it known, and we had upwards of seventy people—the largest congregation that has been assembled here for a long time. The Lord was with us in a powerful way.

"29th.—Left Monkton, for Leeds, at 7 a.m. As I travelled, I had a dreadful conflict with wrong thoughts, and could not get rid of them. I seemed to have no power to pray for deliverance.

'Lord stand by me in strong temptation's hour,
And save me from the wily tempter's power.'"

The acceptability of a minister among the Methodists is tested at the Quarterly Meeting of the Circuit, held before the Annual Conference. If his labours have proved acceptable and useful, he is then asked to continue them; or if he has been in the Circuit as long as Methodistical law and usage permit, he is then parted with, amid expressions—and sometimes resolutions—of regret. Mr. Lynn and his brother ministers gave satisfaction to the Churches, and were invited to remain. "The Quarterly Meeting was well attended, and great unanimity prevailed. They so far approved of us preachers as to ask us to remain another year. Messrs. Styan and Henshaw will, I suppose, do so; but I do not expect it. My feelings and the people's affectiens would incline me to stay; but I leave the matter with my blessed Master, to do—for me, with me, in me, and by me—what He pleases. I wish to do His blessed will, and finish my course with joy. I have spent a very happy, and, in some degree, a useful year here. On reviewing it, I see I might have been more holy and useful."

The Conference deemed it wise to remove him to another sphere; and, he had, consequently, to prepare for the change.

His parting services were affecting and quickening. At Kirby, the occasion was very memorable. Writing, on the 3rd of June, he says:—"I preached from Ezek. xxxiii. 11. The place was thronged, and a deep feeling possessed the people; their tears, smiles, and joyful responses, would have made any heart rejoice that knows anything of religion. We had a glorious love-feast afterwards—the speaking went on quickly; young men, maidens, and children; old fathers and mothers, with warm hearts and joyful lips, shouted with all their might, 'Glory be to God! that ever he (the preacher) came to D—, to save sinners!' What a delightful work of grace has the Lord wrought in this part of the country during the last six months! May He establish and increase it! I preached with comfort, at Ripon, to-night. This has been one of the happiest days of my life. Oh, that my soul may cleave constantly to God!"

Two days after he preached, for the last time, at Ripon. "The people manifested much affection at parting. My spiritual children were especially affected. I have had some good times among the friends here, both in and out of the house of God."

But at Leeds, as might be supposed, the change was felt by many to be a loss. "Amidst the tears of many friends, I left Leeds for Colne. I felt most for my spiritual children. I hope the Good Shepherd will take care of these lambs." He will. He permits not the "bruised reed" to be broken, nor the "smoking flax" to be quenched. Wisely and well, therefore, do Christian ministers, after the Apostolic example, "commend" their converts to "God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build them up, and to give them an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

While at Leeds, Mr. Lynn received a letter from the Rev. T. Allin, who cannot write upon any theme without supplying

evidences of his masculine intellect and generous heart. The letter is not unsuitable in its sentiments to our times, and contains advice which, young ministers particularly, need to ponder :—

"Huddersfield, Sept. 2nd, 1826.

"My Esteemed Christian Brother,—I have long owed you a letter, and at length sit down to discharge the debt. An extended excuse for delay would only take up the room which I will try to occupy better; nor, perhaps, should I be able to frame an apology quite satisfactory either to yourself or me. Of one thing I can assure you—that you have a constant place in my remembrance, and affections, and prayers. I rejoice to hear of your health, and of the success with which the Head of the Church is crowning your labours. Most earnestly do I pray that that success may be increased tenfold, and that your soul may yet more abundantly rejoice in the prosperity of Zion. To sow the good seed of the Word in good ground, and witness the rapid production of the fruits of righteousness—to break the bread of life to a people who willingly receive it as the food of their souls, and who prove by their Christian purity and zeal that they derive from it all the spiritual vigour it is fitted to impart, is the most pleasing work in which an intelligent being can be engaged on this side eternal happiness. Such, I believe, is the language of your experience; and so long as your heart is right with God, such *will* be its language.

"You ask me how you may best live to God and win souls to Christ? and add, that you think earnest, believing, persevering prayer is equal to any other plan; and it is true, that prayer has an extended and powerful influence, both on personal religion and public usefulness. A consciousness of dependence and unworthiness, gratitude for mercies, and benevolence towards others, are promoted by it; it is the exercise by which the soul maintains communion with God, and to which He has been graciously pleased to annex the promise of His blessing on every well-directed effort, either to get good, or to do good to others. But, while prayer gives life to every other duty, and secures that influence, without which, Paul must plant and Apollos water in vain, we ought most distinctly to bear in mind, that, as Christians, but more especially as Christian ministers, other means are necessary. So the Redeemer taught, when he said, "Search the Scriptures;" and so taught St. Paul, when he exhorted his beloved Timothy to "give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine."—(See Dr. Adam Clarke's excellent remarks on John v. 39; 1 Tim. iv.

13—16., and Titus i. 9.) If there ever was a period in which it was peculiarly necessary for Christian ministers to be able clearly to state and successfully to defend the glorious truths of the Gospel, it is the period in which we live. The enemies of the cross of Christ were never more crafty, nor more daring; and, if by sound speech we are to convince opposers, or to preserve others from their wiles, reading and meditation must be added to prayer. Thus only will the weapons be obtained by which the enemies of the truth are to be silenced or subdued, and thus only shall we learn rightly to divide the Word we teach. It is not, indeed, necessary that *every* preacher should be acquainted with all the profundities of Biblical criticism; nor is every person whom the Head of the Church calls to work in his vineyard, endowed with *all* possible ministerial qualifications; infinite wisdom has measured out its gifts in different proportions, for different *immediate* purposes, but for the same *ultimate* end—the salvation of immortal souls. Still, it is honourable in everyone to obtain all possible information respecting the religion he teaches, and to endeavour to extend his sphere of usefulness by improving the talent given, and by exercising it on all those subjects to which it is adapted; and, I scarcely need observe, that only reading and meditation will make him acquainted with those subjects, and enable him to bring them fully within his grasp.

"To come to your question—How you are most effectually to win souls to Christ? Set Him before them in all the glories of His character, in all the sufficiency of His work; at the same time, in all the spirituality and obligation of His laws. Show them the present and future blessedness of those who obtain an interest in Him; how this is to be obtained, and how preserved; and the dreadful misery of the neglecters of such a salvation, and urge them, by all the motives which both reason and revelation suggest, to take Him as their all in all. Do this with plainness, at the same time, avoiding modes of expression which will only offend the ears without amending the heart; we need not increase the number of difficulties which religion has to encounter, nor make the truth more offensive by presenting it in an unsightly vessel. In one word, let zeal for the honour of your Master, and compassion towards perishing souls, combine in all your exercises. You have talents fitting you for extensive usefulness; by reading, meditation, prayer, and public exercises, improve and employ them, and the blessing of the God of all grace will rest upon you.

"Having written so long a letter to you, will you save me the trouble of writing two more, by presenting my respects, together with my Ann's, to Mrs. Oastler and Mrs. Bracewell; we thank the latter for her kind

invitation, and hope to have the pleasure of spending two or three days with her about Oct. 1st. Our respects likewise to Mr. R. Reynolds; inform him I have inquired after Mr. Robinson, but am informed, I cannot see him till Monday or Tuesday. Respects to Messrs. Styan, Henshaw, and Jackson, and inquiring friends. All at home join me in love to yourself. With earnest prayers for your health and prosperity,

"I am, yours affectionately,

"T. ALLIN."

CHAPTER VI.

A CONTRAST.

Society is a great kaleidescope: it presents a change of scene at every turn.

Comparison and Contrast sustain important functions in the school of our earthly education. Comparison teaches us, by putting side by side things which *resemble* each other: this is the office and service of parables—they teach by similitudes. But, Contrast pursues an opposite course, and presents us with things that *differ;* yet it is no less useful as a teacher than comparison. Many objects can only be accurately and extensively known, as they are seen and studied in connection with those from which they differ. The light of day, and the heat of summer, receive an increase of preciousness from their contrast with the darkness of night and the coldness of winter. The oasis of the desert is richer and lovelier there than it would be anywhere else, on account of its contrast with all that is barren and bleak around it. Many of the best pictures of the great masters depend as much, for their charm and popularity, upon the contrast of their characters and colours, as upon the taste and affluence of their finish. And, in like manner, a writer or speaker makes his subject clearer and stronger by bold contrasts, than he could by any other method. Christ's ministry was full of them; and they, with other excellencies of style, wrung from reluctant hearers the admission,—"Never man spake like this man."

Now, of all persons who are taught in life by contrasts, the Methodist minister is pre-eminent. His life is one of incessant change—change of place and residence, of friends and

moulding circumstances. Now, he lives amid all the stir and busy activities of the crowded city, and, now, he is found in the retired and monotonous village. Now, he mixes with those who are merchant princes, doing business everywhere; and, now, he fraternises with the cultivator of a small farm, the the owner of a slender business, and the humble labourer. Remaining but two, or at most, three years in a place, he meets society in all forms, and has the opportunity of studying the country in all its peculiarities. If, therefore, he is but possessed of ordinary capacity, with such exciting and instructive contrasts, the Methodist Itinerant should be a gazetteer of intelligence.

Perhaps, no Methodistical changes ever involved a greater contrast than those of Mr. Lynn, during the second and third years of probation. When he left Leeds, he went to Colne, a small country town in Lancashire; and when he left there he settled in London, the largest city in the world! In hydropathic establishments, the patient is sometimes taken at a bound from the extremes of heat and cold; in the one operation he is almost boiled, in the other well nigh frozen. What a hydropathic change was this from Colne to London!

Colne belonged to the Todmorden Circuit, and it was understood to be in a low and discouraging condition. A genius, however, like that of the late excellent and venerable Abraham Scott, could extract comfort even from such an aspect. "I understand the cause is very low, and the people are very poor," complained Mr. Lynn. "Oh," replied Mr. Scott, "you cannot be in better circumstances; if the cause dies, you will not be blamed for its death; and, if it rises, you will have all the credit of its prosperity!"

He found Colne a pleasanter place than he had anticipated. The people were kind of heart, which compensated for any want of refinement of speech, or roughness of manner that

might here and there appear. Perhaps, the record of the first day's ministry in that quarter, will best explain our meaning. "I opened my mission (June 24, 1827), at a place called Trawden, two miles from Colne. Many hearts were moved and melted by the Holy Ghost. I dined at the house of a plain cotton weaver, who treated me as kindly as he knew how. We had a meat pie to dinner. When we had asked a blessing, he helped himself first, and the dish being round at the bottom, he gave it a push, and it run round, and brought the part of the pie he had cut round to me. 'Now,' said he, 'help yourself.' 'Is that the law of the house?' I inquired. He replied—'Yes.' So without further ceremony I took my knife, and laid siege on Mr. Pie, and had a good dinner. I saw from this circumstance, that I must expect kindness in the rough, and be thankful for it. I preached school sermons, afternoon and night, at Kelbrook. We have a nice chapel here; it was well filled both times, and a rich blessing was given with the Word. May the impressions be lasting, and may I see much good done."

On the Tuesday night after, he preached at Colne, where he found a "nice chapel for such a place. We had a large company for a week night. It was a mighty time; we had a glorious shout, and closed with a good prayer meeting. The people are very homely; very few of the women wear bonnets on working days, and they all come to chapel in clogs, and make a noise like a regiment of horse soldiers in the streets."

Nature is often glorious where, in striking contrast therewith, society is unpolished. In the neighbourhood of Colne, and particularly Todmorden, where Mr. Lynn preached in his turn, there is much in the boldness and beauty of the scenery to excite and profit a susceptible and pious spirit. "The pass from Lancashire into Yorkshire, through the vale of Todmorden, was (a century since), one of the most beautiful

season, I had my soul grieved by hearing of the bad conduct of some of the members. I fear I shall have my hands full with this unstable people. Lord, give me patience, prudence, and the spirit of prayer, that I may rule my temper and tongue.

"18th.—This has been my second fast day. I have had something to do to persevere. Nature complained, and seemed to say, 'It is very hard;' but, I thank God, He enabled me to go through with it. It is the best means I have yet found of quenching the flame of inordinate desire; and, oh! the unutterable sweetness I felt in prayer! The heavenly glory that clothed my soul was such as constrained me many times to shout, 'Glory, glory!' with a feeling heart. This is the way to keep the body under; to put out the flame we must withdraw the fuel. I want to be entirely the Lord's. When shall it once be? May I now—

'Plunge into the Godhead's deepest sea,
And be lost in Thy immensity!'

"20.—I attended to my fast. I was strongly tempted to neglect it; but I had grace given me to persevere in it. In reading Mr. Wesley's sermon on this subject, I was more and more confirmed in my belief of the propriety of the duty; yet I was not so much blessed in its practice, as before when I have observed it. It was, however, good thus to wait upon the Lord.

"27th.—In attending to my fast to-day, I found my nature loved indulgence; but the Lord enabled me to deny myself, and 'take up my cross and follow Him.' If the flesh was pained the soul was profited. I was very faint ere I had done; but this increased my gratitude to God for food."

It is the *closet* that makes the Christian. Given the time spent, and the devotion practised in the closet, and it is not difficult to infer from thence the temper and general bearing of the Christian. He who is weak in closet devotion, cannot

be bold for Christ in public duty; but he, on the contrary, who has much and moulding fellowship with God in secret, will be the witness and the champion for God in public. This truth was verified in the case of Mr. Lynn. Living much to God in private, he laboured much for God in public; nor did he care where he laboured, nor to whom, in Christ's name, he spoke. Here is an example—

"My soul was in such a state that I felt as though I could speak to everyone I met about their souls. I met a woman in the street, and asked her if she knew Jesus Christ? She turned her head about in a thoughtless manner, and said, 'Nay, not I; I know nothing about Him.' I told her it was high time she did know Him. I walked about ten yards further, and met another, and I asked her if she was going to heaven? She laughed, and said, 'I know not.' I told her to think about it. Oh! what a great number of persons know not the worth of their souls! My dear Lord, help them! On my way to Burnley, I called at a bar, to make a small purchase; and, as I entered the little cot, I saw a tender mother watching at the sick bed of her daughter, who appeared to be very ill. After she had given me what I wanted, I asked her if some one was ill? She replied, 'Yes; my daughter is very ill of an inflammation.' I drew near the bedside, and asked the girl, if she thought about her soul. 'Oh! yes;' she replied. I inquired if she had been in the habit of hearing the Gospel when she was well? Her mother said she had embraced every opportunity of doing so. After a little more conversation, I found that she enjoyed the pardoning love of God. This I was very glad to learn. I inquired if I might pray with her? She said, with evident pleasure, 'I shall be glad if you would.' I then knelt down, and cried to God on her behalf; and our God was very near. When I had done, I said, 'Do you love prayer?' She said, 'Oh! yes; it does feel so nice.' I shook

hands with her, and left her, followed by her thanks and blessings. This act did my soul much good. I am glad of opportunities of being useful. May I always improve them!"

Where consecration is so entire, and devotion so ardent, prosperity is sure to be realised. God is not forgetful of the labours of His people. When Zion is ready to conclude that she is "forsaken and forgotten," even then God is preparing to bring upon her a happy surprise. "Lift up thine eyes round about, and behold: all these gather themselves together, and come to thee. As I live, saith the Lord, thou shalt surely clothe thee with them all, as with an ornament, and bind them on thee as a bride doeth." Prayer was answered, and prosperity vouchsafed, in the case before us:—"I preached (Dec. 9th), thrice at Todmorden. I rejoice that the dry bones are beginning to move. During the last month, twenty members have been received here on trial. If the leaders were more alive and active, I am sure much good would be done. The Lord stir them up." At Colne, there was a general movement, and many souls were converted to Christ, and added to the Church, though the after falling away of many, in consequence of unhappy circumstances, dimmed the lustre of the work, and wounded the soul of its principal promoter. Four months after he left the Circuit, a letter informed him of the distressing circumstance. "I was distressed," he writes, "to hear of the great change that has taken place since I left. It seems that ——, has awfully disgraced the cause. The thing was suspected before I left; and I went to the parties and told them of it, but they denied the accusation. I am thankful they have a faithful minister (the Rev. C. J. Donald) among them. How distressing that a year's praying and toil, such as I had there, should be spoiled in this way. I am quite sure that many of the converts were sincere; and I have this consolation, that their

blood does not rest upon the skirts of my garments. Yet, I feel the bad news keenly; and am tempted to think that it is little use labouring to get souls into the Church, seeing so many of them fall away. This thought sinks into my soul like lead in water. I hope my Saviour will raise me above its dispiriting influence, and fire me afresh with His constraining love. 'Though Israel be not gathered; yet my work is with the Lord, and my reward with my God.'"

Duty at Colne was relieved by two or three notable visits to other Circuits, and by brotherly interviews with the Rev. W. Ford, then stationed at Bolton. The latter were very refreshing seasons. Ministers may learn something from the record of one such interview, which we now give:—"When I entered his room, he said, 'Come in, come in, come in,' and genuine friendship's smile overspread his happy face. We spent five or six hours together with unspeakable delight. We told each other all our hearts. Oh! how it rejoiced my soul, to find my dear brother so spiritually-minded, and so fully determined to be the Lord's. His whole soul is thirsting for a full conformity to the mind and will of God. His views are quite clear and Scriptural respecting entire sanctification. I was quickened and comforted by conversing with him on this glorious state of experience. After dinner, we sung that beautiful hymn—

'O! Jesus, at Thy feet we wait,
Till Thou shalt bid us rise.'

While singing, the Lord descended upon us like rain. We then prayed twice each; and, oh! what a visit we experienced! Glory, glory, glory, flowed sweetly into our hearts. After this, we had another delightful conversation on important topics. He informed me of a blessed work which is going on at Bury, where 100 persons have begun to meet in class, and many

have got soundly converted. We once more prayed, and then parted. He came with me four miles on the road, having agreed to meet every three weeks, when he is at Rochdale (where we met to-day), and I am at Todmorden. This interview has quickened me in the pursuit of holiness. Oh! that I may never rest until I am once more fully saved!"

A visit made from this Circuit to Mottram, near Stalybridge, is worthy of notice, if for no other reason than that of giving us a glimpse or two of that truly excellent and amiable minister, the Rev. David Barker.

"April 26, 1828.—I left Colne at five o'clock this morning, for Mottram, to preach school sermons. It was tremendously cold; the wind and rain beat upon me furiously. I got to Manchester about nine o'clock, and was kindly received by my good friend, Mr. Jackson. He was delighted when I told him what the Lord had done for us at Colne. When we had spent some time in conversation and prayer, I left to dine with a friend in Oldham-street; thence, I went to see ——. We had some sweet conversation about our Redeemer's love; God gave us a very glorious time in prayer; sweet drops of heavenly grace descended upon us. I took tea with Mr. Jackson, and he walked with me two miles, on my way to Ashton. And, as we walked and conversed about Christ and the Church, the time passed swiftly and sweetly away. As I went through Ashton, I was grieved to hear so much profane swearing, and to see so much drunkenness. What a world of sin and misery is this! I got to the residence of Mr. David Barker, about eight o'clock; and he and Messrs. Hillock and Gilton received me with great kindness.

"27th.—This morning my mind was in a comfortable state; after breakfast, Mr. Barker, Mr. Gilton, and I, engaged in prayer; and it was indeed good for us to draw nigh to God.

Leaving these good brethren, I made my way to Mottram. Between Ashton and Stalybridge, I met Mr. J. Ridgway, who had come to meet me. He seems a very nice young man. We passed through Stalybridge, and, at length, came to the house where I had to lodge. I was kindly received and well entertained. At two o'clock, I went to chapel, which, when closely packed, will hold three hundred people. It was full, the singing was good, and the Lord was very near; it was a gracious season. The congregation was larger, if possible, in the evening, and our blessed Lord made us to rejoice in His holy name. We had a wonderful collection for the size of the place; it was £23 8s. 6d. The people seemed greatly pleased. I came back to Mr. Barker's, and had a special blessing while at prayer.

"28th.—I arose this morning under the smile of Heaven; my mind was in a happy state. Messrs. Barker and Gilton, and I, took breakfast with Mr. Hillock. We had a rich blessing in family devotion, while dear Brother Barker was praying. Oh! what a precious man he is! How pleasant it is for faithful souls to surround the throne of grace together. I parted from these dear brethren with much affection. Mr. Hillock came with me to Manchester, and we conversed freely on the joys and sorrows of our pilgrimage, and dined at Mr. Jackson's. I saw three of the dear women that were so filled with the spirit of God, when, formerly, I passed from the Potteries to Leeds. We spent a happy afternoon together. My heart burnt with love to Jesus while we talked together of His goodness. After tea, we spent an hour on our knees in prayer. While the last one was praying, the power of God descended upon us in such a manner as quite overpowered her. When she recovered herself, she threw up her arms, and said, 'Thou hast rent the veil! Oh, bless the Lord,

what a Heaven is this!' The sweet, hallowing spirit of God filled the place. My soul exulted in God, and I was glad of the opportunity of meeting with such devoted followers of Jesus. In the evening I preached in Oldham-street Chapel, on Psalm xlvi. 4. In the service, it seemed as if every soul felt the streams of the river which gladdens the city of God.

"29th.—In the afternoon, I started for Colne. The wickedness of some of the passengers grieved me sorely. I reached home, grateful to God for my safe arrival, and for all the good things I had seen and heard on my journey."

When Conference assembled, we find him more concerned to be sent by God to an appropriate sphere of labour, than to select one for himself. "I am praying this year, as I have prayed before, that the Lord would place me where I may be safe, where I may be happy, and where I may be useful. I feel assured He will direct me."

Conference, or the Stationing Committee, are not an infallible body, and, therefore, do not always succeed in their endeavours to get the right preachers into the right places. Moreover, they have not preachers to order, and are, therefore, obliged to make the best of their available resources. The consequence is, that the preachers sometimes think they are sent to wrong places, and the Circuits themselves think they are scarcely getting the right preachers. When Mr. Lynn was appointed to London, he was ready to conclude the appointment unwise and inapt. "I know not what such a rough creature as I must do in London." Once more, however, Mr. Scott was required to reconcile matters. "They are sending me there to polish me," observed Mr. Lynn. "Nay," replied Mr. Scott, "they are sending you there to polish them."

The parting at Colne was deeply affecting. "It was quite

touching to see their distress. I have witnessed much weeping at parting; but I never saw such agony before. The lambs of the flock were more especially troubled; I hope the Good Shepherd will watch over them, and carry them in His bosom. It was suggested by some friends, that the crowd to meet me at the coach would create a stir, and that I had better go through the fields, and meet the coach about a mile out of town. I have ever regretted the step, as it was a great disappointment to many. Notwithstanding this precaution, the road on each side, where I took the coach, was lined with attached friends. This mark of affection quite overcame me, and made me deeply regret that I had given them the trouble. The Lord bless them! It would be difficult for people to show more sincere regard than they have to me. How well is it to be honest and faithful in the cause of God! I have said things to this people which would have offended and alienated many; yet, they hold by me as the messenger of the truth."

Before entering upon his work in the Metropolis, Mr. Lynn paid a visit to his father and friends in the North. He had been from home four years, during which time correspondence had been kept up by letters alone. The meeting was tender and touching indeed, reminding us of one which was witnessed a long time ago in Goshen. "I was met at the coach-office, Houghton-le-Spring, by my sister F.; our joy was great and mutual. After refreshment at her house, I took a walk out, and, at a distance, saw my father; Mr. Donald, who had just been preaching his last sermon there; Mr. Peter Hall; and several old friends. There was a race among them to get to me first; one of them, when within a few yards, shouted—

'And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?'

My father wept for joy, and we all gave praise to God that He had spared us to meet again. But the most affecting scene was yet to come. When I reached home, my sister J. flew into my arms and hung upon my neck; and I had some difficulty to disentangle myself. She poured out torrents of tears, and knew not how to express her joy. My old stepmother participated of the general joy, and expressed her pleasure at seeing me. As I sat once more at the family hearth, many painful and pleasing reflections occupied my mind. I felt I could join Charles Wesley, in the retrospective song—

'Oh! the infinite cares,
And temptations, and snares,
Thy hand has conducted me through:
Oh! the blessings bestow'd
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new.'"

While in the North he preached at Philadelphia, Lumley, Hetton, Newcastle, and Sunderland, and looked delightedly upon old faces, and had revived vividly, the memory of former happy days. His Conference furlough being at an end, he started for, and, after a few calls at towns on the way, reached London.

First impressions are not always truthful, but they are invariably strong and lasting; if right they are, in after life, very helpful; if wrong, they are very prejudicial, and are slowly and with difficulty removed. "What seasoned first the vessel," observes a classic poet, "keeps the taste." Mr. Lynn's first impressions of London were, as might be supposed, overwhelming. The seat of royalty, the fountain of law, the emporium of business, the possessor of whatever is curious or valuable in every department of study or service,

and the largest city in the world—the metropolis of England has special attractions for those who are born and brought up in the country. A visit there, is the acme of ambition, and what is seen there, is the theme of conversation throughout life. The feeling cherished by the youth who visits the city for the first time, can scarcely be described: it exceeds the marvellous, and borders upon the supernatural. "I was full of wonder," writes Mr. Lynn, "what kind of a place it would prove to be. I had travelled all night upon the coach—a new thing to me. The weather was fine until about three o'clock A.M., when rain came, and continued without intermission throughout the journey. When the morning light began to dawn, I felt it to be very sweet. As we approached the great city, the houses presented a refinement that was pleasant to look upon. Before getting a sight of the city, we passed through an archway, and the world of a place burst upon me at once! I could do nothing but wonder at everything I saw. What a hive of immortal souls is here! Everything pleased me, but the sin of the people, and this made me sigh, and cry to God to have mercy upon them. What a pity that a place so grand should be spoiled by sin! The buildings are splendid, the pasturage in the vicinity is rich, and the trees are tall and beautiful. I had no conception that there was such a place."

We had meant, in this chapter, to have related the incidents which marked the year spent by Mr. Lynn in London, and thereby complete the contrast which we have commenced; but we have already gone beyond our prescribed limits, and the incidents to be related are so interesting, that we reserve their narration for another chapter. Meanwhile, let us learn, whether in the small village or in the populous city, whether among the rude or the refined members of society, that we

have a work to do for God, and however, in different spheres the work itself may contrast, let us do it as unto the Lord.

"Pause not in fear;
Preach no desponding servile view—
Whate'er thou will'st, thy WILL may do!
Strengthen each manly nerve to bend
Truth's bow, and bid its shafts ascend:
Toil on!

"Be firm of heart:
By fusion of unnumbered years
The Continent its vastness rears;
A drop, 'tis said, through flint will wear—
Toil on, and nature's conquest share!
Toil on!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE METROPOLIS.

God made the country, and man made the town.—COWPER.

PHILOSOPHERS have often discussed, and Poets described, the difference between town and country life, with the view of showing their respective advantages and disadvantages. As might be expected, upon a subject like this, where tastes pre-eminently differ, very conflicting theories have been advocated; some investing the country with a simplicity, honesty, guilelessness, and generosity, truly paradisaical; while the city, for vice and violence, drunkenness and debauchery, has been considered a very Pandemonium. Cowper has given the popularity of his name, and the force of his genius, in favour of this view:—

"But tho' true worth and virtue, in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft. In proud and gay
And gain-devoted cities; thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of ev'ry land.
In cities, foul example on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
In gross and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,
And wantonness and gluttonous excess.
In cities, vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there,
Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.
I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
In which they flourish most; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst."

While we readily grant the truth of a great portion of this description, we cannot so readily endorse the whole, and, particularly, that which relates to the metropolis. London is bad enough, as the revelations of our police courts, and the well-authenticated reports of our city missions show; but, we hesitate to pronounce it "the worst" in the world. Sanitarily it has risen immensely during the last ten years, and recent returns show it, even in the most crowded parts, to be equal to any, and superior to most, parts of the country. Prostitution, that "plague spot" of the city, although painfully rampant there, is exceeded in cities of the Continent which might be named. Our theory, in relation to city and country life, is briefly this:—Physically, the country has the advantage; mentally, the city; religiously, both are upon a level. In the country, where the works of God, in all their endless variety, matchless skill, and fascinating beauty, present themselves, men are not necessarily enamoured of them, or filled with loving reverence of their Creator; while, in the city, the devices of men do not infallibly degenerate and destroy those who live among them. Some of the most eminent Christians live in cities; and our great cities are not more the marts of commerce, the nurseries of art, and the pioneers of progress, than they are the bulwarks of the Church.

When Mr. Lynn settled in London—"opulent, enlarged, and still-increasing London,"—the first thing with which he was struck was a sense of its wickedness. First, there was its Sabbath-breaking. This strikes a visitor impressively. If all the shops open there, on the Sabbath, for business, were put together, they would form a street of an incredible number of miles in length. The pleasure-seekers who, on the Lord's-day, leave London, by excursion trains and steam-boats, defy sober calculation. It seems as if the whole city, pent up during the week, would recreate itself on the Sabbath-

day. On the first Sabbath (June 22nd), "I was conducted to Squirry Street Chapel, about four miles from my lodgings. How was I shocked, in passing along, to see the people, with stalls of various kinds in the streets, buying and selling as if it had not been the Sabbath. I thought, at first, that they must have forgotten the day, and I formed the resolution of stopping and reproving them, as I had been in the habit of doing in other places; but, as there were so many of them, I saw it would be a protracted business, and I passed on, grieved to the heart to see this fountain of law so rebellious."

A few days after this, he was similarly impressed, the splendour of the people appearing in sombre contrast with their sin. "I went to Paddington, accompanied by Miss Pringle and her niece. We passed through St. James's and Hyde Parks, where I saw such splendour as never before crossed my eyes; there were coaches of all sizes and shapes, and dresses and fashion beyond all description. I fear the most of those I saw there know nothing about the love of Jesus Christ in the fullest sense of the word; they may be said to be 'lovers of pleasure more than God.' Their fine carriages, their fashionable dresses, their dignified appearances, quite astonished and astounded me. What a contrast between this and Colne!"

In London, Mr. Lynn found a peculiarity in the services of the sanctuary, which he had not expected to find in any part of the Connexion. The older branch of the Methodists—our Wesleyan friends—have a great respect for the Liturgy of the Established Church, and, in many of their chapels, the abridged form of it, as prepared by Mr. Wesley, has ever been, and is, in use; but the New Connexion have not acted similarly. It has not denounced, after the manner of some, who with James I. (when James VI. of Scotland), a royal turn-coat, have said, "As for our neighbour Kirk of England,

their service is an evil said mass in English; they want nothing of the mass but the liftings." On the contrary, it has believed, and believes, that they are helped who pour—

> "Forth for His mercy, as the Church ordains,
> Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they* implore
> In vain who, for a rightful cause, give breath
> To words the Church prescribes, aiding the lip
> For the heart's sake. * * * *
> Suppliants! the God to whom your cause ye trust
> Will listen, and ye know that He is just."

Yet it has acted upon the conviction that spontaneous prayers are better than studied ones; and that the Holy Spirit is a better helper in prayer and worship than any liturgical service.* In London, a different opinion prevailed; and on the second Sabbath he was in London, Mr. Lynn saw it developed. "I was appointed at Salem Chapel, where, in the forenoon of the Sabbath, a portion of the Church Service is read. I felt sorry that it should be so; but, there is such a strong prejudice in favour of it, among the Londoners, that our people seem to think it best to have it. Mr. D. read the prayers, and Mr. J. P. acted as clerk. I liked the service better than I expected; yet, nothing meets my taste like a plain Methodist service. God was graciously with me in proclaiming His Holy Word. In the afternoon, I walked to Paddington, to preach, at three o'clock—a distance of five miles. The sun shone very brightly, and the streets were hot, which made me perspire very freely. Though wearied with the journey, we had a gracious visit from God in the service. I preached again in the evening; the service was one of power. The Word, I believe, went home. Afterwards, we had a prayer meeting, to give

* "There are persons who pray spiritually with a form; and there are persons that pray very formally without a form." This shrewd observation, made by the late Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, contains a great truth and a solemn warning.—Ed.

thanks to God for the prosperity He has granted to the Connexion during the past year, and to implore His blessing to rest upon us in the ensuing year. One young man seemed greatly affected. I think the Lord touched his heart. I returned home, 'faint, yet pursuing.'"

Before Mr. Lynn had been long in London, he received a very pressing invitation from his friend Mr. Ford, to preach at the opening of a chapel, at Ison Green, near Nottingham. He was urged to "leap over all hindrances and go;" and partly to gratify the friend who wrote him, partly to enjoy another opportunity of seeing the Rev. John Henshaw, who was then stationed there, and partly to serve, as well as he could, the cause of God, he accepted the invitation. The journey was almost as eventful as that of a "citizen of famous London town," who, as John Gilpin, enjoys unbounded renown. Mr. Lynn, unhappily and by misdirection, started upon his journey on the Sabbath-day; and to this circumstance, acting contrary to the admonitions of a tender conscience, and to what he believed to be the solemn obligation of a Divine ordinance, he attributed all his mischances and mortifications. The story will amuse and edify the reader:—

"I preached (Aug. 3rd) at Paddington, in the morning; the Lord was gloriously near, and made us triumph in His name. Having understood that I should be at Nottingham early on Monday, I was told that I must go on Sunday, or I should not be in time; this I was foolish enough to do; and I had abundant cause to repent of such an improper proceeding, for I had nothing but disasters all the way. To begin: I was greatly hurried to get to the coach in time, which quite disturbed that sweet feeling I had enjoyed in the morning service, as I could not reconcile preaching in the forenoon, and coach travelling at night. When I got to the office, I learnt I was too soon, that the coach was not brought out yet; and,

accordingly, I waited, expecting it coming, thinking that some one would let me know. After waiting some time, supposing it late, I enquired why it was so late? I was told it had been gone ten minutes! The fare I had paid the day before; and now I knew not what to do. The authorities told me it would stop at an inn about a mile off; and, if I took a coach, I would get there before it started. I got a coach, without delay; but, when I arrived at the inn, it had been gone some time. I was now worse off than ever. They said, if I would hire a post-chaise, I would be sure to overtake it. I ordered one; but it was so very late in being got ready, that I had strong fears I would not be able to overtake the coach. At length the chaise came; I got into it, and, as the driver closed the door he said, 'Fifteen shillings, sir.' I said, 'Fifteen shillings, what for?' 'For the chaise,' he replied. I said, 'I shall not give anything of the kind; you have been so long in getting ready, that it is not likely you will overtake the coach.' He would not say that he could catch it, so I got out of his chaise. When he saw I would not go, he exclaimed, 'O, you are one of God Almighty's customers: you will pay for the ticket; won't you?' 'What is it?' I enquired. 'Two shillings,' he answered, gruffly. I gave him the money, and he went off grumbling. I then made up to a gentleman, who was standing at the door of the inn. I told him my case; and he, at once, said, 'You have done quite right: the chaise would never have overtaken the coach, and the driver knew he could not, so that you would have given your fifteen shillings for nothing.' He added, 'There will be another coach here, in a few moments.' I said, 'They told me there was not another to-night.' 'Oh,' he said, 'they would not tell you of it; but I know there is one: and,'—he further said,—'if you apply at the office, on your return, you will get half the fare refunded.' Shortly after, to my unspeakable joy, this coach arrived; I took an

outside place, and we started for Nottingham. When we had gone a little way, the thought started within me, 'Where is my parcel?' And I sought, but could not find it. It contained a shirt, some stockings, neckties, and several manuscript sermons. I believe, I left it in the chaise; but I did not miss it until too late to inquire about it. The next unpleasant affair was the weather. It commenced to rain, and rain, and rain; and continued for many miles. All these things I considered as a punishment for my travelling on the Sabbath; and, as we rode along, I entreated the Lord to forgive me, and promised to avoid such a journey in future on the Sabbath. A final grief awaited me. When I reached my destination, I found I was not wanted until the Tuesday, and I could have come conveniently enough on the Monday. As it was, I got to Nottingham, wet, hungry, and weary, early next morning, and was truly glad to meet my esteemed brethren. I told my tale of woe to Mr. Ford; and he was both amused and sorry to hear of my disasters. After breakfast, we took a walk into the town, with which I was delighted; and I met with many very dear, precious people.

"Next day, the opening services took place. Ison Green is a new village, which has rapidly sprung up on the north side of Nottingham Forest. The chapel was well filled; there were many friends there from Nottingham, who most heartily responded in the services; and, oh! how mightily near was the blessed Spirit! It was, indeed, a rich day.

"While here, I had happy intercourse with some devoted friends. At this time, I first saw the spiritually minded Mrs. Salthouse, and several others, to whom my spirit cleaves in love. My dear brother Henshaw was appointed to preach in the new chapel on the following Sabbath, when the opening services are to be continued; but, being unwell, he is unable to fulfil his engagement, and the friends very earnestly desired

me to stay and preach on the occasion. I very willingly consented, feeling quite happy and at home among the people. I spent a pleasant evening with Mr. Higginbottom and his family, where I met the ministers of the Circuit, and other Christian friends. On another occasion, I took breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Salthouse, and enjoyed a truly happy spiritual interview. How delightful it is to be in the company of ripe and mellow Christians! What will heaven be, where there are none but such as are fully the Lord's?

"On the 10th (the Sabbath), I preached afternoon and night. The chapel was crowded both times; and, oh, what showers of blessing came down upon us! The united collections were truly surprising—£38 10s. 7½d., for which the people expressed much gratitude. I hope this chapel will be the birth-place of hundreds of precious souls.

"There is something about the spirit of this people, that is exceedingly amiable; their manners are refined, but unaffected; and many of them seem deeply pious. Mr. Henshaw has sent for a supply from Leeds. I fear this dear man's health will fail him, and that will be a pity. He is a blessed man.

"Rumours of my losses having reached the friends, they gave me more than covered them. This I took to be very kind; indeed, the affection of the people, at the end, compensated for the painful journey I had thither."

Mr. Lynn has not told us, except in very general terms, what was the effect of his ministry upon this occasion; but we have heard from many sources that it was electrical and soul-arousing. Some time afterwards, he preached in the same chapel, when a similar influence accompanied his preaching. By the kindness of our endeared friend, the Rev. John Poxon, of Ashton, we have been favoured with a sketch of the sermon preached at that time, and drawn by his friend, Mr. S. Robinson.

"The occasion," writes Mr. Robinson, "was the chapel anniversary, the attendance overflowing, and the preacher under special influence from the Holy Ghost. The text was, Job xiv. 10.—'But man dieth and wasteth away, yea man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' Death was presented in Mr. L.'s characteristic manner, under various aspects, and one almost seemed to be witnessing it; but when he first put the question, 'Where is he?' a marked and solemn silence pervaded the meeting. Saint and sinner were followed into eternity. Mr. L., in personifying the believer, used the name of David. This told remarkably upon the people, for a highly esteemed local preacher of that name had recently died in the full assurance of faith, and all seemed to follow the preacher in his inquiries after him. Intensely solemn were the supposed answers from Hell, and soul gladdening those from Heaven. After this, he described the death of a young female, whom he called Jane, when an affecting incident occurred. A woman present, had just burried a daughter of that name, and her feelings were so wrought upon, that she screamed aloud; although this was an interruption, the extraordinary feeling still continued, and remained to the end of the service. That evening, many decided to choose Christ for their portion. In the prayer meeting, after preaching, several soon found peace with God; others, continued for a time, in deep distress; a spirit of agonizing prayer was poured out; and amidst cries and groans, tears and Hallelujahs, one after another entered into liberty, and gave testimony to the pardoning love of God. That 'other day,' so fast approaching, will reveal the rest, and show 'the love of the Spirit,' and the power of the 'simple Gospel of Christ.'"

Before returning to London, Mr. Lynn paid a short visit to the Staffordshire Potteries. He preached at Lane End

(Longton), to a full chapel. "My Divine Master was present and precious, and, He made our hearts to rejoice in His name. I was glad to meet my old friend, Mr. Goodall." He preached, also, at Hanley, to "some hundreds of people, and was thankful to find many of those standing fast in the faith, who set out for Heaven when I was stationed among them;" at Newcastle, where he "rejoiced to find many spiritual children, urging on their way to glory," and where, he writes, "I had a rich season in Goshen, at the house of friend S., with good old John Edge, who is still happy in the pure love of God;" and at Burslem, to "many hearers, and God made it a solemn powerful season. I had here, likewise, a rich manifestation of Christian love. I lodged with my kind friend, Mrs. Fradley. Poor woman! she has much to struggle against."

On the 15th, he started for the city; but his journey back was not so eventful or perplexing as his journey thence. What with the loss of the coach, when he was there before time, yet too late; the parley with the chaise-driver, and the payment of two shillings for the trouble of getting in and out of the vehicle; the loss of his parcel, and the peltings of the storm; the accusations of conscience for a breach of the Sabbath, and the mortification of reaching his destination before he was needed; what with this disappointment and that disaster, the journey from London would be pronounced a "toil of a pleasure." Everything, said an old philosopher, "has two sides—a rough and smooth, a dark and bright side." So had this journey, and the rough and dark side having been endured, the smooth and bright one was to be enjoyed.

"I had, upon the whole, a pleasant journey to London. I met with an interesting Christian gentleman from Ireland, who is connected with the Hibernian Society. He gave me some cheering accounts of the good done by the schools in that kingdom.

It seems as if the Lord was working wonders among them. I found him a truly pious man, and our conversation was mutually profitable. I hope our merciful Redeemer will raise up many more like him for the spread of His Holy Truth in the earth. I arrived in London truly thankful for the mercies the Lord bestowed upon me while I had been from home."

After recreation, work—well directed, well-sustained, soul-saving, Heaven-honouring work. Mr. Lynn addressed himself to this kind of work, as soon as he returned to London. He had previously engaged the people to pray five minutes a day for a month, to secure a revival of religion. He started a fellowship meeting—"a strange thing to some of the people. Eleven attended the first night, and all spoke but one. While the last prayer was being offered, the solemn, glorious influence of Heaven rushed into our souls, and filled us with unutterable joy. Oh, what a clear prospect I had of Heaven! The Lord has begun to work. I hope the work will go on delightfully." He visited, too, the flock. "I have been acting the part of a pastor, to-day (Aug. 25th), in visiting the friends and a few sick people. I am persuaded that much good may be done in this way; by it we take hold of the affections of the people; and we must have them to love us before we can do them good."

In the course of his visitations he met with an invalid, who was then a local preacher in the New Connexion, and has since, by dint of hard application and laudable perseverance, attained some eminence as a preacher in London, and considerable notoriety as an author of *Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons*. "In the evening (June 27th), I went to see Mr. Burns,* who is ill of a complaint in his knees. He suffers much pain, but is blessed with patience. He believes the affliction is sent for good; and he said, 'It has done me good

* The Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D., of London.

already.' In prayer, we had a wonderful season; we were both filled unutterably full of God. Mr. Burns did not cease praising God for some minutes after we had ceased to pray. His exclamation was, 'Oh, what a manifestation! Oh, what a manifestation!' I do think we shall not soon forget it: it was, indeed, a happy season!"

While, as in this case, the believer was refreshed; in another visit, which we shall now present, a soul was saved. It was the Sabbath of the Lord, and Mr. Lynn had received "a rich blessing," at the prayer meeting, at Salem, and in the morning service, at Paddington. "I dined at Mr. W.'s, and before I left we had prayer. When Mr. W. and I had prayed, I asked Mrs. W. She had not prayed long, before a niece of Mr. W.'s, from Scotland, who had been under conviction some months, burst into a flood of tears, and cried aloud for mercy. Oh, what a noise she made. Poor girl; she was quite in an agony of trouble. After we had prayed awhile, the power of God descended and entered her heart, and filled her with love and joy. Her body was so much affected that she could not arise without help, and when she got up, she could not stand. 'Oh,' she said, 'this is what I have long prayed for. I prayed, before I went to chapel this morning; and it struck me that I should, perhaps, be blessed to-day, and now I feel my heart is changed.' Thank the Lord! for His goodness to this dear girl. It was quite unexpected to me. It is the first clear conversion, in this form, I have witnessed since I came to London. I hope the Lord will keep her, and let her see many such proofs of His power and mercy."

Still in London, Mr. Lynn laboured, for a time, beneath the depressing conviction, that something of broader thought and higher finish than his preaching supplied, was needed for a people who lived in so large and splendid a place. We pronounce no judgment, but state the fact; yet, we must observe,

that the external splendour of a place is no certain criterion of the mental strength or refinement of a people, as protuberance of head is no infallible sign of power of soul. We have known large heads very empty, and we dare say there are splendid cities, with citizens of but ordinary capacity. Far be it from us to underrate the intelligence and refinement of a city congregation, but it is a mistake to suppose they require something so very much above what is the demand upon a country pulpit; indeed, we have known preachers who could do well there and but poorly here, and *vice versa*. Mr. Lynn, however, shall speak for himself on this subject. Writing on the 26th of August, he observes:—"I had sweet access to God, in closet and family prayer, to-day. My soul was penetrated with a sense of the presence and favour of God. I could feelingly say, 'I do love Thee. Yes, my God, I do love Thee!" These are feelings I delight to experience; they yield me more pleasure than would be yielded by the possession of ten thousand worlds; still, I was not much at home to-night, at Salem. I am often tempted to think the people here will despise my simple sermons; and yet I dare not alter my plan, for I know that if it is despised by some, it is made a blessing to others. The thought, however, frequently embarrasses my mind, and spoils my pleasure in preaching; for there is such a contrast between the plain style of my preaching and the grandeur of London, that I am induced to think the people do not like it; and this has caused me to have much less freedom than I have had in other places. Besides, the congregations here, are, in general, small, and there is nothing very encouraging; still, I do not think my soul was ever doing better, and several conversions have taken place."

While here, Mr. Lynn met with a few things that were distasteful to him. Two of these, happening in the same month, may be mentioned. The first was the way in which Guy

Fawkes is remembered; or, perhaps, recriminated: the second, was the visit of a thorough "London fog." The one relates to what was intended to blow all London up; the other falls so thickly and heavily as would seem to crush all London down. As respects the first, it is observed:—"London has been in great confusion to-day. Guns have been firing, and squibs flying, in remembrance of the great Gunpowder Plot. What a silly way this is of expressing gratitude to Almighty God for a Providence so kind! But so it is with the world: it turns God's goodness into folly and sin. At Lime House Fields, to-night (Nov. 5th), we had but six present at the service. I suppose the people were afraid to venture out on account of the squibs. I read a chapter, gave a short exhortation, and closed the service." As respects the second, we meet with the following remarks:—"I have been much surprised (Nov. 12th), at the heavy fog which falls over the city. I never saw anything like it before. I am informed it is common in winter; and it must be very injurious to health. Oh, that no fog may rest upon my soul as this overspreads the city. I desire to claim and plead the fulfilment of that promise—'Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings.'

"13th.—The fog has been very dense to-day. It is what the Londoners call 'a stinking fog,' and it is rightly named, for it has a most disagreeable smell, and is, in its effects, almost suffocating.

"14th.—The fog has disappeared, and the sun shines clearly. Oh, how sweet and lively it appears after the last two days of gloom! So is it when the soul comes out of the fog of sin and sorrow."

A residence in London has advantages which an earnest student may turn to fine account. There are to be found museums, picture galleries, libraries; there too, are preachers,

professors, and lecturers of the first talent; there, in fine, whatever can help the development or stimulate the aspirations of the soul. We do the poet, already quoted in this chapter, but justice, when we say that he thoroughly appreciated this phase of city life:—

"There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms soe'er she will,
The richest scen'ry, and the loveliest forms.
Where finds philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disc
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
In London. Where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,
As London, opulent, enlarg'd, and still
Increasing London? Babylon of old,
Not more the glory of the earth, than she
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now."

Mr. Lynn, whenever he could, availed himself of the advantages which the city held out. He visited its choicest places of resort, and heard its ablest preachers. Another chapter will contain a sketch or two of pulpit orators, made at this time. All that remains for introduction now, is an interesting service or two, and a brief notice of remarkable places visited.

... Methodist, City Road Chapel is a venerable and ... and, while he would not visit it as the Hindoos ... sacred places, or the Mohammedans Mecca, or the ... to Rome, yet he visits it with pleasure, and the visit, ... mysterious law of association which makes a place ... a person, and a person a place, there are excited ... and feelings which feed and fire the soul. "A ... took me to City Road Chapel; I stood in the pulpit ... the venerable founder of Methodism preached many a ... soul-stirring and soul-feeding sermon; and I saw, ... appreciating eye, the tomb of this man of God. I, also, ... the Tabernacle, in Moorfields, where the holy and ... Whitfield often held forth the Word of Life to listening ... The sight of these places filled me with vene- ... for those holy and useful servants of Christ. May my ... burn with the love and zeal they had; and, oh, that I ... imitate their example in seeking to be useful to my ... men!"

But the May meetings are the gatherings which make ..., to a religious mind, attractive and profitable. Then ... is a second Jerusalem, where the spiritual tribes of ... assemble to celebrate their anniversaries; and, par- ..., when the great Missionary bodies meet to stir up ... how to bring about the period in which Christ's Gospel ... the world's heritage, and all nations Christ's subjects. ... took special interest in these meetings. "On the ... May (1809), Mr. Earnshaw and I went to Great Queen ... Chapel, to hear the Rev. James Parsons, of York. On ... way we overtook the Rev. James Dixon (now Dr. Dixon). ... a pleasant conversation with him. He looked search- ... at me and my companion, and said, 'I think you are ... Methodist preachers.' Mr. E. did not speak; but I replied, ... but Methodist preachers of the New Connexion.' He

then inquired after Mr. Allin, and some other of our ministers. When we got to the chapel, the old and venerable Richard Reece was reading the prayers, and he seemed much pleased with his work. Mr. Parsons preached a delightful sermon, on 'Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things,' &c. On the 4th, I attended the missionary meeting held in City Road Chapel; it commenced at eleven o'clock, and up to a quarter before eleven, persons were admitted by ticket. Miss Pringle and I were there by ten o'clock, when every sitting was occupied, and the only seat we could get was the bottom of a window. Messrs. Parsons and R. Newton were the most powerful speakers. The meeting was very interesting, and the Society has raised this year the noble sum of £50,000*. Blessed God! send out Thy light and truth into all the earth."

During this month, interesting services were held in connection with the departure of Dr. Philip to an important mission field. "This evening (14th), I went to the missionary meeting held at Mr. Hunt's chapel, Kennington. The Lord's Supper was administered; the body of the chapel was reserved for communicants, and the gallery for spectators; and both were full. The service was commenced by singing—

'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,'

then prayer was offered; afterwards Dr. Philip delivered an address; another hymn was sung; he then prayed, and spoke again. The bread was distributed, a short address was given by an aged minister, then another hymn was sung, and the wine was taken round. An address followed to communicants and spectators. A fourth hymn was sung, and the Rev. T. Jackson, of Stockwell, prayed; after this, Dr. Philip, who is going into Germany, gave his farewell address, and

* It raised this year, 1858, £123,062 18s. 11d.

pronounced the Benediction. This was, certainly, one of the sweetest, most solemn, and interesting services, I ever enjoyed. The glorious power of God pervaded the meeting, and filled our souls with heavenly joy and peace. I was constrained to yield up myself to God, and experienced a heaven upon earth. I hope never to forget what I felt."

Shortly after, a valedictory service was held. "I went to Surrey Chapel, this morning (June 9th), where a convocation was assembled, on the departure of Dr. Philip, and three young Protestant missionaries from France, who are going with the Dr. to South Africa. Mr. Hunt gave out a hymn; Mr. Collinson read a chapter and prayed; another hymn was sung, and the Rev. John Clayton addressed Dr. Philip, from Joshua i. 9. It was a beautiful and feeling address. This done, Dr. Philip delivered a long, powerful, and animated speech, on the motives which led him to engage in the mission, and the prospects of usefulness which lay before him. Then, one of the young Frenchmen addressed us in French, and an old gentleman acted as interpreter. After this, the venerable Jay, of Bath, offered a long, wise, and feeling prayer. I was sorry I had to leave this most affecting meeting before it closed. The chapel was crowded, and the power and glory of God rested upon us in a sweet, solemn, and penetrating manner. It was to me a 'little heaven.' I felt as if I could—

'Sit and sing myself away
To everlasting bliss.'

What a noble, grand, inspiring thing religion is!"

Among places of general interest visited in the Metropolis, a few may be mentioned:—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. "I was present at the doors (March 5th), when the Duke of Wellington took the Catholic Emancipation Bill to be read the first time in the House. I could not help crying, Almighty

Father! undertake for us at this important crisis and guide our rulers aright; they need the aid of Thy Spirit; take care, O Lord, of pure religion.'"—GREENWICH HOSPITAL. "I went, this afternoon (May 20th), with a few friends to Greenwich. As we passed along, I was charmed with the beauties of creation, in this rosy season of the year. When we arrived, we saw the Painted Hall; an old sailor was our guide and expounder. He gave us some interesting information respecting the characters we saw, several of whose figures strikingly display the skill and labour of the artist. Among relics, we saw the coat worn by Lord Nelson, at the Battle of the Nile. We next viewed the beautiful chapel, where the pensioners were met for Divine service. Afterwards, we saw the veteran seamen, at supper, and they appeared as happy as larks. We then had tea, in the house of a widow. I spoke to her about the Saviour, and was glad to find that she was acquainted with him experimentally. She was pleased with our conversation, and wept much, and begged us to pray with her. Mr. D. and I both sought the Lord's blessing; and we did not seek it in vain. Nothing, in all I saw, pleased me so much as the interview with this Christian woman. After a few more sights of interest we returned home, much pleased with our visit to Greenwich. What a land of benevolence is ours! Oh, that we had an increase of holiness!"—PICTURE GALLERY. "I visited, this morning (May 25th), Mr. West's Picture Gallery, Newman Street. I was much gratified. 'Christ Rejected by the Jews;' and 'Death on the Pale Horse;' are very affecting. If the representation of these things, by the skill of man, be striking, what will be the reality?"

Mr. Lynn was called one day to pay a visit to a very different place, and of a very different character from those just mentioned; indeed, this kind of thing is common

to ministers. They, on the same day, not unfrequently baptize the tender child, and bury the departed dead; visit the home of social peace and the abode of abject sorrow; congratulate the newly married and condole with the heavily bereaved. Oh, how enduring, yet how tender they should be! Here is the visit to which we allude:—"I was requested (Feb. 19), to visit a poor man in the King's Bench Prison. I was surprised to find such a large number of debtors, who seem as lively as larks and as playful as children. It is like a little town; I had no idea it was so extensive. I found the poor man very ill; he seemed sensible of his state as a sinner before God. Whilst I set before him Christ crucified for his sins, the silent tears followed each other down his face. In prayer the Lord refreshed us. He was greatly encouraged to give his soul to Jesus, and he expressed his gratitude for my visit in the most feeling manner."

Amid the sights and distractions, the amusements and temptations of a great city, too many sacrifice the soul to the eye, and barter the interests of eternity for the pleasures of a day. Mr. Lynn acted a wiser part, and cultivating earnestly his heart, he was able to abstract the profit, without sustaining the loss, which some professors of religion experience in a densely populated place. For eight months he met weekly in private band with Mr. Wright, (the present Rev. P. J. Wright), and their meetings were a mutual, spiritual advantage. Here is the record of their first exercise:—"Mr. Wright, a young man who has joined us from the Old Methodists, and meets in my class, and is just beginning to preach; he and I agreed to hold a private band meeting in my study on a Saturday night. We met for that purpose (this evening, Oct. 18). We each prayed; then he read Whitfield's sermon on Justification; next, we related the present state of our religious experience; after which, we

prayed three times each; towards the close, our glorious Lord gave us to taste unutterable bliss; the Heavens did indeed open, and the skies poured down salvation. Oh, what glory! Oh, what happiness! Oh, what delight!"

A few passages from the journal will show with what care he kept his heart at this period.

"July 4th.—This day I devoted to abstinence and prayer. I spent several hours in reading, meditation, and pleading with God; and, oh, the holy, sweet letting into God I had. The Lord made me feast for some moments with His priests and kings. It was like swimming in the full ocean of love.

"Aug. 28th.—The last two days have been days of comfort and conflict. I have often felt redeeming love to spring up within my soul; on other occasions I have had fiery assaults from the flesh: this is my keenest and most constant enemy; I always have it with me. Oh, my Lord, help me to crucify its affections and lusts. What a poor feeble worm I am; dear Saviour! strengthen and support me.

"Oct. 18th.—I sat down in the presence of God to ask myself—1. What it is that hinders me loving God every day with all my heart? 2. What are my inducements to love Him in this way? 3. What are the helps I have to love God with all my heart? As far as I went in this inquiry, I found it very profitable. I feel a willingness to part with all and give God my whole heart.

"January 9th, 1829.—I have devoted this day to special humiliation and prayer, and have been profited by reading the "Memoirs of Miss Mary Tethrington," written by the Rev. H. Moore. One sentiment particularly struck me. She says, 'that our union with God can only be maintained by self-denial; that every act of self-denial strengthens the union; and that every act of self-indulgence weakens it.' The consideration of this sentiment brought fresh light into my mind.

By self-indulgence, I have often pushed my soul away from God. The Redeemer has said, 'If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' Holy Redeemer! assist me thus to follow Thee.

"April 10th.—To-day, I prayed once every hour for six hours, and I felt much quickened. Oh! how delightfully did the Lord fill my soul with His love."

Living thus, the spirit of the world is exorcised, and worldly conformity avoided; the dissipations of gay and giddy society are escaped, and the transcendent virtues of our Christianity embodied; holy unction is obtained from Heaven, and lasting good done upon earth. Mr. Lynn was made a blessing to many in London, and when the year was spent, he was invited to return to the Circuit for a second year. He, however, left himself to the wise disposal of God and the Conference. On the 12th of June he writes—"I set this day apart for fasting and prayer, seeking the blessing of God upon our Conference, but especially on the Stationing Committee, who are to sit to day, for the first time. I had no food of any kind from supper last night till five o'clock this afternoon. My enjoyment of God was great. I do think the Lord will place me where I shall be useful next year, whether it be in London or elsewhere. I have been at the throne of grace about sixteen times; and oh, what heavenly sweetness my soul has experienced!"

There is a maxim which says, that "They that live at Rome should do as Rome does." It is a maxim which compromise has invented and the devil patented. Was it the maxim of Joseph, in Egypt; of Elijah, in Samaria; of Daniel, in Babylon? Did apostles, like Paul, or Peter; reformers, like Luther, or Knox, or Tyndale; or preachers, like Wesley, or Whitfield, act upon that maxim? No; they had principles upon which they acted everywhere; nor would they compro-

mise their principles. We must do likewise. Many can do abroad, or in a crowded city, what they would blush to do at home, or where well known. Let such recollect that God sees them, and that he will bring every secret thing to judgment. In city or country, therefore, the fear of God should awe us, and the glory of God should be our aim.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CHARACTERISTIC SERMON.

With me it is a maxim:—"The sermon that does good, is a good sermon."—Dr. A. CLARKE.

A SERMON! What is it? Simple as the question may appear, it is difficult to supply a satisfactory answer. This will be allowed at once, when the conflicting sentiments propounded upon the subject, are remembered. Some think the sermon a very secondary portion of the service of the sanctuary, and bestow very little time themselves, and give very feeble praise to others who husband their time that they may produce sermons to interest and edify their congregations. Others go, perhaps, to another extreme, regarding too lightly the devotional parts of God's worship, and fixing mind and heart too intently upon the sermon. We have, therefore, need to ask—not to raise a long discussion, but to endeavour to secure a helpful reply—What is a sermon?

It is certainly not to be considered an end in itself, but a means to an end. It is not, as a writer observes, a "promenade,"—a mere exhibition or exercise, but a "journey," undertaken for a definite object. And what is its object or aim? Ultimately, of course, to glorify God, and, in this respect, it resembles all that the Christian is to do, and all that the great universe proclaims; for the Christian is to "glorify God with his body and soul which are God's," and the "heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." If, therefore, the sermon does not secure, or is not calculated to secure this object, whatever

its elaboration, its literary pretensions, or its rhetorical charms, it is a failure. "His sermons," says a critic, writing on Blair, "are elegant, but they never can convert a soul; and a sermon that cannot convert a soul, is a knife that cannot cut —a horse that cannot run—an arrow that cannot fly."

But how is the sermon to gain its object? Its substance is fixed: it is the Gospel of Christ. This, and this alone, is the lever by which fallen humanity is to be raised. But its style is unfixed, and it must be the faithful copy of the preacher's own spirit. If true to himself, each preacher will have a style peculiar to himself, and his own style is the best, by God's blessing, not otherwise, to secure, the end of preaching. Paul did not preach as Peter; nor James as either. They had the gospel for their theme; but their own individuality supplied what was peculiar in style. To-day it is the same. The preachers who preach to the greatest gatherings—Spurgeon, Brown, and Mursell—have each their own style; if one were to exchange his style for another's, he would feel it cumbrous as Saul's armour was to David. Originality, then, is the first claim of a sermon upon a preacher; and the merit of "originality is not novelty—it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man; whatsoever he believes, he believes it for himself, not for another."

But next to originality is simplicity, perspicuity, and the use of lively and striking metaphors. We incline to the definition of eloquence given by Kant. He contended that eloquence, pulpit or senatorial, "consists in making the work of the understanding one of imagination." Those preachers succeed best who can engage the eye, the intellect, and the hearts of their hearers; the eye by lively metaphors, the intellect by great thoughts, and the heart by pathetic appeals. A sermon, answering to these requirements, will be characteristic of the preacher, and the product of hard and

holy study. Well may it be asked, "Who is sufficient for these things?" And, after preachers have done their best, but not till then, it is consoling to hear the reply, "Our sufficiency is of God."

We designate the sermon which we have now to introduce, *characteristic*, because we take it to be a fair specimen of the genius of its author. It has, therefore, one element, at least, of a true and telling sermon. We introduce it here, because Mr. Lynn has not yet finished probation, and probationers invariably preach a trial sermon! Our readers have no need to be reminded of the difference between a characteristic sermon and a *model* sermon; the one that follows is presented in the former, and not in the latter relationship.

PETER'S RELEASE FROM PRISON,

A SERMON FROM ACTS xii. 1 to 19.

Now about that time, Herod the King stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church, &c.

No circumstance that ever occurred, gave such alarm to the Devil, as the introduction of the Gospel. He had penetration enough to perceive, that it was an instrument intended to overturn his kingdom, break his power, and liberate his captives. When it was brought into full play on the day of Pentecost, and he lost three thousand of his subjects at once, he became infuriated, and resolved, if possible, to crush the Christian cause in its infancy. At first, he harassed the propagators of it with powerful temptations, and threw great discouragements in their way; but, finding they waxed stronger and stronger, and that the work of conversion to Christianity rapidly advanced, he resolved on rousing the fears of the old Jewish Church, then sunk into mere formalism, and knowing nothing of the power of heartfelt religion. As a religion without the love of God leads to bigotry, and bigotry to

persecution, the incensed Jews became quite mad against the Christians; and, anxious to pursue any course that would exterminate their cause, were quite willing to do the devil's bidding. I fancy I see the old enemy whispering into the ears of some of the Sanhedrim—If you do not look sharp about you, these Christians will outnumber you, overturn your Church, and establish themselves in your place. Do you not see how they are spreading in all directions? You have great influence with the king—he will do anything to please you. Go and persuade him to put some of these fellows to death.

This thought is cherished as a bright and opportune one. A meeting of the officials is called; the plan is laid before them and approved; and James, the brother of John, son of Zebedee, is fixed on as the victim. A deputation being appointed to lay the matter before the king, they sought an audience, and soon obtained an introduction to him. As he belonged to a family of persecutors, being the grandson of Herod the Great, who beheaded John the Baptist, and brother to Herodias, whose daughter danced before Herod, which led to the death of John, they had no difficulty in gaining access to him. I think I hear the King inquire—What is your business? and, perhaps, they replied as follows:—Please your Majesty, we have come to confer with you about these Christians. They are increasing so fast that both Church and State are in danger. If something be not done to put them down, we know not what will be the consequence. Well, says the king, what do you propose to be done?—We think, if an example were made of one of them, by the punishment of death, it would strike terror into the hearts of the rest, and drive them from their folly.—Very well; it shall be done; but who is to be the victim?—There is a man, named James, who has great influence among them; we recommend

that he be despatched as speedily as possible, by the edge of the sword.—Very well, says the king, it shall be done. An order is issued; and James is taken, accused, condemned, and executed in quick time.

This sad circumstance deeply affected the Christian brethren, for they loved James, and keenly felt his loss. But his removal drove them to God in more fervent prayer, and increased their zeal and activity in spreading the cause of Christ. The persecuting Jews were astonished and disappointed at this result; they were especially annoyed, also, at miracles wrought by Peter, and the fearless manner in which he published Gospel truth; and very likely they said to one another—If we could only get rid of that Peter, it would quite upset the cause; but he is so difficult to keep, when caught. We once had him and his brethren in the common prison, but, by some means, they got out in the night; how, no one can tell. If the king would consent to execute Peter, we must secure him fully: let us go again, and see what the king will do in this matter for us? Again, they gain access to the king; again he asks their pleasure.—Please your Majesty, we are come once more about these Christians. We are much pleased and obliged by the readiness with which you carried out our former suggestion. You are quite welcome, said the royal murderer, but how are the Christians going on?—Please your Majesty, they are worse than ever. We are quite amazed that the death of James has not checked them in the least degree; indeed, they are now spreading in all directions. Stephen has been put to death by stoning, and James by the sword; yet their companions and converts are more bold than ever.—What, think you, is the cause? —It is our opinion, that Peter is their great champion and leader. They say he works miracles, and preaches so fearlessly that he has gained the attention of the multitude. If

your Majesty could dispose of him, we think their cause would then go down.—Well, what shall I do?—We recommend that he be taken, accused, and imprisoned until after the Passover, and then that he be put to death: *that*, we hope, will be the death-blow of Christianity. The prison, moreover, must be made specially secure, or he will escape; as he did before.—Very well, says the king, it shall be done. An order is given; Peter is arrested, accused, condemned, and imprisoned, under the care of sixteen soldiers; four of whom kept guard continually, two inside with Peter, and two at the prison-gate.

When the poor Christians heard of Peter's fate, they were greatly dismayed. I fancy I see them meet each other, and hear them say—Have you heard the sad news? What is it? —Why, Peter's put in prison! What!—Peter in prison?—You do not say so! Yes, alas! it is true.—How sad! Whatever shall we do without Peter?—The Jews and the king seem resolved on our destruction. But what is to be done?—I do not know. Suppose, however, we draw up a petition to the king, and tell him what we really are, and what we teach: I believe he would think differently of us? These Jews have prejudiced him against us unjustly.—Oh, says one, that will do no good; you know he will do anything to please the Jews: I know what will do better than that.—Well, what is it?—Let us establish prayer meetings, and petition King Jesus; we can get His ear, reach His heart, and secure His help.—Yes, brother, that is a good thought, and will do best for us.—Let us engage all our friends in ceaseless prayer to God, and He will surely hear and help us. This proposal, accordingly, would be made known to the Christians, and they would all accede to the request to plead with God to deliver Peter. This they would do in private, at the family altar, and in united meetings, which would be held several

days in each week; and the burden of the intercessions would be—Lord support and deliver Peter. Offering their prayers in faith and affection, and in the name of Jesus, the people would be ever looking for an answer; meeting each other, the first inquiry would be—Well, is there any news of Peter?—No: nothing at present.—Do you think the Lord will deliver him, or let him be slain, as were Stephen and James?—I cannot tell; let us pray and hope to the last. Thus did the anxious disciples plead with God, and commune with one another until the day before Peter was to be brought forth to execution, when they met to consider what more could be done.—Oh, says one, I will tell you. Let us spend the night in wrestling prayer.—Well, says another, that is a good idea; but where shall we hold the meeting?—In Mary's house, to be sure. You know her son John is one of our ministers, and I am sure she will be glad to see us.—Then, will you go and ask her?—Yes, brother. And away he goes to Mary's house. Arrived there, she at once inquires—What of Peter?—I have just been with the brethren, and we have agreed to spend the night in prayer for him. May we hold the meeting in your house?—To be sure you may, and welcome. Arrangements being completed, and the hour for meeting now being at hand, methinks I see the Christians wending their way through various streets to Mary's house; at the appointed time they all assemble, and the momentous meeting is begun!—Lord, deliver Peter! Lord, spare and save Peter! ascend from every heart to Him, who alone can open the prison doors to those that are bound.

But in what state is Peter at this time? Being a prisoner, and having to submit to prison rule, he would no doubt be sent to sleep at a given hour. It was, indeed, a solemn night for him, as, so far as he knew, it was to be his last on earth. I can imagine I hear him addressing the Lord at the throne

of grace, in some such language as this:—Oh, Lord, I am Thy servant. It is for Thy cause I am thus confined and condemned. I now give myself again to Thee; and am willing even to suffer for Thee. Dispose of me as Thou pleasest. If permitted by Thee still to live, I am willing to labour in Thy cause; but, if dying will bring most glory to Thee, then let me die. Thy holy will be done! Filled, by such fellowship, with sweet peace and resignation, he sinks into sleep; and, although bound with chains, and between two soldiers, he could rest in peace. Yet, while thus resting, the prayers of his friends were rising to heaven, franked with the blood of Jesus, in such numbers, and with such fervency and faith, that the Lord resolved on Peter's release! An angelic policeman was ordered to go down to Jerusalem, and deliver Peter from the prison: perhaps it was the same who brought him and his brethren out of the common prison before. Would not the angel smile with joy, and at once bow his head in token of his willingness thus to minister to Peter? Flapping his wings, he takes his flight to earth in search of the imprisoned apostle; and deep interest is felt by the heavenly host in Peter's rescue. The angel reaches the prison; the Lord mesmerises the keepers, and the angel enters without unlocking or unbolting the gates and doors, so that no one hears the tread of his foot or the flap of his wing. He reaches, presently, the place where Peter sleeps, and fills it with angelic glory. See him pausing a few moments, gazing on the sleeping saint, and saying—Blessed man of God; how calm he looks; a lamb between two wolves; one of Heaven's own heroes between two soldiers of the devil! He little knows I am come to set him free! Bending over him, the angel now smote him on the side. Peter opened his eyes, and, observing the room filled with light, very likely his first thoughts would be—Is it morning already? Is this

Herod's officer come for me? Soon, however, he perceives something so beautiful and heavenly about the stranger, that he is lost in wonder; very likely forgetting, for the moment, that he was chained to the soldiers, when the angel ordered him to arise, he instantly sprang up; to his surprise, the chains were loosed from his hands, and fell on the floor, unheard by the sleeping soldiers; and now, standing erect and free, the angel told him to gird on his sandals. This he did; and casting his garment about him, prepared to follow the mysterious stranger. Coming to the doors of the different wards, they opened of their own accord, and thus the Angel and the Christian passed unmolested to the iron gate that led to the city. This, also, paid its respects to them—opened—and let them pass into the street. Having thus accomplished his mission, the angel bid Peter good morning, and flew back to Heaven, to tell the hosts above the glad tidings of his success. Entering the gates of glory, he details the particulars of his expedition, and a royal shout of joy runs through the heavenly throng.

Left alone, in the silent street, after so strange a deliverance, Peter would ask himself—Is this a dream or a reality? Am I in prison, or really free? Free! Yes! it is no vision or mistake. I see it all. My God has sent His angel and delivered me from the hand of Herod, and from all the malice of the Jews. Blessed be His glorious name for His love to me. But there are some hours yet before the morning breaks, what must I do? If I stay in the street, the watch may find me, and imprison me again!—A sweet thought occurs to him!—I will go to Mary's house, and let her know what the Lord has done. Approaching the gate before her house, he listens, and soon learns that his friends are pleading there for his deliverance. Beloved friends! he ejaculates, I now see how it is that

I am out of prison. God has heard and answered their prayers. How surprised they will be when I walk in, and show them that prayer has prevailed on my behalf! He gives a loud knock at the gate, which startled, perhaps alarmed, the praying company. Some might suggest—Perhaps it is Herod's officers, who have found out that we are praying, and are come to inquire what is the matter; let us inquire who is there? A damsel, named Rhoda, very likely a spiritual daughter of Peter, was sent to see who knocked. The visitor announced—It's Peter. She knew his voice, and was instantly thrown into such a transport of joy, that, forgetting to open the gate, she ran into the house exclaiming—Peter stands before the gate! Peter stands before the gate!—What do you say?—Peter stands before the gate; I know his voice, and I am sure it is he.—Thou art mad, they replied, it can't be Peter; he is fast in prison. It may be his guardian angel come to tell us what the Lord is about to do with him, but how can it be Peter? Peter continued to knock; so, to end the dispute, they agreed to open the gate and see the stranger for themselves. Having done so, who should walk in but the identical Peter! So astonished were they, that they could scarcely credit their eyes. Mary, springing up, would take his hand, and say—Bless thee, Peter, however hast thou escaped from prison? Oh, brother, I am so glad to see thee. Our John will be so delighted when he hears of this. Peter beckoned for them to be silent, that he might tell them all about it. Thus, probably, he might speak.—Last night, I gave myself to God for life or death. Sweetly resigned, I went to rest, as usual, with my soldier companions, and I soon fell fast asleep. In the night, I was aroused by a blow on the side; and when I looked up, I found the room full of glorious light, and the Angel of the Lord stood near, ready to deliver me. He bade me rise; I did so, and the chains fell off my hands. He

then requested me to gird on my sandals, and cast my garment about me, and follow him. I did so; he led me out of the prison to the street, and thus was I set free. But how did you get the gates open?—Oh, they opened of themselves, as soon as we came up to them! Astonishing!—Yes, it is astonishing; but you must go and tell James the Less, and the other brethren—(the apostles, we presume, who, it seems, were not at this prayer meeting)—tell them what the Lord has done for me, that they may rejoice with us; and I must conceal myself for a season, until this storm has blown over.

No doubt the brethren and sisters would unite in giving special thanks to God for His great goodness in delivering Peter; and, giving thanks unto His holy name, they would triumph in His praise.

When the two soldiers, who were chained to Peter, awoke, and could not find him, they were greatly alarmed. Inquiry and search were made; but in no corner could he be found, and no officials knew aught respecting him. It is very strange. The doors are all locked and bolted as we left them last night; yet, there is nothing left of Peter but his chains! Confusion spreads through the prison, as every officer searches in vain for the missing Peter. The persecuting Jews awake, rejoicing that the morning has come on which Peter is ordered to be despatched; not doubting, for a moment, that such arrangements had been made as would ensure his death. The King, even, remembering that this was the day fixed for Peter's execution, would, very likely, say to himself—Ah, we shall easily dispose of him this time. He orders an officer to go to the prison, and bring the culprit out. The gaoler saluting him, inquires his errand. The King has sent me for Peter, the preacher.—I wish you may get him, alas! for us! What do you mean?—He is not here; he has got away in the night, and none can tell how: nothing can be found

but his chains. Well, says the officer, that is an affair: you will have to pay dearly for this; and he returns to the king, who demands—Have you brought him?—No, please your Majesty. Not brought him; why?—Because we cannot find him. He got away in the night, and can't be discovered. He was there last night; but now there is nothing in the dungeon but his chains. There is treachery among these soldiers, suggests the King; but I will put them all to death. The Jews assemble to meet his Majesty, according to arrangement; but are told of Peter's strange escape. To them, this is a terrible annoyance and disappointment. Instead of Peter, the keepers are examined by the King, who orders them all to be put to death, and then retires from Judea to Cæsarea—no doubt, in disgust and disappointment.

Such is our exposition of this narrative. WHAT LESSONS DOES IT SUGGEST TO US? We learn that—

1. *The spiritually-minded friends of Jesus have been opposed by carnal professors in all ages.*—The Jews, who thus oppressed the Christians, were professors of religion: yes, and they were greater persecutors than heathens were.

2. *When persecutors have State power at their command, they often use it to revenge themselves on the children of God;* and have often deprived them of property, liberty, and life.—Thus was it with the early Christians.

3. *The throne of grace has ever been the refuge of God's people, when called to pass through suffering.* And, in answer to prayer, they get either support or deliverance—sometimes both. In general, the more they suffer, the more they pray. So it was with the friends of Peter.

4. *It is a blessed thing for a Christian minister, when he has the prayers of his people.*—How much better it is to pray for ministers than to slander them; for slandering and praying never go together. Some professors think themselves very

clever, if they can defame the character and lessen the influence of a minister. Let such people, whatever be their pretensions, know that they cannot better do the devil's work, and strengthen the devil's cause. These Christians loved Peter, and prayed for him: "Brethren, pray for us."

5. *We must not give up praying, if our prayers are not answered as soon as we offer them.*—God sometimes delays the answers, to teach us important lessons. These delays show us how entirely dependent we are on God, and prepare us, by patient waiting, to receive the blessings. Coming after prayer, they are more highly valued. God has often left the answer of prayer to the last period in which it can be answered, that He may test, and by testing, prove and perfect the graces of His people. So it was in this case. A few hours' longer delay, and it would have been too late to save Peter, in answer to the prayers of his brethren. But "the beneficent Hearer of Prayer," who always bestows his blessings at the right time, rescued His devoted servant, at a season selected by infinite wisdom and love, and, therefore, at the best season.

6. *God often answers prayer at a time, and in a way not expected.*—So was it here. The anxious, praying band did not expect the Lord to send an angel to release Peter; neither did they expect him to be delivered in the night; nor had they any idea that he would be brought out while they were praying, and come and show himself unto them before they closed the meeting. Yet, so it was. The blessing they sought answered to God's will; and it came to pass, as He had said, that while they were yet speaking, He answered. Penitents! take counsel. As you plead—"Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy name," expect God to do as you desire; and expect the blessing while you offer the petition.

7. *Sometimes when the Lord answers prayer, it is done in*

such a way, that even His people can scarcely credit it.—It was so with the company at Mary's house. And it has been so with many a Christian company in later times. Noted sinners get saved, and offer themselves for fellowship; but people, who ought to open the Church's gate gladly, and welcome them with open arms to its holy society and provision, look shy at them, and keep the gate locked, while they hold their secret discussions; or sing—

> "Outcasts of men, on you I call;
> Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
> He spreads His arms to receive you all,
> Sinners alone His grace receives."

Brethren, if the worst men get God's forgiveness, let us welcome them, all the more cordially, to His Church; leaving issues with Him, without evil prophesyings or ungenerous surmises.

8. *When we cannot reach our friends personally, we can reach them by prayer; and we can, at times, do them more good in this way than in any other.*—What could Peter's friends do for him except pray? Nothing, that would serve him. Prayer, however, met his case; and became the instrument of his release and preservation. So is it often with ourselves. Have we a friend in distress or danger? If nothing else can be done by us for such a friend; or even if many other ways of benefiting that friend are tried, still, let us not forget to pray.

9. *We perceive how easy it is for God to frustrate the wicked purposes of kings and counselors.*—The arrangements made by Herod and the Jews to destroy Peter and the Christian cause, had cost them much contrivance; and they thought their trap was set so skilfully, that it would be sure to catch their prey. But just as the victim was about to be

devoured, God plucked the prey from the teeth of the mighty, and delivered the lawful captive. Neither the gates, doors, bolts, bars, locks, nor guards, could secure Peter, when God said, "Loose him, and let him go." Brethren, be comforted, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

10. *Even in this world, persecutors are sometimes signally punished by the Almighty.*—So was it with Herod. He went to Cæsarea; and, having become reconciled to some in Tyre and Sidon, who had been under his displeasure, he met them, on a set day, mounted his throne, arrayed in royal apparel, and made an oration unto them. The people flattered him, crying aloud—"It is the voice of a God, and not of a man." And because he received their flattery, and gave not God the glory, immediately, perhaps before he left his throne, the Angel of the Lord, (possibly the same angel who rescued Peter), smote the king, and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost. Persecutors,—be they rulers who can oppress, or masters who can reproach, or shopmates who can ridicule, or companions who can taunt and scorn, or "foes of the household," who can whisper, clamour, and insinuate; persecutors of every class ought to remember that they are in the hands, and under the inspection, of the Almighty Avenger, who hath said —"Touch not mine Anointed, and do my prophets no harm. He that toucheth the saints toucheth the apple of mine eye. Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

PETER'S CASE MAY BE MADE ALSO TO REPRESENT THE CASE OF UNSAVED SINNERS.

1. *He was in prison; placed there by King Herod, and by the influence of the Jews.*—So the souls of sinners are in the prison of carnality; placed there by the devil, who leads them captive at his will; and who employs a host of spiritual enemies to capture and enslave them.

2. *Peter was bound with chains.*—So are sinners. The

lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life, bind down their souls to unbelief and evil.

3. *Peter was fastened to the soldiers.* So sinners are entangled by worldly and wicked companionships which degrade and debase them.

4. *Peter was asleep when the angel came.*—So sinners are asleep in sin, and quite careless about its consequences. Living at ease, they often seem quite unconscious of the evil and bitterness of transgression; or, if aroused a moment, it is only to cry "Peace, peace," and to sink back again into still deeper spiritual slumbers.

5. *Peter was under the guardianship of soldiers, and secured by walls, doors, gates, locks, and bars.*—So sinners are in the keeping of a host of evil foes, who guard them against good influences and wise associates; surrounded are they by sinful habits and depraved propensities, which effectually shut up their souls in carnal security and sloth.

6. *Peter was under sentence of death, and his enemies intended to destroy him.*—So with sinners. The law of God condemns them; and they are threatened with the eternal endurance of that wrath which shall be revealed against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men. The devil waits and longs to have them as his prey, and does all he can to drag them down to everlasting ruin: as a roaring lion he goes about, seeking whom he may first carry into his den, and then greedily devour.

7. *God disappointed and punished Herod.*—So does He often disappoint the devil, by defeating his malignant purposes towards men, by bringing to nought his crafty arrangements, and by causing his wily nets to be spread in vain. A terrible chastisement, too, awaits the arch-enemy, who also succeeds in deceiving and destroying so many souls.

8. *God loved Peter.*—And He loves sinners. As a Father,

he yearns over His prodigal children in all their wanderings and riot; and is ready, on the first evidence of sorrow, and the first offering of prayer, to forgive and accept them through His Son.

9. *God sent His angel into Peter's cell, against the will of Herod and the Jews.*—So, in spite of all the barricades erected by Satan and sin, He sends His Holy Spirit into the hearts of sinners.

10. *The Angel illuminated the prison with his glory.*—So does the Holy Ghost, by the light of Christ's truth and grace, illumine the soul that submits to His operation, and cherishes His influence.

11. *The Angel awoke Peter out of sleep, by smiting on his side.*—So God's Spirit arouses sinners from the slumber of guilt, by striking, with the hammer of the Word, a blow upon their souls.

12. *Peter obeyed the Angel's voice, and so was set free from his chains and companions.*—Believing penitents, too, when they obey the voice of the Spirit, speaking through the written word, the ministry, or the conscience, are made free from sin, and sinful companions, by appropriating to themselves the grace that is in Christ Jesus:—grace that casts out guilt and pollution, and throws off from the soul the yoke of bondage.

13. *Peter put on his sandals to help him to walk.*—So converted souls put on the shoes of obedience, that they may walk cheerfully, perseveringly, and safely, in the way of God's commandments. Though free from the prison of sin, they still feel that they are servants,—the servants of God. And as His servants, they get their feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, that they may serve him, without fatigue and fainting, according to His will.

14. *At the bidding of the Angel, Peter cast his garment*

about him, and followed the Angel.—So do believers wrap themselves in the garment of a firm resolution to serve God in righteousness and holiness all their days; and they follow the Lord Jesus; they not merely *prepare* and *resolve* to follow Him, *they do follow Him.* Professions and promises are necessary to begin with; but they are nothing without *practice.*

15. *When Peter obeyed the Angel, all obstructions to his freedom were removed, and he was led out of prison.*—So with penitents. The moment they obey the inspired command—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and rest by faith on His precious blood, the doors and gates of their spiritual prison give way, enemies are paralysed and rendered powerless, and they are led forth into the light and liberty of the sons of God.

16. *When the Angel had, by direct interposition, done for Peter what none else could do, he left him to do that which he had the power to do for himself.*—So when God brings our souls from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto Himself, He expects us, having Gospel liberty, and grace, and ordinances, to stand fast in our freedom, to grow in grace, and to walk in all His ordinances and commandments blameless.

17. *When Peter was left in the street, he was amazed at, and grateful for, what the Lord had done for him,* and, going to the disciples at Mary's house, he had a kind reception; especially as his deliverance was a direct answer to their prayers.—So with saved souls. How amazed they are at that immeasurable grace which bringeth them salvation! and now, longing to tell what He hath done for their souls, they make their way to the people of God; these receive them cordially as the fruit of their prayers and the crowns of their rejoicing; and all prepare, by united faith and fellowship, for union with the "Church complete" in Heaven.

CHAPTER IX.

AN EVENTFUL PERIOD.

> Things done well,
> And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
> Things, done without example, in their issue,
> Are to be feared.

THE removal of a minister from one place and people to another, in the ordinary working of the machinery of Methodism, may be regarded as a small and unimportant event. In some respects, doubtless, it is so. As far, for instance, as the stability and perpetuity of the British Empire, the success or discomfiture of political parties, and the prosperity or retrograde movements of trade, are concerned, it is, indeed, an event slight as the falling of a feather on the helmet of a giant; but, when the interests of the Churches affected are considered, and when, particularly, the development of the minister himself is taken into account, the change involves a great event, and the event forms a great epoch in the ministerial life. If the minister has been faithful, he will have raised up spiritual children; and, if studious, he will have created noble wants in the bosoms of his hearers; and, is it not important to know who is to watch those new-born babes, and satisfy those richer cravings? Churches who have got accustomed to faithful ministers, like plants that have just taken root in a congenial soil, cannot experience a change without the endurance of a loss. Nor is the minister himself less affected. He is like a weaned child—disconcerted, and without taste—for a period. Besides, the new Circuit will, in all probability, be associated with new circumstances which

will tend very materially to mould, and new conditions which will affect or tinge the development of, his character. Seeds of the same nature, wafted by the winds of Heaven into different climes and countries, produce very different plants and flowers in their respective situations; and the identical minister developed here, under a certain class of circumstances and conditions, will be different from what he would be as developed there, under the influence of diametrically opposite circumstances and conditions. Most important, therefore, indeed most eventful, is the ministerial change from circuit to circuit.

But some changes, happening at particular and critical times, are invested with more than ordinary importance and interest. This was the situation of Mr. Lynn, when removed to Chester, one of our oldest cities, from London, one of the largest. He then entered upon the last year of probation. When it closed, if all went right, he was to be received and ordained by the Conference as an accredited minister; and, if his pleasure dictated, and Providence opened his way, he could pass from the wilderness of singlehood into the Canaan of complete manhood! Surely, then, we keep within the limits of truth and soberness, when we designate this year "An Eventful Period."

When Mr. Lynn received his appointment to Chester, as the colleague of Mr. Earnshaw, who had been his superintendent in London, he was amazed—for they had not seen exactly eye to eye in matters of discipline and detail while there. "It is as mysterious an appointment as any that could have been given to me; but, what I know not now, I shall know hereafter. I must be consistent with the vows I have made to the Lord; for I have repeatedly prayed for his direction, and promised cheerfully to go wherever He sends me. Moreover, I know the people at Chester; and, I am

sure, I shall be gladly received by them. I am strongly tempted to believe that discouragement and grief will strew my path; but my hope is in the Lord, and my aim is His glory, and my salvation. Oh! that He may own and bless my feeble labours!"

The word "Farewell!" though it expresses a goodly wish, is never pronounced but with sorrow.

"Friends so dear my bosom ever,
Ye have rendered moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, oh! how severe!"

Once more, Mr. Lynn, in leaving London, was called to experience the sorrow of severance. "My feelings have been much tried to-day. I have taken leave of several families, whose affection greatly moved me. Why, my Lord, such love to me? In the evening, I preached my last sermon in London; the congregation was unusually large; I had much help from the Lord; the people were greatly affected; and when I came to meet my own class, the members were almost broken-hearted. I could with difficulty get them to leave the chapel. Lord, make me thankful for the love of Thy people. May I be kept humble at Thy feet, and give all the glory to Thee. Amen."

He had resided, while in London, with a pious and interesting family, and the reciprocal esteem and love which had grown up among them rendered separation peculiarly trying. "I feel deeply at the idea of parting with the kind, happy family, with whom I lived on the strictest terms of Christian friendship; and their kind attention to me has been unceasing. Now that we are to part, they manifest much affection; and to me it is like parting with the most endeared kindred. Miss Pringle and the two Misses Underwood * ac-

* One afterwards became Mrs. P. J. Wright; and both were spiritual children of Mr. Lynn.

companied me to the coach: I quite dreaded the moment of parting; but they bore it better than I anticipated. The Lord, I believe, gave them support. Messrs. F. and M. saw me leave London: it has been to me an eventful period of my life, and a real blessing."

In travelling from place to place, Mr. Lynn ever had an eye to a favourable opportunity to speak a word for Christ. Is not this as it should be? Do not politicians embrace such opportunities to discuss their favourite theories; and commercial men to advance their secular interests? And should not the Christian, and, particularly, the Christian minister, look out for similar opportunities to advance the good cause of universal righteousness? The journey to Chester was rendered interesting in this way.

"We left the bustle of London, at six o'clock: it was a beautiful evening. At the end of the coach, where I sat, my fellow-travellers consisted of—the guard, who seemed a good-natured man, and, at one time, had some concern about salvation; but he appeared as if he had nearly lost it—a young Scotchman, who was well-informed and had a pretty clear head; but as rank a Calvinist as ever I met with—another young man, who was an occasional hearer of the Methodists, but not a decided character; yet, a young man of extraordinary information, but, from his conversation, he is, I fear, inclined to sceptical notions—and, an Irish Roman Catholic soldier. The conversation we had was of a useful cast; and, although conducted on both sides with great firmness, good temper was, upon the whole, preserved. The young Scotchman and I had a long dispute about Faith. I said, that, 'God gives the power to believe, and man makes use of the power given him; that faith is God's gift and man's act; and that the power is given by Him, through His Spirit, to those who ask for it. God first gives the desire for salvation,

and that desire may be yielded to or resisted; the power to believe may be prayed for or not prayed for, and the power to believe, when given, may be used or not used; that man's salvation depends on his believing, and his damnation is the effect of his refusing to believe.' My young opponent said, 'I think that your putting salvation on this hinge makes faith meritorious; and salvation, in that case, would be partly by by grace, and partly by faith. I think,' he continued, 'the bare possibility of man having the power to receive or refuse the grace of God, is, in fact, the cause of his salvation or damnation.' I told him, if he called believing a work, I admitted that man could not be saved if he did not perform that work. This view of the plan of salvation he objected to *in toto;* because, he said, it robbed the Redeemer of His glory. I told him, I did not think so; if I got to Heaven, as I hoped I would do, I should most cheerfully give Him all the glory of my salvation. Here, we left the dispute; he thought I was wrong, and I thought he was wrong. He said, he believed in eternal reprobation, and none could get to Heaven but those who did believe it; because, if they did not believe it they rejected a part of Scripture. This, to me, was awfully horrible; and I was thankful I was not entangled in the bonds of Calvinism. We kept talking thus for upwards of twenty miles. About this time, I had reproved the soldier for swearing. He was remarkably ignorant about religion; but when he spoke of persons he had met, or places he had visited, in his travels, he appeared more intelligent than I supposed him to be. We arrived in Birmingham, about half-past seven in the morning, and there we parted. I had breakfast; washed myself and had a little prayer, and was thus refreshed both in body in mind. Shortly after eight o'clock, we left this place for Chester, and for the first forty miles I was happy to meet with a truly pious and very intelli-

gent coachman. Our conversation was spiritual and sweet, and, as we conversed together, we felt a flame of brotherly love burn in our hearts, and we quite regretted having to part. After we parted, there was a beautiful shower of rain. I got wet; but I rejoiced in the rain as it was much needed. We arrived, in Chester, about half-past five, and I took up my abode with Mrs. Jones, where I lodged when I was here before; and, as I expected, I had a very cordial reception. Oh! that my God may sojourn with me, and make me useful!"

No sooner had Mr. Lynn arrived in Chester, where he was heartily welcomed, than he set about the search, in private, of the power he was to wield in public. "This day (July 4th—ten days after his arrival), I set apart for fasting and prayer. I had no food, of any kind, from Friday night until this afternoon, at half-past five o'clock; and, in the interval, I visited the throne of grace fifteen times. My Divine Master was near me. I have no dependence on either fasting or praying; but I fast as a means of subduing the inordinate desires of the body, and solemnising my feelings; that I may, by repeated approaches to God, in earnest believing prayer, be brought into closer communion with God. I find, after a day spent in this way, as if I had gained much ground, and as if my soul breathed in a more exalted element. The feeling of hunger, produced by the want of food, makes me feel for those who are destitute of it; and stimulates thankfulness for it, when I return to it again.

"I preached to-day (5th), in our chapel, in the city; the congregations were small; but we had a powerful time at night. I believe there was a shaking among the dry bones. The Lord's Supper, afterwards, was a rich feast. I engaged most of the friends in a covenant to pray five minutes each day for three months, for the outpouring of the Spirit of God

upon us; and, surely He will, for Christ's sake, show us His salvation! The Lord has been precious to my soul all day."

Scarcely had he got fairly into his work, in this Circuit, before his soul was afflicted by the melancholy intelligence of the death of his ministerial friend and brother, the Rev. John Henshaw. He has recorded a brief sketch of that amiable and devoted minister, which our readers will be pleased to peruse.

"As a Christian brother, and fellow-labourer in the work of God, I loved Mr John Henshaw. He was a truly amiable man; and remarkably clean and neat in person and dress. His views of Christian truth and the means of grace were thoroughly Methodistical; and he loved, with all his heart, the institutions peculiar to Methodism. Prayer meetings, class meetings, fellowship meetings, and lovefeasts, when lively and spiritual, were his delight. His experience of Divine things was rich, and deep, and full. I believe he plentifully enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification; and, from this source, a peculiar unction attended his ministry.

"Nor did he neglect his study. He was a close and careful student, and read and thought extensively. Particularly, he prepared his sermons with much care, but he did not confine himself, literally and severely, to his preparations. His descriptions of evangelical repentance were plain, pointed, and searching; the fulness, freeness, and suitability of the atonement of Christ, he presented to the anxious seeker of mercy in a simple, clear, and impressive manner; and he beautifully explained the nature of saving faith, and strongly insisted upon the full and clear witness of the Holy Spirit as the inestimable and inalienable privilege of all God's people.

"His ministry was helped by his appearance and voice. He had a very happy countenance, and his voice was feeble but sweet, and, in general, a very rich influence accompanied

his word. Moreover, he prayed and believed for present effect, and it was no uncommon thing for seekers of mercy to find pardon while he was preaching. He had many spiritual children; indeed, he would not rest without seeing the salvation of souls.

"He was very fond of Wesley's Hymns. I heard him say that he always gave them out, and he regarded them to be the best description of experimental piety, in print. He was a very pleasant and cheerful companion; fond of singing and spiritual conversation. We were great friends, and, in Leeds, it used to be said, 'Where one is, the other would be.'

"Greatly was he concerned that we should have a spiritual and useful ministry. We had but few Revivalists in those days; he hailed all such as rich treasures, and longed for their number to be increased. He thought but little of sermons that did not lead souls to Christ. In a letter I had from him, when at Colne, referring to the Revival we had there, he writes—'It has too often happened that Revivals have been of short continuance, owing to the want of suitable instruments to carry on a good work, when it has been begun. We want more preachers of this spirit. Let us still keep the great end of ministerial labour in view, viz., the saving of immortal souls. And that we may gain this end, let us be very holy, zealous, and faithful. It is a common saying, that lively young men degenerate as they advance in life; but let it be different with us. Let us aim at being *more lively and useful than ever*. I am sure God can make us so. Let us, then, be determined upon it. If we enjoy and teach the *whole* Gospel, what shall stand against us! This is my wish, and my *only* wish. May God grant it.'"

The death of a brother and friend so estimable and so esteemed, was sure to inflict a deep and painful wound. The journal here forcibly reminds us of David's lamentation over

the death of Jonathan. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." We transcribe a passage:—

"This morning (Aug. 4th), a letter informed me of the death of my beloved brother, Mr. John Henshaw. Dear man! thou hast ended thy toils, and entered thy rest! Thy prospects for heaven were bright, and thy end was peace! The circumstances of his death affect me exceedingly. Thoughts of past days, our mutual affection, his pleasant countenance, his spiritual preaching, his pious conversation, his sweet temper, his zeal, activity, and usefulness, all passed before me, and produced, what is with me very rare—a flood of tears. Oh, how empty and vain do all things appear, when viewed in the light of eternity! How gloriously valuable is religion, when life is receding and death is advancing. I am resolved to preach more for eternity than ever. I took for the text to-night, Gen. v. 24.—'Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him.' The death of brother Henshaw led me to this subject, and God refreshed us in its exposition."

The Chester Circuit is large at present, but it was larger then. It branched out ten or fifteen miles on every side of the city. To the north, on the banks of the Mersey, was Ince; to the east, Huxley and Delamere; to the south, Threapwood, and, for a time, Cuddington, near the birthplace of the renowned commentator, Matthew Henry; and to the west, Greenfield, and many other places in North Wales, which now belong to the Hawarden Circuit. Formerly a horse was kept to enable the preachers to work the Circuit; but the horse was sometimes a donkey, and not very easy of management, and the preachers were not always good jockeys; some of them, indeed, dared not trust themselves a step above

terra firma, and particularly in the step of a saddle; and, from one cause or other, the horse was sold, and the preachers left to wend their way through the Circuit in the primitive style, in which Adam, the father of us all, wended his way through Paradise! Dean Swift amused the world by the "Tale of a Tub," and Butler, by his "Hudibras," has thrown many into convulsive laughter, with inimitable caricatures of the period—

> "When civil dudgeon first grew high,
> And men fell out, they knew not why;"

but, the "Round Preacher and the Restive Horse," would supply the title of a work, which, for the novelty and pertinency of its fun, might set all predecessors at proud defiance. Upon this tempting subject, we must not drop a word, as travelling by horse was anterior to the time when we have to consider the Chester Circuit. We wish, however, to cull extracts from the journal, which will both illustrate the peculiar work of the Circuit, and interest and profit the reader. This is our wish, and we have anxiously examined the journal, to be as happy as possible in excerpts.

The first shows the labour of a Sabbath, Saturday night, by a preaching service, gliding into it. "A Sabbath-day's journey," as determined by the Jews, seldom reaching, and never exceeding, a geographical mile in length, would not have suited the genius of the Gospel or the wiry elasticity and pious outgoings of Methodism. Methodist preachers, both regular and local, often perform their longest journeys on the Sabbath, and, anomalous as it may appear, they experience its rest in their toil. The late eccentric, but devoted, Hodgson Casson, used, of a Sabbath evening, after hard and exhaustive labour in the ministry of the Gospel, to say—"Tired in't, but not on't."

"My dear Redeemer," writes Mr. Lynn, on the 11th July,

1829, "has been precious to me to-day. I preached at Oscroft, at old Mother Bennett's. She is both deaf and blind. In conversation, she told me she had known the Lord sixty-five years, and had been in the enjoyment of perfect love thirty years. She felt, she said, the Lord precious to her soul, and expected soon to reach her Father's house. The service was very delightful. I returned to Tarvin, and lodged there for the night. Next day, I preached at Tarvin, in the morning, on Lam. i. 12, for the first time. The Lord helped me, and many were in tears. We had much love and power in the ordinance afterwards. How pleasant is Divine worship when God is near! We had an affecting time at Chester, in the afternoon, and in the evening I was blessed with liberty. The congregation paid close attention and exhibited deep feeling. Oh, that God may apply the word spoken! We closed this laborious day with a short prayer meeting. I was quite exhausted. The day, though hard, has been happy. How delightful it is to work for God and souls! The Lord wash my services in the blood of His Son."

Next, we have a trip into Wales. We recollect, once, when at Douglas, asking a sharp-eyed Manx boy, who steered the boat in which a party of us sailed, "Were you ever in England?" "Yes, Sir." "What part of England?" "Wales, Sir." The Chester Circuit, at one time, embraced many places in the Principality, and the preachers had many heavy but recreative and happy visits to its romantic and mountainous districts. We select one to Greenfield.

"I set off for Greenfield (Aug. 22nd.); it rained hard and blew heavily. I was afraid the boat from Chester to Bagillt would several times be upset. Thank God, I arrived in safety, about nine o'clock, P.M. I felt uncommonly low in spirit until we had family prayer, when I read a psalm and prayed. While pleading at the throne of grace, God broke

into my soul, scattered the clouds, and filled me with peace and joy. I know not that I was ever more thankful for a Divine visit in my life. My God! my soul cannot be happy without the light of Thy countenance!

"Sabbath—23rd.—I met a class, held in a little upper chamber; and Oh! bless my God, if ever I was next door to Heaven, it was there; the influence of the Spirit was like a shower of rain to the dry and thirsty land. I preached at eleven o'clock, and we had a very joyful season. In the afternoon I addressed the Sunday scholars, and was pleased to find the school in grand order; much good is being done among the girls. At night, we had many attentive hearers; the mighty power of God was with us; some of the sinners shook on their seats, and deep conviction ran through the place like a flame. I hope the feeling excited will result in much good. After the service, the Lord's Supper was administered; and if ever the Redeemer was seen in the breaking of bread, and the drinking of wine, it was on this happy occasion. The holy, thrilling influence of the Spirit of God rushed through my soul and body in such a manner as I cannot describe. Weeping, and loud shouts of 'Glory be to God,' were heard in every direction. Three or four persons cried aloud for salvation at the same instant. The Lord wrought mightily, and after several had prayed, the meeting was closed. This has been a high day to many souls. To God be all the glory!"

But the journey of journeys in the Chester Circuit, is what is termed the "Long Round." Formerly, it was longer in extent of travel, and consumption of time, than it is now; but, at present, it is long enough for the home-loving, and hard enough for the tender-footed. The journey is worked with watch-like order; no comet eccentricities are permitted in its sphere. There is a time to start and to stop; a place

for dinner, for tea, for repose; here you are to rough it, there you are to ride. A slight deviation from the law of the "Round" may be overlooked in a novice on his first tour; but pray, in future, beware. "Order is Heaven's first law," and it is both first and last upon the "Long Round." Go, therefore, good brother, at the proper time, stay the whole time, neglect no appointment; but, above all, to a simple-hearted and kind-hearted people, preach God's great and precious Gospel. Some have dreaded the "Long Round," and entered upon it with dispirit, and terminated it, (because terminated), with delight. We never belonged to their class, or shared their feeling. We loved to see nature there, in all seasons, so varied and beautiful, and to mingle with life, so unsophisticated, kind, and hospitable as there. To enjoy the "Long Round," the preacher should work hard and long in anticipation of it, and then enter upon it to recruit his strength and recreate his soul, giving himself up to one study—nature and life; to one work—preaching and visiting. He will thus do good and get good. But enough: let us have the narrative.

"Sep. 20th.—(Sabbath).—I set out for Aldford, five miles off, in a depressed, uncomfortable state of mind, owing to my want of self-denial the night before. In the service, I had pretty good liberty; but I was under a cloud all the time. After dinner, with Miss H., I was a little refreshed in prayer, and, had some freedom in preaching, at Holt, four miles further, in the afternoon; but I was still beclouded. We had the Lord's Supper after the service; but I was in pain all the time, and experienced little or no Divine feeling. I took tea at Farendon, and had a pleasant ride to Cuddington, eight or nine miles beyond. We had a large company; they heard with attention, but we had very little influence; the frown of God appeared to be upon me. Before I went to sleep, at

night, I confessed my unfaithfulness, and cried to the Lord to have mercy upon me; for I had sinned against Him.

"21st.—The Lord had mercy upon me in family prayer this morning, and lifted upon me the light of His countenance. While Mr. John Reece * was praying, I was much blessed; afterwards, I went into the garden, and sung—

"Arise, my soul, arise," &c.

While singing, my bonds were fully loosed, and the gloom was dispersed from my mind. I gave myself again to the Lord, and read until after dinner; and found much comfort. I thank God for the information I obtained. In the afternoon, I walked over to Mrs. J., of Tallon Green, mother of the young woman whose funeral sermon I preached when last here. She lives in a pleasant cottage, a short distance from the highway. The house stands upon the brow of a hill, and is surrounded by trees. At the back of the dwelling, a valley opens to the eye, in which a small brook gently glides. At one end of the house, a pretty garden is laid out. When I came near this peaceful cot, I was met—a few paces from the door—first by the daughter, and then by the mother; who greeted me with much Christian affection, expressing disappointment that I had not arrived sooner. They conducted me, with unfeigned joy, to their happy home. I was pleased with the order of the house, and admired its furniture and its cleanliness. As I entered, I said, in my heart, 'Peace be to this house!' When seated, we began a very interesting con-

* Brother of the Rev. Richard Reece, the Wesleyan. Mr. John Reece, at the time referred to, was a "local preacher,"—to quote from another part of the journal—"amongst the Wesleyans, and rented a farm, at Cuddington. The late proprietor of the farm left a clause in his will, to the effect that the New Connexion Ministers were to be entertained at the house, by the person who occupied the farm, so long as they came to preach in the neighbourhood. This was done by Mr. Reece in the most kind and hospitable way."

versation about the departed one; both mother and daughter spoke much in praise of the Divine grace, which had changed and supported her; and, ultimately, enabled her to go triumphantly to glory. After this, both related the circumstances connected with their own conversion, and spoke of the goodness of God to them since that period. I listened, with unspeakable pleasure, to their simple and affecting narrations, which were often interrupted by the silent flow of tears. The old lady told me the cot was their own; that she was born in it, and in it had been the mother of ten children—nine daughters and one son; and that, of her family, three were dead and seven were yet alive. In due time, tea was brought upon the table; and a clean and wholesome repast it was. If ever I eat what was set before me, with 'gladness and singleness of heart, fearing the Lord,' it was on this happy occasion. Shortly after this, the daughter and I engaged in prayer; and oh! what a heaven of love flowed into our souls! Whilst we were thus engaged, two married daughters and their husbands came in. I rejoiced to find that they, also, were seriously concerned about their souls. In a few minutes more, we all departed from this lovely dwelling to the house of God, at Threapwood; and as we went we conversed on things touching the kingdom of Christ. When we arrived at the chapel, many persons were standing at the posts of the door, waiting the commencement of the service. Before the singing was finished, the chapel was nearly full. I preached from Ezek. xxxvii. 1. The Lord gave me much liberty and love; and the people were in a very lively way, and received the Word with great joy. When the preaching was over, we had the Lord's Supper; for some time great solemnity pervaded our minds; at length, there was such a burst of feeling as almost overwhelmed us all. This has surely been one of the happiest days of my life.

"22nd.—When I awoke, in the night, my thoughts were heavenward. I felt the blessed effects of our happy meeting last evening. At family worship, I read the Word of God, and we sung a few verses of—

"Peace be on this house bestowed," &c.

After which, Mr. Harris and I prayed; and God refreshed our souls. I visited a sick woman, who seems to be doing well for heaven. After dinner, I walked to the Wytche, and had tea with Mr. B., who invited me the last time I was here. At night, the little house was well filled, and I hope the people were instructed and blessed.

"23rd.—I had some interesting conversation with Mr. B.; he is a sensible man, and has a measure of the fear of God before his eyes; but he has not His love in the heart. I pray God to bless him with salvation. The morning was fine, and I had a pleasant walk to Bradley; where I was received in the usual careless way. There is some religion here; but there wants a little good manners. We had a good company at the service, and I preached the plain truth.

"24th.—I had a delightful walk, this morning, to Shocklach. I was glad to see good Mrs. Hopley. She is the same pious, kind woman, and as attentive to her household, as ever. We had much sweet, Christian converse together. In the evening, we had a good attendance at the preaching house. I was not quite at liberty; yet, I believe, the effort was not in vain.

"25th.—Another sweet morning, and I had a beautiful walk to Aldford; where I dined with Miss H. It is four years to-day since the Lord converted her soul. Her servant, herself, and I, prayed and gave thanks to God, for keeping her in His favour and family. We were greatly blessed. Afterwards, I visited a sick woman, and was glad to find she had found peace with God this morning. It does my soul good to hear of sinners finding the Lord. I preached in the evening, and returned to the city."

Two sights, contrasting as broadly as possible with each other, made a deep and uneraseable impression upon the mind of Mr. Lynn, while in Chester. The one was presented on a gallows, the other in a pulpit: the one was the execution of two notorious criminals, the other the graceful elocution of a celebrated preacher; but both, as will be perceived, were turned—as all sights, however diverse, should be turned—to profitable and pious reflection.

THE EXECUTION.—"This morning (Sept. 26th), for the first time, I saw two poor men hung, at the City gaol. The concourse of people was immense; but what an awful sight it was! I cannot describe what I felt, when I saw the rope put round their necks. One of them, a young man, prayed very loudly, and said:—'Lord! have mercy upon us; do not let us perish! Christ! have mercy upon us; and take us into Thy glory!' The other was an old man; he said something in the shape of prayer, but I could not make it out. In this exercise they continued, until the fatal drop fell. The young man was just repeating, 'Take us into Thy glory;' but he was choaked before he finished the sentence. Thus, they were both launched into eternity. I was horror-stricken; I could not get them out of my thoughts, and off my feelings, for long and long. O, sin, thou dreadful monster! What hast thou done? What art thou doing? Thank God for His goodness to me, in keeping me from such disgraceful crimes, and from such an awful death!"

THE PREACHER.—The fame of John Elias, as a preacher, stretched far beyond his native country, and caused multitudes to flock to see the man—when, in consequence of the speech employed, the sermon could not be understood. "This evening (Dec. 17th), I went with Mr. Lloyd, my host, to the Welsh Chapel, in this city, to hear the far-

famed John Elias; but I could not understand him. The people seemed much affected, both while he was preaching and praying. I several times felt a solemn, holy thrill, go through my soul. God is certainly with the man; and he is truly in earnest, and no mistake. I think, I never saw such action in a preacher before. I looked at him, with as much attention as if I had understood all he said. I longed to understand the Welsh tongue, that I might appreciate this most powerful Welsh preacher; but I comforted myself with the belief, that I shall understand this good man when we meet in heaven."

Meanwhile, the experience of Mr Lynn—his spiritual growth—was strictly watched and prayerfully tended. Besides glimpses of soul-work supplied in the passages already quoted; there are a few so suggestive of what is useful to the Christian, that we are tempted to give them:—

"Nov. 22nd.—I am deeply humbled, under a sense of my ignorance. Lord, have mercy upon me; and fully prepare me for the great work to which I am called. What wisdom in the head, what love in the heart, what propriety in the speech, and, above all, what holiness in the heart and life are needful, for the right performance of the work of the ministry!

"Jan. 1st, 1830.—Oh! my soul, what hast thou been doing the past year? How much unwatchfulness and unfaithfulness hast thou been guilty of this year? Yet, praise God, something has been done, though feebly, for eternity. I have preached nearly two hundred and sixty times, and have had some very refreshing seasons. Thank God for all the past; and may He make me successful and happy in the future.

"Feb. 15th.—I have been meditating on this beautiful passage, with great interest—'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be

done unto you.' This is where I miss my way—not abiding in the Lord; and there is no abiding in Him, unless His Word abide in us. Now, as faith is the bond of union with the Lord, in proportion to the strength of my faith, is my union with Him; and, in the same degree that I am in union with Him, I can prevail with Him in prayer. What, then, is my duty, but to seek for a closer union with Him? And my Lord informs me, that if I 'keep His commandments, I shall abide in His love, even as He kept His Father's commandments and abode in His love.'

"March 26th.—It has been good for me to wait upon the Lord. I see the need of a firmer union with Him. This can only be secured by repeated acts of faith; the union is commenced at first by faith, and is only continued so long as we believe; the more frequently, therefore, that we exercise faith in Jesus, the swifter and stronger our union will grow. As this union strengthens, our evidence will be clearer; and as our faith increases, our victory over the world and the flesh will advance. Oh! what living in Heaven we might have on earth, if our souls were entirely cleansed from sin!

"April 23rd.—This has been a day of much prayer. I have been sixteen times on my knees, and reaped great advantage; still, I am not satisfied with my state of mind. When I look at the opportunities I have of getting good and doing good, I ought to grow faster in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ my Lord. I want a clearer view of the Three-One God. The fulness and freeness of redeeming love is indescribable; may I feel it, if I cannot fathom it."

Besides a steady accession of members to the Chester Circuit by a wise and pious use of the ordinary, appointed means of grace, there was a considerable accession, from an unexpected source, while Mr. Lynn was there. A rupture took place among the Wesleyans, respecting the legal settlement of

a couple of Sunday Schools, and the internal management of four or five School institutions connected with the City interest. A secession took place, and the seceders "held several meetings," writes a friend, "and ultimately resolved upon a junction with the New Connexion." We simply record the fact, and speculate not upon the right or the wrong in relation to the movement.

Writing, April 15th, Mr. Lynn remarks—"There has been some unpleasantness among the Old Methodists, in this city, about the Sunday School, and nearly forty of them have left, and offered themselves to us. This evening they were, after the case was fairly considered, accepted by our Leaders' Meeting. Some of them are persons of respectable character; I hope they will be happy among us; if so, they will strengthen our feeble cause here." Shortly after this union, and, indeed, as a consequence of it, the noble chapel in Pepper-street was projected, and, finally, reared. It was a gigantic undertaking, and too sanguine counsels prevailing, a debt, too heavy to be borne, was contracted; but, amidst all the straits and trials to which the trustees have, at times, been subjected, to their honour be it recorded, many of those who joined the Connexion, at the time named, have been true to their espoused cause, and given practical and praiseworthy proof of the liberality of their principles and the fervour of their piety.

Before closing the chapter, we must mention, however, briefly, for the present, another place in the Chester Circuit, which was visited by Mr. Lynn. We refer to Huxley. He has very particularly described it, in a record made there upon his first visit when a Supply at Hanley. "I visited a place (Aug. 18th, 1825), called Huxley, about eight miles from Chester. It is a hamlet, consisting of a group of farm houses.

It is an old place in this Circuit. Once, we had a nice little society, when a farmer named Tickel, lived there; but after his death, the family removed to Chester, and the society was broken up. There is a widow there, named Billington, who was, at that time, a member, and her youngest daughter, Sarah, both of whom were the fruit of dear Mr. Wall's labours, when in the Circuit. They are strongly attached to our people, and the preachers go once in about two months on the week-day, and they are remarkably grateful for a visit. It being harvest, I had but twelve hearers, whom I asked—'Where hast thou gleaned to-day?'—Ruth ii. 19. They were pleased, and I trust, profited. I had not, however, much pleasure in the service, as my head ached all the time; otherwise, I felt quite at home. The daughter is a good, modest, young person; she loves the Gospel, but she laments that it is so seldom preached there. Although the distance was so great I had much pleasure in my visit."

Upon another occasion, when there, preaching in the regular course of his appointments in the Chester Circuit, a "little occurrence," he says, which amused the young people very much," happened. Whatever was it? Oh, it was only a *breaking down*. What! of hearts? Aye, and of heads, too. While, with all propriety and solemnity, the service was proceeding, a crack was heard, like the firing of a pistol, and down fell, topsy-turvy, devout worshippers. What—how—why—is there damage done? No, no; do not be alarmed; it is only a rickety old form that could do service no longer, under any service, and so, without further ceremony or circumspection, down it went!

Surely, a strange fatality belongs to that Huxley. Have you noticed, good reader, that on Mr. Lynn's first visit there, he got the head-ache; that the "distance" there was forgotten

in the "pleasure;" that a Sarah, very like an Abraham's, was there—good, modest, and Gospel-loving; and that now, to crown all, or to *floor* all, down goes the form? There is something suspicious here; we dare dwell upon it no longer. "Arise; let us go hence." This year was eventful to Mr. Lynn; his probation terminated, and what more he did another chapter must reveal.

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE AND ORDINATION.

A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach.—ST. PAUL.

MAN is not, as infidels and fatalists would have us believe, the "creature of circumstances;" yet, it must be confessed, that circumstances exert very considerable influence in the original formation and ultimate complexion of his general character. Weakness, or disease, or neglect, on the part of a parent, may entail a sickly and weakly frame; bad nursing may produce life-long deformities and drawbacks; inefficient, or ill-judged education, may leave untouched and undeveloped, sterling powers, or generate and establish unmanly and worthless prejudices; and unwise, reckless, or godless associates may lead into paths of folly and impiety. But, perhaps, marriage, more than aught besides, makes or mars the man. It is one of those things which cannot occupy neutral ground, or be content with ordinary fare; it is either a boon, or a bane; if a boon, a precious one; if a bane, a desperate one.

"Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life."

Yet, how frequently is this, the most momentous and influential event in life, contemplated with thoughtlessness and consummated with giddiness! The fair one has eyes which sparkle as the stars, or cheeks which blush like the rose, or a voice which warbles like the nightingale's, or the purse of an heiress, and so forsooth, upon the principle of cooking the bird because it sings sweetly, the lady is made into the wife

We are charmed by beauty, and thrilled by melody, and cannot get on without this world's good; but, let it be remembered, that beauty fades, melody protracted becomes monotonous, and gold is but dust. In a wife, skill is more than beauty, love is the finest melody, and properties of hand, and head, and heart, are more than property. In no step in life, as in this, have we more need of the advice—"Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established."

Marriage and Ordination have in them much that is analogous: both are ordinances of Divine appointment; both involve solemn obligations; and both form epochs of transcendant importance in the life. As the man selects a partner for life; so the minister chooses his profession. As the man enters into solemn stipulations and vows with his wife; so the minister covenants with and consecrates himself to Christ. As, henceforth, the man and wife are one, "they twain" becoming "one flesh;" so the minister engages to "live no longer unto himself, but unto Christ, who loved us and gave Himself for us." As, then, what marriage is to the man, ordination is to the minister, we have put the two together in this chapter and now proceed to notice, each as presented in the case of Mr. Lynn.

A minister's wife! What should she be? To hear the talk often indulged upon this subject, one would conclude that, to begin with, she must not be a woman, with a woman's wants and weaknesses, but an angel, with an angel's energies and excellencies! As, however, Christ "passed by the nature of angels, and took upon Him the seed of Abraham;" so ministers would rather be excused wives so aerial and glorious, and as they are sons of Adam, be contented to take to themselves daughters of Eve. They, too, would like to

seek the alliance as do others, who, generally please themselves in their choice; but to be pleased, their must be congeniality in the object of their choice; and, if they are men of God, there can be no congeniality where there is no piety. Piety, therefore, not professional or superficial, but genuine, scriptural, and devoted piety, may not, is not, the only requisite in the wife of an ambassador for Christ, but, assuredly, it is the first and greatest. Mr. Lynn, when he seriously purposed to enter the marriage bond, was tempted, shortly after his settlement in Chester, to select a life-companion without this essential quality. "My feelings have inclined me (Oct. 2nd), to seek a companion for life, who does not enjoy religion; and this is the snare I am struggling against. She is a worthy person, in many respects, but she is not spiritually-minded. To the question—Am I to venture? my judgment and my Christianity say—No; my natural feelings say—Yes. Oh, my Lord, guide Thy servant in the good and the right way."

He was—as all who pray with like simplicity, fervour, and faith are—guided aright; but Divine guidance did not, and could not, lead in the direction of one whose claims were negatived by "judgment" and "Christianity." No; the true magnet lay elsewhere; and ere long it will be first felt, and then found. Huxley—nay, surely not!—we have just run off from the place, full of curious suspicions and surmises, and lo! it turns up again, wherever we go! Let us, however, face it this time boldly, and, for once, set all philosophers at bold defiance, by comprehending a mystery!

"Jan, 14th.—This afternoon, I paid a long-promised visit to Huxley; the day was fine and the walk pleasant. It is about four years since I was at this place. The old lady was mightily glad to see me. I preached, in the evening, to about twenty-three persons; who heard with great attention. The

text was Luke ii. 29, 30. I spent a comfortable evening with Mrs. Billington, conversing on different subjects; but I was greatly disappointed that Miss Billington was not at home, as I had a particular wish to see her. She had been called, unexpectedly, as a witness, to Chester, to give evidence in a case to be tried there."

Think of "greatly disappointed," and a "particular wish," in the connection in which they stand, and say whether they are not very suspicious terms! Our suspicions increase by the next day's record;—"After breakfast and prayer (on the 15th) I had a healthy walk to Chester, where I met with Miss Billington." Oh! terrible; what next! "She expressed her regret that she had been compelled to leave home; but requested me"—innocently enough, no doubt!—"to come again." And, did he come again? Aye, truly he did. The next visit was upon the memorable occasion when the frolic-some form prostrated itself during worship, and produced quite a sensation; but, on that evening (Feb. 11th), a still greater sensation was produced without anything like the noise. Listen! and you will hear its reverberations yet:—"After supper, I spent some hours in conversation with Miss B., and entered into a correspondence with her, on a matter of the greatest importance. She encouraged my thoughts; and I hope God will guide my way, and make a plain path before me." We have heard how good is an open confession, and here, in these ungarnished lines, the "matter" is faithfully told, and the mystery after which we were in quest is thoroughly understood!

What took place between this date and the 27th of May, when the intimacy previously formed in secret was religiously consummated in the parish church, must not, if even it could be, told. Nor, is it needed; for love and life are the same everywhere; and when known in one place, they may be pre-

dicated in another. No doubt, Her Majesty's revenue, arising from the postal establishments of the kingdom, was increased. No doubt, frequent visits were paid, and rural walks frequented; the poetry of life would be discussed and its prose reserved for after consideration; no doubt, this, and more than this, took place during the period, in the review of which the poet sings—

> "Oh, then the longest summer's day
> Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
> Had not imparted half; 'twas Happiness
> Too exquisite to last."

Of the day of days in a man's life—the wedding day—Mr. Lynn shall speak for himself:—

"This is one of the most eventful days of my life—a day I have longed for with strong desire. I left Chester, about seven o'clock, for Huxley, to be married to Miss Billington. The morning was wet, and as I walked along, I was much in prayer for the Lord's blessing upon this important step. After breakfast with the family, I read, Gen. xxiv., and John iv., and earnestly besought the Lord's blessing on the event of the day; the Lord was near, and I had the assurance that my marriage was pleasing in his sight. Shortly after breakfast, my beloved bride; her niece, Miss Hannah Wilkinson; her brother, Mr. Joseph Billington; and I, started, in our conveyance, for Waverton Church. We were met by Messrs. Earnshaw and J. Alcock, and Mrs. Lloyd, my hostess, of Chester; after a little refreshment, at the inn, we entered the church, and were solemnly joined in the holy estate of matrimony. I never felt more solemn in any act of my life. This thought occurred to me with great force—'Nothing but Death must part us.' After our marriage, the minister congratulated us in a very respectful manner. He regarded my bride as one of his parishioners; he showed us his church and

his school, and was quite courteous. Oh! my Lord, help me faithfully to fulfil the covenant into which we have entered!"

How a wedding-day is to be kept, is a question which different tastes will differently answer. Nature, a good teacher, seems to require that it should be kept festive; and Christ, the great teacher, honoured with his presence, and signalised by a display of "His glory," such a feast. What, however, is a feast to one is but ill fare to another; and what would be gratifying to one party would be heavy and dull to another. Mr. Lynn has recorded two marriage feasts—a friend's and his own—and we shall give both.

"April 28th, 1825.—I had the pleasure of taking dinner, tea, and supper, with the Rev. T. T., on the occasion of his marriage with Miss H.; and it was, in truth, a spiritual marriage. After dinner, the bridegroom turned the marriage party into a class meeting; he first related his own religious experience, professing to live in the exercise and enjoyment of perfect love to God; he was followed by the bride, who professed to live in the possession of the same blessing; and others of the company spoke to the same effect. The whole afternoon was spent in the most spiritual converse about the things of God. After tea, I went to Knutton, to preach, and had a precious opportunity of waiting upon the Lord. After the service, I returned to supper, and remained with the wedding party until after ten o'clock. Such an afternoon, for holy conversation, I scarcely ever spent."

The next is more of the earth, and yet it is linked, in prayer and consecration, to heaven. Our lives should be a Jacob's ladder, the foundation resting upon the clods, but the top, in noble aspiration and Divine excellence, reaching up to the skies.

"We returned, to Huxley, for dinner; after dinner, we paid

a visit to Beeston Castle—a large mountain, a short distance from Huxley. There arose a very high wind, which made it difficult to reach the top; and when we got there, we found it very troublesome to keep on our feet. The ladies found it very inconvenient, as they were less able to bear the blast than the gentlemen; yet we were all very merry, and enjoyed the fun of a good blowing. The day passed sweetly and swiftly away, and we returned again, for tea. After tea, Messrs. Earnshaw and Alcock prayed with us and for us, and left for home. Blessed be the Lord, for all the mercies of this day, and especially for the gift of this precious woman. There is no temporal mercy I have prayed more about than that implied in a wife; and now I believe I have got one from the Lord. Oh! my gracious Father! may Thy richest favour attend my dear companion and me, and may our union be a blessing to us, in time and for evermore."

Usually, ordination, amongst the Methodists, takes place, when the probationer has finished his probation, and is duly accepted as a minister of the body. That, in our judgment, is the time; the anxieties of probation are over, and a fresh start in the ministerial career is ready to be made; and what so fitting, or so stirring, as public recognition by the fathers and brethren of the ministry, and the ordination covenant, at such a period? But, motives of economy, and the wish to have an ordination service where each Conference is held, have had their influence, and the brother, though received, is sometimes not ordained for two and even three years afterwards. Mr. Lynn was ordained two years after his acceptance by the Conference; but we prefer to give the account here, for the reason already named.

"June 18th, 1832.—I have been seriously impressed with the solemn service connected with my being set apart to the work of the holy ministry, which took place to-night.

Messrs. J. Henshaw, H. Seals, W. Innocent, and myself, were devoted to the work of the Lord. Mr. Allin opened the service by singing and prayer; Mr. Salt asked the usual questions; Mr. Haslem delivered the charge; and Mr. Jackson closed by mighty prayer. It was, to many, an affecting season. I was enabled to make a fresh surrender of myself to God and His good cause. Oh, my holy Redeemer! whose I am and whom I serve, do accept of Thy poor worm, and make me more than ever useful in saving souls; that I may promote Thy glory on earth, and then go to glory in heaven for ever."

About the time to which the events of this chapter refer, Mr. Lynn wrote a couple of letters on a proposed "ministerial covenant." They appeared in the monthly organ of the Connexion, and excited considerable attention. Their object was to engage the ministers to meet at a given hour, once a week, for special prayer to God, in behalf of one another and their Circuits. It was formally adopted and recommended by the ministers then stationed in the Pottery Circuits, and had a good influence upon many. As, in this chapter, we leave Mr. Lynn married and ordained; with, therefore, the vows of the Lord upon him, it will not be inappropriate to introduce the "ministerial covenant" here, in the hope that it, or something of its substance and spirit, may soon unite in a godly phalanx, the ministers of different churches against the subtle and stealthy foes of Christ.

The first letter appeared in the Magazine for January, 1830, and reads thus:—

"My Beloved Brethren,—I hope you will most cheerfully comply with the earnest request of one who has the honour and happiness of being a fellow-labourer with you in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. I most sincerely desired that some plan should be adopted to unite us as a body of

Christian ministers together, in a covenant, for prayer, on the same day and at the same hour, to wrestle with God for His blessing upon each other, that we may increase in personal holiness, and be made more extensively useful in the respective Circuits where we labour. Such a compact, if attended to in a right spirit, would surely be pleasing in the sight of God, profitable to ourselves, and beneficial to the churches to which we belong.

"We could, brethren, I seriously think, engage for twelve months at least, to meet one hour in the week; for instance, say from ten to eleven o'clock every Saturday forenoon. If so, there is no reason to doubt but we should find it a blessed means of preparing for the duties of the ensuing Sabbath. It would also evince our affectionate concern for each other's happiness and success in preaching the Gospel of the blessed God. Oh, methinks, it would add fervour to our prayers and energy to our preaching, to remember that we were all in the habit of meeting at the same time at the throne of grace, to unite in earnest prayer for the same blessing, to that gracious God, who has said, "Whatsoever ye ask in faith, it shall be done unto you." Will you, my brethren, all of you, thus come "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty?"

"It would have been very desirable to have entered into this engagement at the commencement of the year, but as this has not been done, surely we may engage to enter upon it at the beginning of March.

"Let all the brethren who will enter into this covenant, forward their names at an early period, to Mr. Shuttleworth, (who, I hope, will be one of the first to engage in this holy work), that some kind of record may be made and preserved of the transaction. A few articles inserted in the Magazine, bearing upon this subject, and others of a similar description,

would prove interesting, and might be rendered useful. Let some of the brethren direct their attention to the matter, and we may hope soon to peruse some interesting communications, which will not be written in vain. That such a covenant may be made and kept by us all, shall be the prayer of,

Dear Brethren,

"Your very affectionate Brother in the Lord,

"A CIRCUIT PREACHER."

The next letter was inserted in the March number of the same year, and respectfully suggests the topics proper for prayer in the hour of special and secret retirement.

"MY DEAR BRETHREN,—My soul glows with unspeakable gratitude to God, the giver of all good, in the pleasing prospect we have of being united in a sacred covenant with God and each other. This, if properly entered into, will prove an employment the most sweet and soul-quickening of any to which we can devote ourselves on this side the heavenly world. I do trust it will be rendered a great blessing to ourselves, and that its effects on our churches will be most salutary, and lastingly beneficial. When met on the day and at the time referred to in the call to the solemn engagement, of course every brother will be perfectly at liberty to follow the dictates of his own judgment and feelings, respecting the subjects and matter of his prayers. But, would it not be well, think you, to have a few things pointed out, for which we should unitedly pray to the Lord to grant us for ourselves and our dear people, that we may with one heart, and one mouth, seek and wrestle for them in mighty prayer?

"I hope you will bear with one of the weakest of your brethren, while he presumes to suggest the following particulars as special subjects for prayer, to aid us in our hallowed exercises:—You all know, my brethren, that, in order to succeed in prayer, we must, in the *first place*, humble our-

selves before the Lord, thankfully acknowledge his past goodness to us, deplore our unfaithfulness, and ingratitude, and want of success; beseech Him to have mercy upon us, and to sprinkle our hearts afresh with the precious blood of Christ; give us near access to His throne, and assist us in our pleadings by the special influence of His Holy Spirit.

"2. Let us pray for the respective Circuits in which we labour, place after place, that the Spirit of God may be poured out on all the preachers, leaders, members, and congregations; that He may move upon them as a spirit of conviction, repentance, and faith; that He may justify penitents, sanctify believers, and fill our sanctuaries and souls with His glorious fullness.

"3. Let us pray for each of our Circuits and Circuit ministers, by name, that the Lord may bless us in all our borders, and enlarge our coasts.

"4. Let us distinctly pray for our worthy brother, the superintendent of the Irish Mission; for all our dear brethren, the missionaries, and all the missionary stations in Ireland, that the Lord may establish and build up our churches there, and greatly extend the mission in every direction.

"5. Let us pray for the blessing of God on all our Sabbath Schools, that He may more than ever smile on these eminently useful seminaries of religious instruction, in our own community, and throughout the world.

"6. Let us pray for every branch of the Church of Christ, that a more abundant degree of peace and prosperity may be given to every denomination of Christians who believe in the proper Divinity, and depend on the atonement of Jesus Christ alone for salvation.

"7. Let us pray for the blessing of the Almighty on all Bible, Missionary, and Tract Societies, and every other institution that has for its object the glory of God, and the salvation of mankind.

"8. Let us pray for our beloved Sovereign and country, and also thank our God for all the privileges we enjoy as a nation, and beseech Him in mercy to continue them to us unto the latest posterity, and graciously to spread and increase pure and undefiled religion over every part of the land.

"9. Let us pray for the conversion of the Lord's ancient people, the Jews, and the speedy salvation of every part of the heathen world; and by so doing, we shall prove ourselves to be lovers of God, lovers of His cause, and sincere well-wishers to all mankind.

"A. C. P."

CHAPTER XI.

UPS AND DOWNS.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whither shall prosper, either this or that; or whether they both shall be alike good.—SOLOMON.

HAVE you, good reader, ever been at a lovefeast? Do not contract your brow, and curl your lip, at the inquiry, as if a lovefeast were a small and a fanatical affair, adapted to little minds and morbid hearts, but not at all calculated to benefit, mentally or religiously, one whose piety takes an intellectual and reflective mould. Indeed! not so. Excesses have, no doubt, been run into, on occasions, by simple-hearted Methodists; but these are not to stamp the lovefeast as a weak and useless service. On the contrary, its faithful history would show that, for one spark of wildfire, it has kindled whole mines of "live coals," and for one foolish saying that it has coined, there are multitudes of precious jewels that it has stored. Let us give an example:—An old lady was relating the incidents of her religious life, in a lovefeast conducted by a Methodist minister. She paused; and then resumed, with her eye fixed upon the minister, and, concentrating the events of a long life into the utterance of a few words, observed, "Sir, I have had many 'ups and downs,' but not many 'ins and outs.'" "Ups and downs"—changes and conflicts, prosperous and adverse circumstances, sunny and cloudy days—we shall all experience; but "ins and outs"—now acting upon and now traitorous to Christian principle, now in the Church and now out of it—are traits of character which none admire, and none should contract.

We borrow, from this admirable utterance, the designation of this chapter. Let it, however, be distinctly understood, at the outset, that it is not intended to describe *the Circuit* in which Mr. Lynn spent the next two years of his life, but the prominent feature of *his career* while there. Literally, it is true enough, that the Huddersfield Circuit is full to overflowing of "ups and downs;" its hills and dales rising in vast variety, and, as we think, from some points of observation, in exquisite beauty. But our meaning is otherwise. It is difficult, in reading the journals of the period, to catch the leading idea; here the Work is described as flat, there it is exhibited as all on fire; here are droppings, indicating a shower, there are discouragements which perplex and weary the soul; and what, therefore, a truer designation than "ups and downs?" We must not, however, anticipate too much. The chapter will be found second to none in the character of its incidents and lessons.

Married and settled, and ready for fresh and zealous labour, Mr. Lynn heard, with unspeakable delight, that he was appointed to the Huddersfield Circuit, as the colleague of the Rev. A. Jackson. He had a double pleasure in anticipation of it; the Circuit he knew to be a good one, and his superintendent was one who had already won his esteem and love. He, therefore, started upon the journey thither, with high spirits, sheltering now, for the first time in his travels, beneath the wing of his guardianship—a companion, who shared and sympathised in all his pious aims and Christian efforts. "My dear little wife and I left our kind friends in Chester this afternoon (June 17th, 1830), and bent our way to our new Circuit. It was a touching thing to our feelings to part with many friends so dear to us. I felt much for my Sarah, as it was her first removal; but she bore it wonderfully, assured that she was moving in the path of Providence. We

reached Manchester, about seven o'clock, and were comfortably entertained at the house of Mr. W. Makinson.* Next morning, after visiting a few families belonging to the society here, and conversing with them on the things of God, we left Manchester, at twelve o'clock, for Huddersfield. The mountain scenery we beheld, as we passed along on the coach, was very interesting. All was new to my dear companion, and she was much pleased with what she saw. We reached Huddersfield a little after four o'clock, and made our way to the preacher's house, when lo! the key was missing, and we had some trouble to find it. The house, with the garden behind, laid out so neatly, pleased my wife vastly, and, with a sweet smile on her face, she said—'We shall be like gentlefolks here.' I had been longing for a home of my own for many years, and now both of us felt grateful that God had blessed us with one. I went, forthwith, into my study, and gave myself and my dear wife to God, and entreated Him to sojourn with us, and make us a blessing to many souls.

"About two hours after our arrival, my beloved colleague, Mr. Jackson, came, and we rejoiced in being appointed together. I took Mrs. L. to see him and Mrs. Jackson. Mr. Jackson surveyed her from head to foot, and, seeing that she was rather touched by his manner, he said—'Excuse me Mrs. Lynn, I have been a soldier,' and added, 'Well, ma'am, in your new sphere you will have some bitters, but many sweets.'"

The Huddersfield Circuit was, at that period, in a somewhat divided and distracted state. The previous ministers had not worked harmoniously together, or with the people, and contention and party feeling ran high; "but," writes Mr. Lynn,

* Mr. Makinson was a scholar and a Christian, possessing a clear head and a tender heart. Ministers always found in his home a hearty welcome and hospitable entertainment. His memory is very precious to us.—Ed.

very properly too, "we resolved to have nothing to do with the quarrels, and to do all we could to promote the peace and prosperity of the Circuit. I am thankful to have so skilful a general as Mr. Jackson: I have full confidence in him."

Mr. Lynn opened his commission at Berry Brow, two miles south of Huddersfield. "I had freedom and power in preaching, and the congregation was numerous. Here I met with Abram Lockwood,"—a plain, but humorous and faithful local preacher. "Referring to the disputes which had taken place in the Circuit, in his own peculiar style, he said—'A lad, we had some tupping work here; I thought we should tup one another through the hedge.' He then took me to his house to see his wife. As we entered, he said in broad Yorkshire—'A lass, here's the new preacher; I am very fain (glad) to see him.' I dined with Mr. S. Stocks, who has a very comfortable home, and preached in the afternoon at Mr. J. Haigh's, Hall-ing, on Jonah i. 6. In the evening, I was again at Berry Brow; there were many persons present, and a lively feeling was experienced in the service. I hope to have many good days in the Circuit, and to see many souls saved."

In Huddersfield, though happy, and, in general useful, Mr. Lynn never felt the homely freedom, which, in parts of the Circuit, and in other Circuits of the Connexion, he had usually enjoyed. Two or three records of his experience at High Street Chapel, will best explain the remark which we have just made. The first refers to the services of the first Sabbath in the town chapel.

"June 27th, 1830. I preached three times in High-street Chapel. We had a happy season in the morning, a large and attentive congregation in the afternoon, and a lively feeling in the evening. I did not, however, feel quite at home. We had a numerous attendance at the Lord's

Supper, and the occasion was very solemn. Many of the people engaged to pray, daily, for the revival of the work of God, and they seem disposed to live to His glory and labour for the salvation of souls. May the Lord pour His blessing upon us speedily."

The second, is a year later, when the blush of novelty had subsided, and a sound judgment was likely to be formed.

"June 26th, 1831. I had a sweet season in prayer yesterday forenoon, during the 'covenant hour.' This morning I was greatly affected at the thought of preaching three times in Huddersfield Chapel. It tries to the uttermost, my head, heart, memory, and tongue, to vary sufficiently six prayers and three sermons; and it demands of my little mind a stretch of no ordinary character. I know not how it is, but I seldom feel so much of the power of God in preaching here, as I have done in most other places, where I have travelled. I have often had liberty of expression; but, so far as I know, the Word has not made so deep and durable an impression on the minds of the people, as it has generally done in other places. I am thankful to record that Jehovah favoured me with much Divine solemnity this evening, while preaching on these words—'Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee.'"

The third, and final extract, on this subject, is dated Sept. 1st and the 11th of the same year.—"I preached at Huddersfield, and was particularly blessed in the first prayer, but I was not pleased with my preaching. I sometimes get too wild, and run before the Spirit, giving way to my wit, and so bringing uneasiness into my mind. Lord keep me in the Spirit!—I preached three times in High Street Chapel, and had more preaching power than I usually have here. I can say, my eye was single and my heart sincere before God. I aimed at His glory and the good of souls, and, when all was over, I had an easy mind."

There is not anything more certain in the world, than that some preachers are better adapted to certain congregations and districts, than to others, and that, consequently, the ministry, which in one place is accompanied with power and crowned with prosperity, in another may be comparatively feeble and unsuccessful. The reasons for this may be many and complex, but the fact is palpable. Mr. Lynn had experience of the fact; yet, meanwhile, his piety was warm and influential. There appears to us a maturity and mellowness about the experience of the period. Take a few examples.

"Nov. 23rd, 1830.—I may say my soul has been happy to-day. My heart has been cheered by reading, writing, and prayer. Oh! this pure, precious love of God. What a rich treasure it is! I long to get it perfectly and to keep it firmly. I want my soul emptied of darkness and filled with light, and to secure the entire removal of the carnal mind—pride, passion, envy, self-will, inordinate love of the things of this life, and every other root of bitterness. I want to have, in the place of these, perfect faith, excluding unbelief; perfect humility, uprooting pride; perfect patience, kindness, good will, submission to the will of God in all things: and, in short, perfect love to God, so that, in the best sense, all 'old things may be done away and all things become new.'

"March 6th, 1831.—I preached at Dewsbury, and lodged with Mrs. W., a Methodist of the old school. We had a grand outpouring of the Spirit of Divine love in family prayer. When I retired to my bed-room, and while commending myself to God for the night, I felt in a peculiar manner. My soul was full of music, and every petition I presented, seemed to harmonise with something like singing. The heaven of joy and love that filled my soul, was indescribable. I fell asleep with my soul full of glory.

"Aug. 14th, 1831.—This morning, while reading 'Kempis'

Christian Pattern,' I found it a looking glass to my soul. I had such a discovery of my weakness and unworthiness, as sunk me in the dust before God. In my recent affliction (English cholera), I have, in a great measure, been devoid of comfort, and my feelings were of an unhappy description. O, Lord, my springs are in thee. I love my wife and child in Thee, and pray to be willing, at all times, to give them up to Thy righteous will. I tried this forenoon to make the surrender, and I was relieved by it. My Jesus must be the Lord of my heart, and all creatures must bow down to Him. Spring of mercy! flow with all thy hallowing sweetness into my soul, and cleanse it, that it may bear the likeness of its Lord. Oh! that on earth I may breathe nothing but love, and do nothing but righteousness.

"Oct. 18th, 1831.—The life of the Rev. D. Stoner has done my soul good. I have been forcibly struck with his faithfulness, in examining himself. Oh! how he longed and prayed for personal purity and the salvation of souls! I am persuaded there is no getting on in religion without a great deal of that spirit. Let it fall upon me thou blessed God, and help me to wrestle myself into Thee.

"April 18th, 1832.—I have been very happy of late. I see more clearly into the duty of believing. I have waited and prayed for faith, instead of using the faith I have; and I have been expecting the effects of faith, before I exercised it. Lord forgive me, and instruct me to understand more clearly this important point. An increase of faith comes by believing; the Lord gives us more strength when we use the strength we have. I have begun to tell the Lord that I believe, and I have implored His blessing through faith, and have found my faith increased. Oh! what simple, happy work, is believing in Jesus!

"19th.—My faith has been in lively exercise; my

feelings more tender; my enjoyments richer; and my appetite for the means of grace keener. I am ashamed of my past unbelief, and of my praying for power to believe, when I had the power, and of my waiting for this power instead of using it. I thank God, who has shown me the mistake, through a conversation with our young friend, Mr. Bradshaw.* I have taken this view of faith into the pulpit, and my sermons this week, have proved a blessing."

Although there was not prosperity, to the extent desired, to the extent, perhaps, deserved, or to the extent realized elsewhere, in many parts of the Huddersfield Circuit, Mr. Lynn had precious seals to his ministry.—At Shelley, on the 18th Sept., 1831, he writes—"I admitted twenty new members into society, most of them young, and, to all appearance, very serious. I administered to them, and a large attendance of members, the Lord's Supper. The power of God rested upon us."—"At Deighton, April 11th, 1832, we had a cheering service; precious souls are giving themselves to Christ, and joining the Church."—"At Cliffe Hill we had a numerous company (April 30th); the Spirit of the Lord was truly with us. I heard there of three spiritual children: this was a great comfort to my soul."—And at Shepley, where, on the 14th May, he preached his last sermon to a "crowded house," he observes, "I have heard of three spiritual children in this place. May the Lord keep them till the day of His coming." Oh! how precious the knowledge to a minister, that he labours not in vain. How assuring and stimulating, to be able to point to several here and there, within the sphere of his

* The Rev. G. Bradshaw, who was then at Halifax, and had been four or five years in the Itinerant work. His labour has been cut short by sickness; but, in his retreat, at Southport, he carries the good wishes and earnest prayers of the brethren who know him, and the churches among whom he laboured.—Ed.

operation, and say—"The seals of my apostleship are ye in the Lord."

As before, so in Huddersfield, the routine of ordinary labour was relieved by several visits to other Circuits, and notable places. One was to Arnold and Hucknall, in the Nottingham Circuit, where, he visited "the famed tomb of Lord Byron, which is in Hucknall Church," and where the reflection was forced upon him, that "the lord and the beggar equally mingle in the dust of death." A second was to Ison Green, near Nottingham, where, to his great surprise, he met, "my dear friend, Mr. P. J. Wright, from London, who had come on purpose to see me, and who knew not how to express his joy at our meeting." And a third, and the only one which we can refer to *in extenso*, was to Colne, the place of his former residence.

"Feb. 25th, 1831, I left home for Colne. I had dinner at Halifax, with my father in Christ, Mr. G. Beaumont, and I had some refreshing conversation with him. After dinner, Mr. Baggaly brought a horse for me to ride upon. About two o'clock I set off, and met R. C., at Hebden Bridge, who had come to conduct me across the moors, and a tremendous rough journey we had. As soon as we began, a storm of snow arose, and it snowed, with very little intermission, all the way; the wind blew fiercely in our faces, and the road was very bad, up hill and down, all the way; it was, indeed, a bleak wilderness; we were nearly perished with cold. We arrived about half-past seven o'clock, feeling thankful that we had got safely through the storm. Old mother Clegg soon prepared us warm, refreshing tea. Shortly after, I went to the lodgings prepared for me. I praise God for the goodness of the day.

"26th.—I arose refreshed, only my twenty miles ride yesterday, has left me exceedingly sore and stiff, owing to my

not being accustomed to riding. To-day, I have spent in visiting old friends and acquaintances, who were all very glad to see me. I found about twelve members of society, who became members when I was here; I was glad of this, as it had been reported that all had gone back. After all, my soul was deeply grieved that so many had turned again to folly. Oh! that these few remaining sheep may be kept until the day of final redemption.

"27th.—I heard a sermon this morning, which gave me more pain than pleasure; afterwards, I preached for the benefit of the trustees of our chapel, when I prayed for help and was heard. We had immense congregations, who heard the Word of God with serious attention. Blessed be God, this has been a lively and happy day. One poor man was so deeply affected, that he groaned aloud for mercy. May the living God save him.

"28th.—I left Colne for Bradford, there being no coach to Huddersfield; thence, about five o'clock, P.M., I set off to walk home; but I missed my way, and landed at Brighouse about eight o'clock, and remained with Mr. B. for the night. We had a good season in family prayer, and I conversed with the family on the state of their souls.

"March 1st.—I started for Huddersfield, and was glad to find all well at home. In the evening we had a glorious prayer meeting in our class at Longroyd Bridge: it was heaven below."

Two or three note-worthy events took place while Mr. Lynn sojourned in Huddersfield.—The first was connected with *royalty*. On the 15th July, 1830, George IV. was interred, and on the 8th Sept., 1831, William IV. was crowned. Writing upon the former day, Mr. Lynn remarks —"Lord, what is man? How short is life! how vain the best estate! Kings and princes sink down before the monarch

of the grave. I am much impressed with the brevity of human life, and with the boundless, unchangeable eternity to which we are going. How short the space between the cradle and the grave! Oh Lord, 'teach me to number my days,' and give me a more serious, watchful spirit." Writing on the latter day, he says—"The coronation of king William IV. with his worthy consort, has been celebrated to-day. My prayer is that the Lord may crown them with his favour here, and grant them a crown of glory hereafter. The Jubilee of Sunday Schools, has, also, been kept to-day. It is fifty years since this godlike institution was commenced. The children of the various schools in the town and neighbourhood, met and sung hymns, arranged for the occasion, and suitable addresses were delivered."—A second event was of a *local* character. The hospitals of our native land, though they remind us of the accidents, calamities, and diseases to which humanity is exposed, stand as noble monuments of the philanthropy and Christian piety of our people. On the 29th of June, 1831, one of those excellent institutions was opened, at Huddersfield.—"We have had a great stir; the new infirmary has been opened for the reception of patients. In the forenoon, there was a very respectable procession of gentlemen belonging the town and neighbourhood, and several friendly societies, such as the Free Masons, the Royal Foresters, Gardeners, Druids, Shepherds, Mechanics' Institutions, &c., &c. A portion went to church; after prayers, a sermon was preached by the Rev. the vicar of Halifax; when the service was over, the procession paraded the streets, exhibiting their respective uniforms and flags, in a very orderly manner. But the dresses of the members of the secret societies, puzzled me. I am surprised that men should make themselves so singular, under the garb, too, of religion. If their union with such societies made them better, I should

suppose there was something spiritual in their profession; but I have known Christian men, who have joined them, lose their religion."—The third was a *domestic* event. The coronation of the king, and the showy opening of the infirmary, were trivial matters to Mr. Lynn, less, actually than the dust upon the balance, compared with what occurred within his own house on the 12th of May, 1831. He had stood in many relationships before; he had been a scholar, an apprentice, a journeyman, a master, a Circuit Supply, and a Probationer; but, on that day, he entered a relationship more tender, honorable, and responsible, than any and all besides—he became a *father*. Returning from the Nottingham Circuit, after an absence of four or five days, and finding an addition to his family, he writes—"I was sincerely grateful that all was right. I opened my Bible on Prov. xvii. 6—'Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers.' My prayer is that my first-born may be the Lord's for ever. Oh! my Saviour, give me grace to train her up in Thy fear, that she may rise at last to the glory of Thy eternal throne. What an endearing relation is that of parent! When I first embraced my precious little child, my heart throbbed with parental affection, and my dear Sarah was delighted with her little daughter. May Jehovah take care of both." Thirteen days afterwards, returning to the same topic, he observes —"This is the anniversary of our marriage. During the year, I have enjoyed great domestic happiness; I have entered upon the interesting character of father; yet I sometimes question whether my affections have been set on God as they were some years past. The change is so great, that it requires time to learn the proper management of the feelings. Lord help me in every state to live to Thee!"

In visitations to the sick, Mr. Lynn was very useful, while resident in Huddersfield. One person, through his instru

mentality, was converted while afflicted, and experienced a most triumphant death; others, were edified and comforted. Among the latter, we may mention two, whose names are yet very precious to the people there. We refer to Mr. John Hirst and Mr. James Shaw. Of the first, he thus writes:—"Mr. Jackson and I went (June 23rd, 1830), to see old Mr. John Hirst, a local preacher, who is in dying circumstances. He has been upwards of half a century in the way to Heaven. We were much blessed in prayer with him. What a glorious thing religion is! This good man told us that his soul was like a balloon fully charged, and held down by a single string; when that was cut, it would fly upwards. His soul was ready for Heaven, and was only kept here by the tie that binds the soul and body together." Of the other, we have two or three brief notices, which, for their interest, and the memory of the brother concerned, we transcribe.—

"Jan. 4th, 1831.—I visited Mr. James Shaw; he is very ill; what the end will be I know not; nothing but the power of God can raise him. His mind is resigned and happy. On inquiring how he was, he replied, 'I am very poorly, but I should be far worse if I had not Christ.' He added, 'When I look back on the former part of my life, I am much ashamed and humbled; I have sometimes done the work of the Lord in a half-hearted manner, at other times I have done it with all my might, sometimes, too, I have given way to constitutional weakness, and on that account, I feel humbled.' On being reminded that he had an advocate with the Father, who sprinkles the mercy seat with His blood, he said—'Yes, blessed be His name, that is all my hope and all my plea.' He was asked, if taken away from earth, whether he wished anything to be said about him. He replied—'No.' 'Have you written any account of God's dealings with you?'—'No.' 'Have you thought of any text, as some good people have done in like circumstances,

for a funeral sermon?'—'No; I am so unworthy, and have done so little, I wish to be laid in the grave, and nothing said about me.'—'Yes, but your brethren think differently of you.' He made no reply. I then prayed with him, and we had a glorious season.

"8th.—This morning, at five o'clock, our dear brother, J. Shaw, entered the eternal rest in a triumphant manner. His last words were—'Glory, glory, glory.' Thank God for giving him so grand a finish. What is man in his best estate but a poor dying worm; yet, how blessed is the man whose God is the Lord.

"12th.—I attended the funeral of the late Mr. James Shaw. There were present an immense number of people, who manifested every token of sincere esteem for one, whom they had so long known and loved. The funeral procession—for number, good order, and serious demeanour, as well as what is commonly called respectability, was equal to any I ever saw. He was interred at Aldmondbury church, where he took his dusty bed, until the judgment trumpet sound, and wake the sleeping dead. I thank God for what He has done for His dear servant. Oh, my heavenly Father! help me to cleave unto Thee with full purpose of heart."

Ministers cannot do without books; books are to them what the hammer is to the smith, the trowel to the mason, or the compass to the mariner. But, it must not be forgotten, that books, though they contain wisdom, do not make a man wise, no more than the sheep and oxen which stud the farm make him strong while yet uncaught, undressed, and undigested. The library may be full of books, books too of judicious selection and healthy stimulus, and yet the soul may be as empty as the library is full. Books are to be studied, and ministers, whose tools are books, should be students. Mr. Lynn, although not the greatest reader or the profoundest

thinker of the age, read, and read seriously and prayerfully. Three books are particularly referred to in the journal records of Huddersfield period. The first, terrible to think of!—was a *novel!* Can it be possible that one so pure, so pious, so zealous, could *touch*, much less study, a novel? He did; and, what is still more extraordinary, he was encouraged and even directed in this procedure by Mr. Wesley! Hear his own account.—"Reading has been my chief employment to-day. I have been much interested by a perusal of the 'History of Henry, Earl of Moreland.' I understand it is the only novel recommended by Mr. Wesley. In it are drawn some very fine traits of character, and there are given many choice illustrations of evangelical religion."

The next work, so far from exciting surprise that it was read, would have produced extraordinary surprise had it not been mentioned as read. "Wesley's Sermons and Methodist Preachers!"—Why they are wedded to each other like man and wife, in holy matrimony! One might as well speak of spring without flowers, or summer without fruits, or the rainbow without colours, as of a Methodist preacher without Wesley's sermons! But, we fear, like other things joined to each other as a matter of course, they are not always joined intelligently and lovingly. An aged, and somewhat acute hearer was accustomed, when his own minister was preaching, to go fast asleep, the sermon operating as a charm or cordial; but, whenever a student or young minister occupied the pulpit, this identical sleepy hearer was all eye and all ear. On being asked a reason for his singular conduct, he replied, that he had doubts of the orthodoxy of the striplings, but his own aged and venerable minister he could "trust, even asleep!" Mr. Wesley's sermons are treated too much in this style; they are taken for granted, without being heard or read. Mr. Lynn, however, read and profited by them. "While studying

'Wesley's Sermons,' I have been humbled and instructed, particularly by two of them—'Sin in Believers,' and 'The Repentance of Believers.' These sermons touched all my weak places. Mr. Wesley shows that Justification is a change in the character, and Regeneration a real inward change, by which we become new creatures. He further proves that until the root of sin is taken away, although sin itself is kept in subjection by justifying grace; yet there is a constant war between the corruptions of the old man and the pure principle of the new man, and that, in general, indwelling sin is not discovered for some time after the soul is justified; moreover, when it is discovered, sorrow on its account arises in the heart, and faith must be exercised in the promise and power of God for its removal. I thank God for these discoveries."

The last and best book studied was the Bible. The Mississippi among rivers, and the Himalaya among mountains, but imperfectly intimate the relative situation of the Bible among books. Written by earthly pens it was dictated or superintended by the Divine Spirit. Made up of human vocables, it contains God's precious thoughts. As the curtained tent of the holy of holies enclosed the blazing emblem of the Deity, so the frail words of the Bible unfold the matchless plan and merciful purposes of the Great God. O, brother ministers! ambassadors of Christ and messengers of the Churches, approach this book with reverent step and study it with angelic solicitude! Mr. Lynn reverenced and read, searched and obeyed his Bible. "In reading the Bible to-day, I was much impressed and pleased with the signal God gave to David and the Israelites (1 Chron. chap. 14), when they had to go against the Philistines to battle. 'When thou shalt hear a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry trees, then thou shalt go out to battle.' We learn—1. How wise it is to

consult God in everything.—2. God works upon a plan, formed alike in wisdom and mercy. We must wait until His 'when' has arrived.—3. Incontrovertible intimations or signs will be given when we are to enter upon our work. The 'mulberry trees' of heaven-ordained circumstances will 'sound.'—4. It is the Lord who gives victory; not numbers, skill, or earthly strength."

How much Mr. Lynn, was benefited by association with Christians of other denominations, we have already seen in more cases than one; he was not less benefited, in a similar way, at Huddersfield. Christians of all sects are too much disposed to look upon their own community as Christ's special flock, and to regard all who are beyond its fold as lost or ill-fed sheep. Intercourse with each other corrects this narrow and sectarian conclusion. The true theory to hold is, perhaps, this—There is no Church wholly accepted and none wholly rejected by Christ. His Church is a Church within the Churches, and made up of members from all Churches, and of some who belong to no visible Church at all. This is, if we would think aright, "the holy Catholic Church." Union with Christians of various bodies always enlarged the mind and added to the catholicity of the spirit of Mr. Lynn. Two illustrations are before us.—"I spent a very agreeable season (July 11th, 1831), with Mr. John Brookes, a Baptist, who is a sensible and pious man. The longer I live, and the more I know of the children of God, the more clearly I perceive that names and parties are nothing. The love of God, whoever experiences it, produces like feelings and effects. When I perceive the spirit of Christ in anyone my soul cleaves to him in love. Mr. B. and I preached in the Paddock School, what is here called a 'double lecture,' for the benefit of the Sabbath School. The service did me good both in body and mind."

The other illustration relates to the Society for the spread of Christianity amongst the Jews, and is given principally for the lively and suggestive anecdotes it contains.

"Aug. 22nd, 1831.—I attended a meeting for promoting Christianity among the Jews. Many interesting facts were stated, illustrative of the good that had been done. Several striking anecdotes were related; the following I cannot help recording, respecting a Jew and a Christian, who met to discuss the future hopes of the Jewish people. On one occasion, the Jew had nearly puzzled the Christian, until a passage of God's Word came to his mind which set him loose and cut the Jew to the heart. But although convinced, he would not submit, and so far resented his defeat, as to knock the Christian to the ground. The Christian arose and told the Jew that his meek and lowly Master had taught him not to resent such treatment; at that moment the Jew left the room in a rage, and in a very abrupt manner, and nothing more was heard of him for some months. He was, at length taken ill, and expected to die. He thereupon sent for the Christian, who went to see him, and found him very ill. He was extremely glad to see his visitor, and told him, at the moment he behaved so shamefully to him, he was convinced of his error, but his prejudice would not allow him to acknowledge it. He had now however, renounced his Jewish creed, and relied on Christ alone as his Saviour. While this conversation was going on between these now Christian friends, a sister of the Jew was listening at the door, and she was so offended at the Christian gentleman who was visiting her brother, that she determined to insult him; so when he came down stairs she threw the door after him in a violent manner. The gentleman bore all patiently and walked away. He had not gone far, when she ran after him, and very kindly begged his pardon; and, from that time, the whole family became

steady followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus did the truth triumph and grace abound."

In Huddersfield, Mr. Lynn had two classes; one met in the afternoon, at High-street Chapel, and the other in the evening, at Longroyd Bridge. The latter was particularly prosperous and useful. Class meetings are generally understood not to be so well attended as they were in the earlier days of Methodism, or as the spiritual wants of Methodists, if properly felt, would seem to require, and many plans have been proposed to remedy the evil. The best remedy, in our judgment, will be found, not so much in any change of plan, as in an increase of life and power. Let the leader, with ordinary aptness to teach, possess power with God, and let the members, instead of using a set of stereotyped words, which have lost all meaning to themselves and exert no influence upon others, speak from the fulness of feeling and confiding hearts, and, depend upon it, the class will have the attractions now, as formerly, of the Mount of Transfiguration, and each member of it, in rapt and healthy excitement, will, week after week, exclaim—"Master, it is good to be here." The class at Longroyd Bridge was of this character. We have marked several passages for quotation on the subject, which we would present as a means of stimulating others to seek in those blessed means of grace "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

"1831, March 8th.—We had a serious and powerful class at the Bridge; the Holy Ghost was with us, and we praised the Lord.

"May 24th.—The class was a sweet and Heavenly season; the Lord was with us; praise His name.

"Aug. 30th.—Our class at the Bridge was an uncommonly rich season. All glory to God! for such visits of love.

"Nov. 29th.—We had an interesting class; twenty-one

present. Several spoke of having received good under the preaching of Mr Jackson, on Sunday, and at the band meeting last night. There is a strong desire among the members to be quite ready for death and eternity.

"Dec. 18th.—We had nineteen present at the Bridge class. The influence that fell upon us in the first prayer was unspeakable; and, during the meeting, my soul was filled with love and praise. Bless the Lord, I feel He is a God of love, and He is doing the people good.

"1832, Jan. 3.—Our class to-night was solemn, but not, as it generally is, sweet.

"10th.—I had twenty at my class at the Bridge. The season was solemn, and, I believe, the feeling followed us home, or rather went home with us.

"March 20th.—We had twenty-two at the Bridge class. Oh! what blessed means of grace are class meetings! We rejoiced in the precious love of Christ Jesus, our Lord."

A chapter on Huddersfield Circuit would be very defective if it contained no allusion to the well-known hospitality of its members and friends. Bernard Gilpin, who was rector of Houghton-le-spring, near Durham, during the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, was so charitable to all—to strangers as well as parishioners, and to their beasts as well as to themselves, that it was familiarly and humorously said—"If a horse were turned loose in any part of the country, it would be sure to make its way to the rector of Houghton's." And if Methodist ministers travel in or near Huddersfield, they know where they can find those who will minister to them as prophets for a prophets' reward. We purposed illustrating this social element in the circuit by a few citations, but their name being "Legion," we must omit them. The names of Milner, Crosland, Roberts, Sykes, Haigh, Robinson, and others, are familiar to ministers, who have laboured there, in

this respect. Where hospitality is so generous, a solemn responsibiliy is imposed. The minister eats and drinks to live; he does not live to eat and drink; and in families, where especially young, and, perhaps, unsaved persons are found, he will be anxious to let the paramount object of life *manifestly* take precedence of the minor object, that thus his memory may be precious, and his influence "the savour of life unto life."

Before leaving the Circuit, Mr. Lynn paid a brief visit to the North, after an absence of four years, to see his relatives there, and revive the memory of former happy days. "When I reached my father's house at Philadelphia, my sister Jane flew into my arms and was quite overcome by her feelings. On the 3rd of May I preached to a large company at Houghton-le-spring, and on the 4th, at Philadelphia, to many people, with much comfort. I saw many old acquaintances, and a few spiritual children, who are yet on their way to Heaven. The cause of God is greatly injured in these parts by the quarrelling of the members and the bad conduct of professors. On the 5th I walked to Lumley, and, as I passed over old ground, I had many sweet and serious reflections. It was in Lumley I fairly began to preach. My old friends and I were glad to meet again, and I had great pleasure in preaching to them once more. We had a glorious waiting upon the Lord. I resided with Mr. Oliver, who, with his wife, showed me great kindness. May God think upon them.

"Next day, being the Sabbath, I preached in Lumley chapel. There were many hearers, and we had a happy season. Thanks to Jesus for precious means of grace. In the afternoon I walked to Durham, accompanied by a few friends, and preached to a pretty tolerable congregation. If in this cathedral city the members keep united in Christian love they are sure to prosper.

"On the 7th I left Durham for Newcastle, where I preached to a large congregation with much power and God's special blessing. The day following, in company with Messrs. Curtis, Dawson, and Snowden, I took breakfast with Mr. B. J. Prockter.* The Lord richly met with us in family worship. Afterwards, I made my way to Houghton-le-spring, where I preached again to a large assembly. Thank God for the blessings of this day.

"This afternoon, May 9th, I parted with my dear relatives, perhaps to see them no more on earth. Oh! that they were more alive to God! On my way, I preached at Durham again with serious pleasure. Next day, I left for Leeds, and on the following morning I reached my happy home, truly glad to meet its loving inmates."

We conclude, as we began the chapter, by reference to the mixed sensations experienced by Mr. Lynn, while in this Circuit. At times he was ready to faint by the way. "I have had little power or pleasure in prayer (May 30th, 1832). The flat state of religion in this Circuit oppresses my spirit. All that is said or done to promote the glory of God, produces so transcient an impression. Wilt thou not, dear Lord, pity and help us? and send among us the stirring influences of the Holy Spirit?' Yet, at the close of his stay, there was peace—a clear gain upon what was presented when he and his colleague went there; and with peace there was partial prosperity. "We held our Quarterly Meeting (April 20th), the last I shall attend in the Circuit. There was much business done, and all was done harmoniously. We closed the day in peace and brotherly love. I never left a Quarterly Meeting with greater satisfaction. The Circuit is tranquil, and in some degree prosperous. May God for ever bless it, and help me to be more than ever His." The whole case is

* At present, Mayor of Gateshead.

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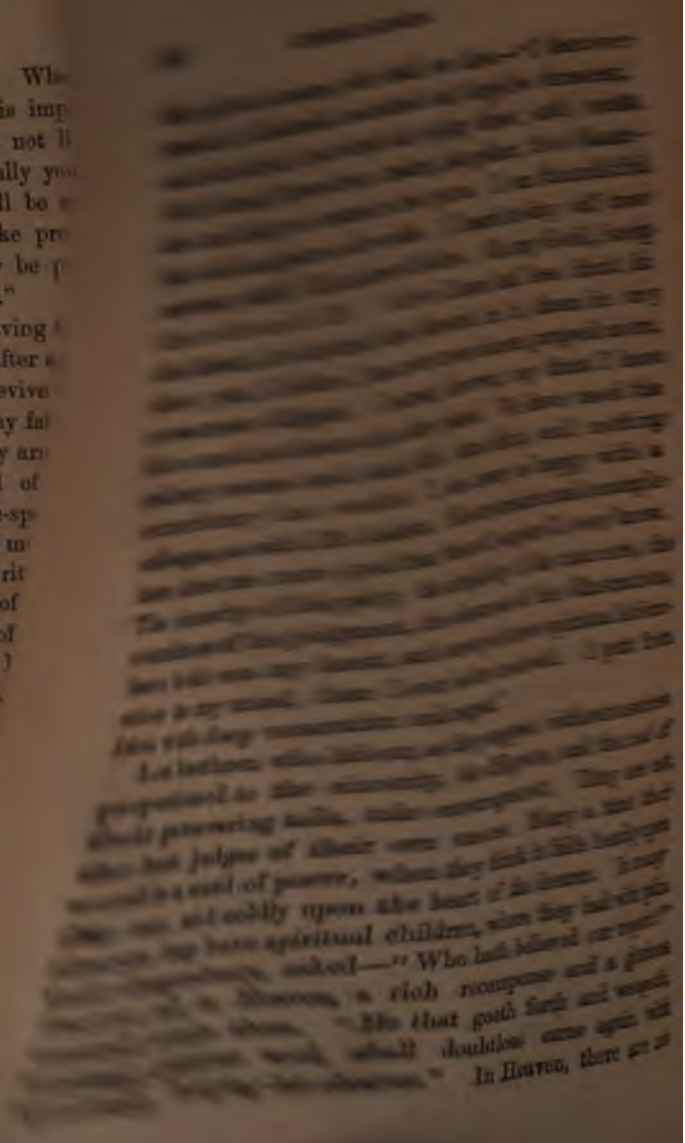

s and downs;" there is change enough, but no conflict; ety without monotony, everlasting progress without a mentary drawback. Look upward, then, and march on- d, brethren beloved! Sow by the side of all waters. nounce no soil valueless. God's choicest gardens are de out of bald and leafless deserts. Scatter "the good d of the Word" with a more unsparing hand and a less ubtful hope. Pray on, toil on, and Heaven will shortly eive you, angels welcome you, and the great God com- nd and crown you!

"Peace, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, then, you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for Heaven."

CHAPTER XII.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.—COWPER.

PAINFUL as may be the situation in which the Christian, at times, is placed, it is never without alleviations and succours. The clouds may be thick and heavy, the night dark and dreary, and the cup forbidding and bitter; but, meanwhile, the clouds are fringed with a "silver lining," the night is relieved by a guiding and sparkling star, and the cup is rendered palatable by drops of mercy. When Elisha was upon the hill Dothan, surrounded by armed men, waiting to capture and carry him hence, his situation was painful but not comfortless. True, there are "horses, and chariots, and a great host" all about him, and he is without sword or shield, without counsellor or friend, save a timid servant; but look upward there! Who are those flaming messengers, whose number is countless as the stars, and whose might is greater than that of concentrated armies? See, they cover the mountain, and form the mysterious body-guard of the prophet. Who are they, and whence? They are an envoy from Heaven; celestial soldiers, come to do battle for a persecuted prophet; "ministering spirits," sent forth in a time of need to minister to an heir of salvation. The whole narrative is typical of life. The good have now, as then, formidable foes and heavy afflictions; but, they have, also, unseen helpers and unfailing succours. As their day is, so is their strength. "God is faithful, who will not suffer

them to be tempted above that they are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that they may be able to bear it." In fine, the misfortunes and the mercies, the drawbacks and the pleasures of life, are regulated by an unerring Hand, and so nicely balanced and blended, as to promote man's profit and God's glory.

These thoughts are suggested by the records of 1832 and 1834; two years which Mr. Lynn spent at Sheffield. It was a period of calamity, for the cholera raged fiercely; it was also one of mercy, for the good work of God was revived extensively. The scourge destroyed, but the gospel saved; the graveyards were loaded, but the churches, at the same time, were multiplied. Oh! awful, yet merciful, were the Divine visitations!

Pestilence, though a powerful, and often an effective preacher, is not always productive of pious convictions and changes. As men have remained unconvinced in the face of miracles, and unthankful in the midst of mercies; so they have remained unmoved and unawed in the presence of judgments. This was shown in England, in high quarters, when, in 1347, the pestilence, which took its rise in Tartary, in 1345, visited these isles, after having spread devastation and death in its march along the shores of the Nile, across the islands of Greece, and up the shores of the Mediterranean. "It was," says Dr. Vaughan, "while every house in the metropolis was a house of mourning, while many were wholly unpeopled, and parliament, in consequence of the malady, had been repeatedly prorogued, that Edward the Third assembled the gaieties of his Court, to witness his institution of the 'Order of the Garter.'" But, in 1832, at Sheffield, the cholera was sanctified to the religious and deathless interests of multitudes. Notorious sinners were converted; backsliders, long lost to themselves, the Church, and God,

were restored; the lukewarm were fired, and devout believers were made glad in the Lord. All this, however, will appear vividly as the extracts are given.

In Sheffield, Mr. Lynn laboured during the first year, with the Rev. T. Allin, and the Rev. L. Stoney, who then entered the ministry; and during the second, with the Rev. W. Burrows, and a minister who has since left the community. He began his work there on the 1st of July. "There is preaching in Scotland Street Chapel," he observes, "at eight o'clock, half-past ten, and six o'clock. I opened my mission in this town, at eight o'clock this morning, on these words—'Is thine heart right?' I felt confused, and yet there was love and power in the service. I preached in South Street Chapel at half-past ten; there was a numerous congregation, and rather a smart one. The chapel is a sweet place, and very easy to speak in. The Lord blessed us with liberty. Surely He will own and bless His holy truth and save souls. In the afternoon I gave tickets at the Park, and, in the evening, preached at Bow Street, to a numerous and lively congregation. Oh! that I may have much fruit in the salvation work."

No sooner had he entered upon his work of mercy, than the scourge, already mentioned, began its work of havoc. "There are (July 11th), some awful accounts of cholera, in this part of the town (South Street). Some have died in a very short time.

"July 28th.—I want an entire deliverance from the tormenting fear of danger. I do not feel a calm, undaunted courage in the face of danger. The sudden deaths which are taking place around me by this awful disease, strike terror into my heart. I feel I have not that perfect love which casts out all fear having torment. I feel a clinging to life and my little family. I should like to find out how far I

ought to go in this direction. Oh, my God! show me how much more of Thy grace it is my privilege to possess and put me in the enjoyment of it.

"Aug. 1st.—I have had a firm and steady trust in God, that He will, in this period of danger, extend to me and mine His protecting power.

"3rd.—About three o'clock, A.M., my dear wife, who has been poorly several days, was taken suddenly worse. I was alarmed lest it should be the cholera. I gave her brandy and laudanum; this, with warm tea, made her perspire. After breakfast, she was a little cramped; the surgeon was sent for, and he assured us there was no danger; but my feelings, the most of the day, were beyond description. I never remember having so long and severe a struggle between faith and fear. My soul was as weak as a child; when I attempted to pray, I felt as if I had no power; the enemy struck at the truth of the promises, and told me if there was a God, He would not hear me; at intervals, and for some moments, the struggle was great; and I could find no relief, until I resigned my wife and all I had, into the Hands of God, to dispose of us as He pleased. Towards evening, and not till then, I gained access to the throne of grace. Oh, my God! by this conflict Thou hast taught me the need of constant purity of intention in all I do. I feel—

'Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.'

"7th.—To-night we had a fellowship meeting in Bow Street Chapel; it was nearly full. In some respects, it was one of the most solemn meetings I ever attended. So many are taken away by the cholera, that a great alarm is produced; several of the friends spoke as if they expected to die that night; the solemnity of the feeling was almost unbearable; all were terror-striken; the thought of being well in the

morning, and dead and buried at night, seemed truly awful! Oh! what a terrible thing must be the fear of death to the ungodly! and if saints do not resist it, it will greatly harass and discourage them. Oh! for a soul full of the perfect love of God; this, and only this, can conquer the fear of death. Tormenting fear paralizes both soul and body; it destroys the power to pray; it beclouds the vision of faith, and it quenches the flame of love to God. The Lord, in mercy, preserve us all from it.

"11th.—What a solemn week this has been in Sheffield! What sickness and death! The accounts given from day to day of fatal cases, and new cases, are really frightful. I never was so conquered by fear before. I feel as though I would rather die of anything than cholera. Great God! have mercy upon us, and turn from us thy wrathful indignation.

"17th.—This morning, I felt more cheerful than I have felt for some days, and went out for a walk. I soon heard that my dear brother Allin had been seized with cholera. I know not how to tell the feelings this produced. My heart sunk like lead in the waters; I seemed completely stripped of strength and courage. I went to inquire about him, but was afraid to go up stairs to see him; supposing, if I *did*, that I might be dead and buried before night, and I could not get reconciled to this. I went home in a gloomy, pensive mood, shut myself in my little study 'like one astonied,' as the prophet said; but I had little power to pray, for I was bowed down under the conviction of weakness and unworthyness. However, I fell on my knees before God, bemoaning this, and He, in mercy, granted me access to His throne, and power to pray, after a long struggle. I then gave my all into the hands of God; His Spirit moved upon my soul, dispersed my gloom, and my heart praised His name. I was, also, enabled to believe that my dear brother Allin would be spared.

After thus spending a few hours in my room in solemn intercourse with God, I was informed that Mr. A. was much better, and would soon recover: my poor soul did rejoice and praise the Lord. Never shall I forget the struggles of this day.

"20th.—I saw my dear brother Allin, who is now, thank God, much better. Blessed be the Lord, who has spared his valuable life. He says, he has been literally plucked out of the jaws of death.

"22nd.—This has been such a day, in a religious sense, as Sheffield, I believe, has never before seen. At the request of the good vicar, it has been kept as a day of humiliation before Almighty God, on account of the prevalence of the present dreadful scourge. All the places of worship were opened, as on the Sabbath. In South Street, we had a prayer meeting, at six o'clock, P.M.; eighty people were present. At half-past ten, the chapel was nearly filled, and the time of service was occupied by singing, prayer, reading God's Word, and exhortation. The season was truly solemn and profitable. In the afternoon, all our congregations united in a general service, in South Street, which was conducted in the camp-meeting form. The chapel was crowded; and besides, a great number were addressed by Messrs. Reed and Dixon, in the lower School-room. Our chapel-service was conducted by Messrs. Allin, Birch, myself, and several others. Mr. Allin, dear man, though weak, from his late dangerous attack, would declare the loving kindness of the Lord. His address was very affecting; and we had a glorious meeting. At six, P.M., I preached in South Street, and other brethren in the different chapels. Being feeble, I could not enter into the subject (Job xxxvi. 18.), as I wished, but the Lord gave a blessing with the word. I hope He will answer the thousands of prayers offered in this town this day,

stay the dreadful plague very speedily, and show us His great salvation!

"23rd.—The Lord has blessed me with a cheerful spirit to-day; I never so fully understood the value of health and spirits as of late. I paid a few pastoral visits, and met my class in the evening. We had four additional members. Oh, what a wonderful movement is this!

"24th.—I spent some time with Mr. Allin, contriving some plans of usefulness. We opened a new prayer meeting this evening, at South Street, and I suppose one hundred people were there. We had a very good meeting, and the prospect of usefulness is very pleasant. This cholera is such a preacher as never came to Sheffield before; he spreads terror and anxiety in every direction.

"I opened a female-class in South Street vestry. There were seven to begin with, and seven from the Thursday class to help. This great work of God is going on very gloriously. Dear Mr. Allin has much affliction; he has now lost his youngest child. The Lord support him in this time of trouble. My dear wife, adored be the God of mercy, is recovering charmingly.

"28th.—I preached in Green Street, and formed a new class; six persons gave in their names. I hope God's blessing will be given to it.

"September 1st.—We began a Saturday night's band-meeting this evening, at South Street, which I hope will be made a blessing to this side of the town. About thirty were present, and we had a sweet season.

"13th.—I was pleased with a letter from my last superintendent, Mr. Jackson. With Mr. and Mrs. Allin, I spent most of the day at Mr. Atkinson's. It was a pleasant meeting, closed by singing, reading, mutual exhortation, and prayer. I had three new members at my class, and Jehovah was very near.

"14th.—The prayer meeting was well attended to-night; the pleading spirit also fell upon us. We invited seekers of salvation into the vestry; four came, and two of them, I believe, entered into the enjoyment of pardon and peace. We had a blessed time.

"17th.—We had a meeting to-night in Scotland Street, composed of the society and seat-holders, to lay before them plans, by which to establish and extend the good now being done among us; we had several good speeches, and I hope the Lord will confirm our hearts' desire, to think, and speak, and act for Him.

"19th and 20th.—In the afternoons, I visited from house to house with tracts, and spoke to a great number about salvation. They all received me kindly; and may the Lord bless those efforts.

"21st.—Though unwell, I went to the prayer meeting. It was a good one, and we held a second in the vestry, at which three seekers professed to venture on Christ.

"October 6th.—At my class, four fresh persons gave their names to meet with us: the Lord quicken all the rest! I also gave tickets to three new classes in Allen Street school. Some of the members have found the Lord, and others are seeking Him. I was glad to find them doing so well.

"9th.—I visited many, and then attended the fellowship meeting at Bow Street. Knowing there were many present desiring salvation, I soon closed it, to hold a prayer meeting for their good; I requested the penitents to come to a suitable place under the gallery, and then desired those resolved to seek mercy that night, to stand up; about thirty did so, and several others soon came among them, until there were forty altogether. I requested brother S. Marshall to give them a short and pointed address on the nature of the faith that

brings salvation, after which, he engaged very heartily in prayer for them. A few brethren went among them to encourage them to believe, and a precious influence came down upon us. At the close, it was found that thirteen professed to know that God, for Christ's sake, had blessed them with forgiveness. We praised God for this display of His saving power. What a night has this been! Do, my Heavenly Father, keep these new-born souls, and, at last, may they stand before Thy throne.

"12th.—I read Stackhouse, Bishop Hall, and J. Wood, on the Deluge, which enlarged and enlightened my mind. Oh sin, what a destructive monster thou art! what tens of thousands thou hast slain! Afterwards, I visited and fed a few of the flock. In the penitent meeting there were seven or more seeking the Lord; we had a glorious time, and there were there or four very clear cases of conversion. Praise the Lord —these are grand days.

"22nd.—Our Quarterly Meeting has been held to-day. There have been large attendances at both the local preachers', and Circuit Meetings, and great harmony and faithfulness prevailed among us. We have had such an increase during the past quarter, as I never knew equalled in the same period, in any part of our Connexion. Since Conference, we have admitted, on trial, two hundred and eighty persons, many of whom are brought, I believe, to salvation; may the Lord save them all!

"November 22nd.—This day has been observed by the religious part of the inhabitants of Sheffield, as a day of Thanksgiving to God, for removing the cholera from the town, and a blessed day it has been. At eight o'clock, AM., we had prayer meetings in our chapels, and public services, as on the Sabbath, morning and night. They were all well attended. After the evening service at South Street, we had a glorious

time; one man got into liberty, and two others were helped much nearer salvation."

In the midst of a calamity so trying as that just described, it was no small pleasure to Mr. Lynn to receive a letter of condolence from his late excellent and beloved Superintendent. It read thus:—

"My Dear Brother,

"Impelled by uneasiness, excited by a consideration of the reports we have heard of the spread of the cholera in Sheffield, and the affliction of yourself, your wife, and Mr. Allin, and feeling deeply interested in the welfare of you all, as well as of the Church with which you are connected, and the people amongst whom you dwell, we write to inform you, that it will be doing us a kindness if you will, as early as possible, send us a letter containing all the information in your power relative to yourself and others. I conceive that your faith and courage were never so severely tried before or since your conversion. Our souls yearn over you; and God pitieth you as a father pitieth his children. Be sure, my dear brother, not to be either much surprised or down-cast at feeling your natural courage fail. There is help for you in Jesus; cry to Him for it, and steadily expect it; for he is not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of your infirmities. Don't you love Him? I know your heart replies—yes. Well, then, hear what he saith to you—'*As* the father hath loved me so have I loved you; continue ye in my love.' What think you of this declaration? Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it; and, I dare venture to predict, it will have the effect upon your mind which the cake and water had on the body of Elijah (See 1 Kings xix. 6, 8); it will make your soul strong for the work God hath given you to do. The Lord apply it with power to your hearts.

"My wife and self are in a moderate state of health, so are Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, and the little one, and we are rejoicing in Jesus Christ.

"I have no particular news to send you about the Circuit, as no particular change appears, either for the better or the worse. Mr. C. is an excellent man, a good preacher, and much beloved by the people. Praise the Lord! Kiss the little diamond for us.

"My wife unites with me in love to you and Mrs. L., and in prayer for

your health and happiness. May grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied to you.

"Give our love to Mr. and Mrs. Allin, Haslams, and Stoney.

"I remain, yours affectionately,

"ABM. JACKSON.

"South Parade, Huddersfield, Sept. 11, 1832."

Another letter, six weeks later, from the same correspondent, contained remarks so judicious and useful, that they are copied into the journal. "I wrote to my late superintendent for his opinion about the dull state to which I am so frequently subject. He observes—'As to your complaint of dulness after your pulpit excitement, there is to me nothing surprising. The liberty you feel in the pulpit, is granted to you in mercy both to yourself and to the congregation; the dulness which succeeds, may be partly the result of nature being exhausted through the exertions of the pulpit, partly intended by the Almighty to keep you in a praying, humble, dependent frame, and partly to render you capable of passing soberly through the common scenes of life. Heaviness is as necessary for you and me as joy; therefore, while it is unmixed with remorse, our duty is patiently to bear it, and quietly go about our work of praying, studying, singing, talking, watching, and believing in Jesus, as though we were in ecstacy; for, at the proper time, the waters will again overflow their bounds, that, through our instrumentality, others may be fertilized.'"

Nor was the cholera, terrible as it proved to be, the only affliction which visited and prostrated Sheffield during Mr. Lynn's residence there. Six months after the Thanksgiving Day just noticed, another disease spread among the people, finding its way into every habitation, and passing by scarcely an individual. "There is," says Mr. Lynn, writing May 4th, 1833, "a great deal of affliction in this town. Sinners bring

down the wrath of God upon themselves and the Lord's people too. I suppose there are not less than 4000 persons, who, during the past week, have been prostrated by influenza. May the Lord sanctify His rod!" And on the 15th, returning to the subject, he adds,—"Never do I remember such a general affliction as this influenza; scarcely anyone escapes it. Lord have mercy upon us."

It would be wrong, however, to represent the spiritual prosperity already intimated as the effect of physical calamity, or to imply that only while the strong hand of God was upon the people, in the way of scourge, that their hearts were turned to Him in the expressions and exercises of piety. This is too frequently the case. While the lightnings flashed, and the thunder roared, and the terrible black cloud sat upon Sinai, in the presence of the awe-struck Israelites, they, with one accord, responded—"All that the Lord hath spoken we will do." But when those august emblems of a present God were removed, and when Moses delayed to return to the camp, the very people, who so promptly and unanimously responded to the voice Divine, fell into an act of the weakest and grossest idolatry. "Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for, as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him." Probably conduct so superficial and unstable as this, was reproduced at Sheffield at the time we have to do with it; for humanity is the same weak and wayward thing in all ages and places. Indeed, Mr. Lynn complains of a falling away. "We had a gracious class this afternoon (July 8th, 1833); several members seem to be doing well. I am, however, compelled to mourn over others, who are, I fear, falling from their steadfastness. The Lord pity and preserve them." But this was by no means general. We are delighted to find a steady and continuous increase of members.

Sabbath after Sabbath, penitent sinners presented themselves at the communion rails, or at other convenient places, to be instructed and prayed for. The regular services became, as they should ever become, revival meetings, where believers were quickened and comforted, and unbelievers were pricked in the heart and led to Christ. "Truth did spring out of the earth; and righteousness did look down from Heaven." We can best verify these general statements and help forward the good cause we have at heart, by quoting passages from the journal upon the subject. They are numerous, but they will interest by their variety and stimulate by their pleasing disclosures.

"1833, Jan. 2nd.—I had a pleasant walk to Birley Carr, and preached to about seventy people. They understood the Word, and I hope it made a deep impression on their minds. The work of God is going on gloriously here; upwards of fifty persons have begun to meet in class during the last six months, and some of the worst men in the neighbourhood have got their hearts changed: drunkards, dancers, and gamblers of various kinds, have given up their besetting vices, and have joined the friends of our holy Redeemer. May the Lord establish, settle, and ground them in love to Him.

"27th.—Sabbath.—I arose with happy feelings, and an earnest desire to be useful to souls. In the morning, the Word was received in Scotland Street with eager delight. In the afternoon, I preached a plain sermon to about one hundred people in South Street; and at night, in the same place, I preached a funeral sermon for M. C. There was a numerous company, and unusual power and solemnity attended the Word. A few times during the service, a holy thrill rushed through the congregation, and the people were much affected. In the prayer meeting, there were eight or

nine inquirers after salvation, with whom we talked, and for whom we prayed. May they all soon be saved.

"31st.—I had twenty friends at my class to-night—three of them new members. A blessed work is still going on. We had a gracious visit in the closing prayer, and we shouted aloud for joy.

"Feb. 24th.—Sabbath.—My mind was in a serious, devoted frame; very wishful to be useful to souls. In the first prayer, at eight o'clock, at Scotland Street, the Lord blessed me greatly, and the Word was suitable. I spoke at half-past ten in the same place, on the 'Witness of the Spirit:' it was a glorious season. I entered my work at night with a solemn feeling; I could hardly bear the solemnity. The pulpit seemed to me an awful place; but the Lord was with us indeed and of a truth. There were eleven or twelve seeking mercy at the prayer meeting; they were placed on a form by themselves, and the plan of salvation was explained to them. Several friends prayed. In a short time two of the penitents became very earnest, wept sore, and struggled hard. We next spent a few minutes in silent prayer. At the close of the service, five had obtained peace with God. Blessed be God.

"March 3rd.—The Lord saved a man, in South Street vestry, at the eight o'clock, A.M., prayer meeting. Oh! it was a glorious season. He had been seeking salvation for some weeks, but he has now found the Lord. As Bow Street Chapel is closed at present for some improvements, I was at liberty this morning, and heard Mr. Allin on these words—"It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." It was a very encouraging sermon. I was there in the afternoon, and spoke in a simple strain; yet I hope the Word was not heard in vain. We had a full chapel at Scotland Street, when I endeavoured to improve the death of Mrs. A. Jackson. I was much affected before I entered the pulpit; oh, what a

solemn place it appeared! During the service, the power of God rested upon the people; there was much weeping. Oh! my God, save souls.

"March 25th.—We had but few of the old members at the class this afternoon; but there were three new ones. We got grace in this precious service. In the evening we had about thirty hearers at Potter Hill, where I preached a sermon and led a class. There were two persons earnestly seeking a sense of pardoning love. I see there is nothing like preaching a present salvation by faith; the blessing of God always attends it.

"April 5th.—This is Good Friday. I preached in Scotland Street Chapel, in the morning, from—'Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer,' &c. The old story of the death of Jesus is ever new. The monthly fellowship meeting, in the afternoon, was well attended, and we had many interesting statements of the goodness of God; it was to me quite a privilege to be present with these dear followers of the Lamb. I took tea with my esteemed friend, Mr. Allin. Mr. Stoney preached in the evening, in a very earnest manner, in South Street Chapel; there was a large prayer meeting afterwards. We invited penitents to come forward, and four persons responded to the invitation; one of them soon found liberty. We adjourned to the vestry, and one more got healed; another struggled hard, but unbelief prevented success. The Lord will save; praise Him for peace of mind.

"16th.—I set out for Derbyshire, in the place of Mr. Allin. I had a rough, unpleasant journey. I dined with friend S—; he got seventeen of his neighbours into the house and I preached to them; they heard the Word with great attention, but to me it was a dull season. At seven, I preached at Clay Cross; we had a numerous company; it was a happy season; the Lord was gloriously with us. I am

at a loss to know why souls are not converted here; there is always such a good influence. Lord lift the poor sinners out of the *clay* of sin and show them the streaming *cross* of Calvary.

"July 19th.—This day has passed in prayer, visiting, and meditation on the Divine goodness. My mind was subject to wanderings in the prayer meeting. I am glad to hear of two souls who have found peace this week. Glory be to God for the victories of His grace!

"Sept. 1st.—A number of our friends held a camp meeting at Worrel; the day proving unfavourable, they met in a barn. In the afternoon, the Lord was with them powerfully. In the evening they worshipped in a school, which was quite filled; after preaching, they held a penitent meeting, and there were twenty-four persons seeking salvation; amongst these were some young men who went to mock. Eight or nine professed to find the pardon of sin.

"2nd.—We held a prayer meeting in our class this afternoon; one woman found liberty. I was drawn out to preach at Scotland Street Chapel in the evening, from—'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden,' &c.; a travail for the salvation of souls came upon me; I felt an impression that the Lord was going to do a good work; great power attended the Word; a holy feeling ran through the assembly; oh, how happy my soul was! In the after prayer meeting, a wonderful spirit of prayer was given, and six souls professed faith in Jesus. Glory be to His name.

"December 25th.—Christmas Day.—My feelings were rather dull this morning; not so grateful for the love of God as I ought to be. We had a good attendance at Bow Street Chapel; rather more music than I like; I did not feel at home in it; towards the close of the sermon I got free and felt more of God. We held a love feast in the afternoon; it

was not so well attended as was expected; but it was a lively meeting. A prayer meeting was held at the close, and four souls got liberty and three were left in distress. In Scotland Street, at night, we had a crowded chapel; I was nearly bewildered with the music; more stir is made about Christmas here than in any place where I have been. I do praise my Saviour for having come into the world to seek and save my soul. At the close of the service I gave tickets to two classes, and we had a rich blessing.

"1834, Jan. 27th.—I baptized a child to-day, called Thomas Basher Britton, a son of one of the daughters of the late Rev. Thomas Basher, who gave me my first ticket of membership at the Saugh House, in Northumberland, nearly twenty years ago. The circumstance was very pleasing to me. I preached at night in Scotland Street, on John iii. 36; the Lord was specially with us. We had a prayer meeting until after ten o'clock; seven persons obtained pardon; we had a royal stir; we shouted the praise of God most cheerfully. It is hard, but it is a grand work, to bring souls to God. He is doing much among the Wesleyans in this town; the Rev. J. McLean is specially owned of God.

"29th.—My feelings were soothed this morning by letter writing. I then visited seven families and prayed with three of them. During the evening I felt much given to God in prayer for help in my work. I preached at South Street; we had more hearers than usual, and a very lively season. We had a prayer meeting until ten o'clock; there were nine or ten seekers of salvation; two of them found mercy.

"Feb. 2nd.—There was a delightful prayer meeting in South Street vestry, at eight o'clock, A.M. We had a large company at Scotland Street this forenoon; the Lord breathed a delightful feeling among the people. Oh! that all may be able to sing—'O Lord I will praise Thee.' I was very dull

and heavy in the afternoon; at night I preached at South Street, on the 'Siege of Jericho;' the Lord gave me much freedom. I spoke very plainly, and, I hope, the Word was made a blessing. We had a powerful prayer meeting, and two persons found peace. We adjourned to the vestry, and two more believed and received the grace of God. Four or five were left seeking mercy. This has been a blessed day; hard for the body, but very rich for the soul.

"9th.—I was glad to see the dawn of another Sabbath. I preached at Scotland Street, on Christian purity, or, what is termed 'Entire Sanctification.' Oh! this is a glorious doctrine; many disbelieve it, but it is because they do not understand it. O Lord, revive it in Thy Church, and spread it everywhere. I had a blessing in preaching it. I was in the same chapel in the afternoon, and preached on Acts viii. 8—'And there was great joy in that city.' It is heavy work to preach in the afternoon. We had too much chatter in our house, by visitors; Lord spiritualize the minds of the people. At night I preached a funeral sermon at Bow-street, for H. D.; the chapel was full, and a solemn feeling pervaded the service; many were deeply affected. The prayer meeting was continued until ten o'clock, and about fourteen souls professed faith in God's pardoning mercy. Such a busy, glorious scene I have seldom beheld. Oh, the wondrous power of God; how grand it is! There were seven at South Street; so that twenty-one souls have to-day professed faith in Jesus crucified.

"10th.—I felt rusty this morning with the labours of yesterday; but I was less exhausted than I expected. Praise the Lord for the strength He gives me for the work I have to do. I visited a wicked young man who is much afflicted, yet he appears penitent. I hope the Lord will convert him. There were twenty-two members at my class this afternoon,

and two additional names were entered, and one left to consider the subject. I preached with comfort to thirteen persons at Walkley; and on my return called at Scotland Street. I found the friends hard at work in the prayer meeting; the bottom of the chapel was full of people. I buckled to with all my might, and helped them. The work is truly grand. At ten o'clock, about ten persons had found liberty. We then adjourned to the vestry, and kept on there till eleven o'clock, when six more had tasted the love of Jesus. Glory be to God for His mercy and love to precious souls. One thing surprised me; several times I was quite exhausted, but when I had rested five or ten minutes, I was as fresh as ever. Bless the Lord, I feel He gives strength according to my day. Two young people found the Lord, who were on their knees two hours last night, and an hour and a-half to-night. All glory to Jesus, our conquering Lord, for His saving grace!

"17th.—I visited a few members and encouraged them to cleave unto the Lord. We had twenty at my class; two who came last week, have found peace; the speaking was very lively and powerful; much praying power was given; at the close, one who was seeking mercy entered into the rest of faith. It was a glorious season. The Word at Scotland Street, in the evening, was made a blessing. We held the prayer meeting until half-past ten o'clock, and several found salvation. O Lord, make us all holy and help us to glorify Thy name.

"March 2nd.—Lord's Day.—I arose with a thankful heart, and rejoiced to see another Sabbath. I have a great desire to see good done. I preached at South Street, morning and afternoon, with pretty good liberty and good feeling. We had a glorious influence at night. I hope God blessed my labour. Mr. Burrows sang up from South Street, and

brought a fine tribe with him, to join us at Bow Street for a general prayer meeting. We had, also, a reinforcement from Scotland Street. The bottom of the chapel was full, and many were in the gallery also. The prayer meeting was protracted beyond ten o'clock. I suppose about fourteen found peace, and many were in deep distress that did not then find the Lord. Dear Mr. Burrows was just in his element. All glory and honour be to God. This is such a work of God as I never saw. O, my Saviour! carry it forward.

"3rd.—My body feels the labours of yesterday. I am am grateful to God for His goodness in saving so many souls. I had twenty-four at the class; it was a good meeting. One woman came for the first time and found liberty; afterwards, she praised the Lord gloriously. I preached to a few people at Heely, and saw a member who is sick: she rejoiced in the love of Jesus. I understand there were upwards of thirty found mercy at Scotland Street to-night. Glory, glory, be to our conquering Lord. Ride on, blessed Jesus, till all are subdued.

"March 9th.—Sabbath.—The Lord gave me a suitable message, at eight o'clock, at Scotland Street; at half-past ten, I had life and power at Bow Street. We had a love feast in the afternoon, in the same place. The chapel was full, the power of God was gloriously with us, and the speaking was grand. We had a prayer meeting at the close, when a great many were brought to God. This was one of the best of love feasts. Praise the name of the Lord! I took tea with my kind friend W. We had a full chapel at Scotland Street, and solemn power accompanied the Word. I trust the plain and pointed warning given will not be in vain. In the prayer meeting we were short of praying strength. We arranged to sing to South Street, and Mr. Burrows did the same from Bow Street. We were followed by hundreds in the streets.

South Street Chapel was quite full, and great numbers were in deep distress. I suppose twenty, at least, tasted of the mercy of God. Oh, what glorious seasons are these!

"May 4.—God blessed us in the service at South Street, this morning; it did me good. Oh, that all may have the root of the matter within them! I attended the Sunday School Union meeting this afternoon, in Allen Street school. It is held once a quarter. The room was filled with male and female teachers. We had a report, both verbal and written, from each school. The information was truly interesting. There appears the greatest unanimity among the teachers, and many of the scholars have got converted. Thank God for the good He has done! We had not a very numerous company at Bow Street, but much power attended the Word. Two persons found liberty in the prayer meeting, others were in distress. God's goodness and mercy are still rich and free. Oh, my soul how grateful thou oughtest to be to thy God for His kindness to thee, in blessing thee with such grand opportunities for obtaining refreshment on the road to Heaven! The lines have fallen unto thee in pleasant places, and thou hast a goodly heritage. I charge thee to live to God.

"25th.—I arose this morning in the sweet enjoyment of the favour of God. I had a strong desire to pray much, and labour hard to promote His glory. In the forenoon we had a powerful service in South Street. I was in the same place in the afternoon, and had some freedom. At night, God gave me life and liberty at Bow Street. One soul found peace. Glory be to God for His loving kindness. This has been a good day."

Among the social means made use of by Mr. Lynn at this period for the improvement and development of his piety, three deserve special notice. They were private bands; one consisted of himself and his partner in life; the second

embraced his colleagues in the ministry; and the third was specially formed to help its members to apprehend the nature and live in the enjoyment of entire holiness. The aim of the first was domestic piety; and what a more pleasing sight than for husband and wife, so tenderly related to each other, and reacting, ever and anon, so powerfully upon each other's character, to meet regularly to help each other on the way to Heaven? Already they are one in earthly ties; why should they not seek to be one in Christ? Already their home is to them "a spot of earth supremely blest;" why should it not be made a fitting type of the "house not made with hands?" So thought Mr. and Mrs. Lynn, and, week after week, they met to give effect to their pious thought. An extract or two on this subject may not be amiss.

"1838, Jan. 4th.—My dear wife and I held our band meeting; our defects stared us in the face; we humbled ourselves before the Lord and mourned over our unworthiness; and we implored help from the God of grace, and thanked His name that He visited us with heavenly influences. It was to us a searching opportunity.

"18th—Mrs. Lynn and I held our band meeting, and, as usual, found it a very reviving season. How lovely is such an employment for husband and wife thus to care for each other's soul. May we ever do so with the deepest sincerity and seriousness.

"25th.—At our domestic band meeting we entered into a faithful examination of our hearts, humbled ourselves before God, and intreated His quickening grace. Blessed be God, He did melt and revive us. My feelings throughout the day were more tender.

"Feb. 8th.—My dear Sarah and I had our band meeting; it was a time to be remembered. She is clearly convinced of the need of a further work of grace. She sees entire holiness

at a distance, and to her it looks lovely and desirable. We had an earnest wrestle in prayer to God for the blessing. She seems bound by unbelief. Lord! loose her, and let her go.

"March 29th.—This forenoon, I and my dear Sarah held our band meeting, and we joined in giving thanks to God for her restoration to health. A week last Saturday morning, I laid her case before God in prayer, and pleaded, with firm confidence, these words—'The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up;' and, whatsoever things ye ask in faith it shall be done.' For some time there appeared a bar between the Lord and my soul. I thought—Well, there is no way of getting through it but by believing. I therefore put my faith in exercise, and, after a few struggles, I got through into the presence-chamber of the Lord. By His grace I was enabled to fix my faith on the promises, and believed they would be fulfilled. I arose from my knees, fully assured that my dear partner would be healed; and, glory be to God! it was done unto me according to my faith. She has recovered every day since, and is now nearly well. We were much blessed in praising God for this instance of His mercy and love."

The ministers' band meeting was a means of intellectual, not less than spiritual, quickening. Essays on theological and practical topics were read, their matter was warmly discussed, and their style affectionately criticised. For ministers, firm in each other's confidence, high in each other's esteem, and warm in each other's affection, there could not be a more healthy exercise, or a better means of promoting brotherly love. One, however, of the little band did not abide by the "form of sound words," which, at that time, he professed as cordially to hold as he ably and popularly taught it. Glimpses of his hetrodoxy were then manifest, as the extracts which follow will show. We mourn his departure from the faith of

a pure and primitive Christianity; for he had gifts of utterance, powers of mind, and habits of application, which would have rendered him a lasting blessing to society. As it is, his talents are worse than wasted, and his influence is anything but inspiring and elevating.

"July 26th.—Messrs. Allin, Burrows, Barker, and I, held a meeting in my study, which we intend to repeat.—1. As a Circuit preachers' band meeting to relate our Christian experience. 2. Alternately to write an essay on a given subject, to be read by the writer and criticised by the brethren. The second proposition was made by Mr. Barker, and he furnished us with an essay on preaching, Christ crucified. Each of us prayed. It was a sweet and profitable meeting. We are, in future, to meet at each other's house, in rotation.

"Dec. 20th.—We had our ministers' band meeting; it was a sweet and savoury season. We spoke of the goodness of God, with honest feeling; we determined to live nearer to God, and strive to be more faithful in preaching His Word; and we resolved to be more diligent in discharging all the duties of our station. It is true, Mr. Barker's opinions on many points of doctrine frequently puzzled me. I once told him he was no Methodist; he did not believe Methodist doctrine; he had no business to be a Methodist preacher; and he ought to go home again. All this he took very good naturedly. He said—'Put down in writing anything in which you think me wrong, and I will answer it.' I did so, and asked him questions upon all the great doctrines peculiar to Methodists, and after waiting a few weeks for his answers, I asked him for them. He replied—'Oh, nobody can answer such questions as these.' He then made a few verbal remarks on the least important of the proposed questions, and so disposed of the matter. I told Mr. Burrows I was afraid Mr. B.

was not sound in the faith. He replied—'O yes, he believes as we do, but it is his queer way; he wishes to puzzle us.' I made a similar remark to Mr. Haslam, who observed—'He is a great reader of Baxter, and a sound man.'

"1834, Jan. 10th.—In writing, reading, and prayer, I felt much serious joy and sweet satisfaction. I do wish to be fully the Lord's. Glory be to His holy name, for evermore. Our band meeting was at Mr. Barker's to-day. The paper was furnished by him on 'The Offices of Christ.' We had a warm dispute upon some ideas which he advanced, and which, I think, are not correct; still, the meeting did us good. Mr. B. regards Christ more as a Teacher than an atoning Priest."

The final band meeting that we have to mention was one for seekers or possessors of entire holiness. This is a doctrine which Methodists have delighted to exhibit; perhaps it is not too much to call it the *characteristic doctrine of Methodism*. Luther prominently uplifted, as in his age it was fitting to uplift, the doctrine of Justification by faith, and pronounced it the criterion of a standing or a falling Church; Calvin found a central point in election, and made that the key-stone in his theological arch; but Wesley's object was to "spread scriptural holiness throughout the land." He was succeeded by a worthy band of labourers, who entered feelingly and zealously into his spirit; and to-day the doctrine is held by all Methodists, and the privilege enjoyed by not a few. Mr. Lynn was always a warm advocate of this doctrine, and laboured hard to bring himself and his hearers into its full enjoyment. Hence the formation of this "Sanctification Class." Before we give the extracts which relate to it, we may refer to its object more definitely. Mr. Lynn has recorded a passage, in which his views on the subject are formally propounded. We do not commit ourselves to all that the passage contains. Justification, appears to us, a *relative*

change, putting us into friendly, instead of hostile relations to God; Regeneration is *subjective*, effecting so thorough a change in the affections and will, as to produce a new life; and Sanctification is *development*, the new life attaining its maturity, strength, and fulness. Sanctification has a negative and positive aspect; negatively, it consists in freedom from sin; positively, in the embodiment—the actual and every-day-life embodiment, of celestial or Christian virtues. It must, therefore, require time in its growth, and be gradual in its development.

"Jan. 17th.—While thinking and writing on the doctrine of entire Sanctification, I have come to the following conclusion respecting it. It is distinct from Justification and Regeneration. Justification is the removal of guilt, and an act by which we are accounted innocent in the sight of God, through faith, in Jesus Christ. Regeneration is the introduction of new life into the soul, and the Christian becomes a babe in Christ. Sanctification is the extirpation of all inbred sin from the soul, like the removal of weeds from a garden. Christian perfection is the filling of the soul with the fullness of God, so that pure love to God becomes the ruling principle of the life. Although there is a distinct order in which these blessings are given, yet the Lord can, and sometimes does, justify, regenerate, fully sanctify, and perfect in love, at the same time, or during the same means of grace. He always justifies, regenerates, and in a degree sanctifies, at once; but, in most cases, He does not entirely sanctify and perfect in love, until sometime after the soul is regenerated. He very generally cleanses from sin's remains, and perfects in love at the same moment; yet, there are some instances in which the soul, when thus cleansed, remains without the full evidence of perfect love for a short period. The soul hangs by faith on the naked promise and power of

God, with the conviction that the carnal mind is removed before the full tide of perfect love rolls into the soul. Lord give me still clearer views of this great blessing and a larger measure of it in my soul, that, from my own experience, I may teach it to others. There is, however, no perfection of grace that does not admit of increase. We are sanctified according to knowledge, and as our knowledge of God increases, our confidence in Him, and our love of Him will increase proportionately. In Heaven there will be an eternal growth in knowledge and love. Praise the Lord for this lively hope!"

To secure this inestimable and evangelical privilege of purity of heart the class was formed, and we now give a few notices of its weekly meetings.

"1833, Feb. 9th.—I was greatly revived in the covenant-hour. I wonder how many of my ministerial brethren attend to this! The Lord stir us up to pray for each other. Our band meeting, this evening, at Scotland Street, for seekers of purity was unspeakably interesting. A few of the friends spoke very clearly of their enjoyment of entire Sanctification. Thank the Lord for what He is doing for these dear souls. Several others are panting for this 'bliss divine.' May the all-powerful grace of God effect it in them.

"1834, Feb. 28th.—We began a select band meeting to-night, at South Street, for seekers or possessors of entire Sanctification. May the Lord deliver us from all things contrary to His Will and Word.

"March 22nd.—The select band meeting was very powerful; one person spoke very clearly about the enjoyment of purity, and several others have got a blessed lift towards it. My poor soul is not quite clear, yet, I feel a giving up, and, I believe, the Lord will soon come and fill my soul with holiness.

"April 4th.—In the select band meeting there were twelve persons present; three or four more had obtained the blessing of perfect love; and the feeling experienced was one of 'Heaven, on earth begun.' What a sweet thing is the love of Jesus! Glory, glory, be to God.

"11th.—Four or five persons got into the blessing of perfect love in our select band meeting. Oh, my God, do spread this glorious salvation throughout the Churches: Nothing will make Thy people so happy or so useful as holiness."

While in Sheffield, two Wesleyan celebrities were somewhat prominently brought before Mr. Lynn; Mr. William Dawson, the eccentric, but excellent and famed local preacher, and Dr. Clarke, the able and learned Commentator. The former was heard, and the life of the latter, just then published, was carefully read. "I had a treat this afternoon (Sept. 29th, 1833), which I have longed for, in hearing the far-famed William Dawson, in Norfolk Street Chapel. There was an immense congregation. His sermon was simple, clear, and powerful; it was on the 'lost sheep.' He is a lively, hearty, zealous servant of God.

"1834, Feb. 16th.—I had another treat this afternoon, in hearing the celebrated Billy Dawson, in Carver Street Chapel. The throng was amazingly great. I was much interested with the sermon; the preacher is a thorough original; his subject was the 'Christian Racer;' his illustrations were simple and striking. The congregation was often thrilled and much effected.

"Nov. 14th, 1833.—I finished reading 'Dr. Clarke's Life' this evening. I look upon him as the best man of the age. One thing I am especially pleased with.—In all his intercourse with the great ones of the earth, he maintained uniform and deep piety, and his zeal for the Divine Glory

burned with unabating fervour to the very latest period of his life. This clearly proves that his fellowship was with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ. In him, honest frankness blended with the tenderest affection, and his love for his wife, his children, and his friends, was truly interesting. O Lord, I thank Thee for the grace Thou hast manifested to this Thy dear servant, whom Thou hast taken to Thyself. Do let a double portion of his spirit fall upon my soul, and help me to honour Thee by a holy life."

The day of a birth is a festal day. When creation was widened by the addition of new worlds, produced by the power and fashioned by the skill of Jehovah's hand, the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." When in spring, vegetation puts forth powers, which for a period have lain dormant, and flowers of endless variety and richest fragrance appear, universal man rejoices over nature's accouchement. And when a "child is born and a son is given," joy is brought alike to the palace and the cottage, to the princely mansion and the Indian wig-wam. Mr. Lynn had already rejoiced in a domestic event of this nature; but, while in Sheffield, his joy was largely and agreeably heightened. The event, to which we refer, as a source of domestic joy, took place Nov. 18th, 1833. Writing, on that date, Mr. Lynn remarks—"My dear wife was taken ill between two and three o'clock this morning, and continued to suffer until twenty-five minutes to four in the afternoon, when a fine lad was added to our family. Oh! where shall my soul begin to praise the triune and loving God for His rich mercy in sparing my beloved partner. I have prayed much and believed firmly that in this hour of danger He would graciously interpose; and, glory be to His name, He has done so, and made me the father of a son, and has thus given me the desire of my heart. I was meeting my afternoon class at the time

he was born; at its commencement, God gave me great power to pray, and at its close Mrs. W. was engaged in wrestling prayer for my dear wife at the critical moment. I do thank God the child has been brought into the world by prayer, and I earnestly pray that he may live a life of prayer, and leave the world praying. When I went home, the doctor was just coming down stairs, and I heard the young gentleman tuning his pipes. The doctor inquired—'Do you hear him, Sir? Will he do for the pulpit?' I replied—'Sir, I wish him no higher honour.' I cannot describe the feelings I experienced when I got the little darling into my arms. I solemnly dedicated him to God, and told the Lord that I desired for him no higher honour than to be made a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ.* Oh, my Lord! do bless and for ever save my dear son, and mercifully restore and save his much loved mother."

Among incidental events, which happened during the period to which the chapter relates, may be mentioned an election, which made no small stir in Sheffield, and resulted in J. S. Buckingham, Esq., the celebrated tourist, being sent, by the force of popular sentiment, to Parliament, as the member for that borough. "This (Dec. 13th, 1832), has been one of the election days in this town. Messrs. Parker, Ward, and Buckingham are the candidates. There has been great activity, and much less confusion than I anticipated. Whilst looking at the earnestness of these men, I have thought of the apostle's words—'Give all diligence to make your calling

* The son of such prayer is now a preacher of considerable promise. Bearing his father's name, he also enjoys his father's spirit, and is treading in his father's footsteps. Having finished his probation, he was ordained at the Hull Conference, May 27th, 1858, the anniversary of his mother's marriage. One hand laid upon his head, on that occasion, was his revered parent's, and the sight presented of sire and son in such relationships, was very exciting and touching.—ED.

and election sure.' They are literally doing so. Oh, that I may be as active in securing eternal life, as they are to obtain worldly honour.

"14th.—There has been a riot, this evening, produced by the electioneering parties provoking each other. The soldiers were called out and fired on the rioters, and several are killed and wounded. Oh, what a world of envy and strife is this! In Heaven there will be neither.

"15th.—I walked into the town to view the scene of destruction produced by the rioters last night. Nearly all the windows of the Tontine hotel are broken, and mourning and sadness appear in many countenances. Messrs. Parker and Buckingham are the successful candidates, and the scuffle, I believe, was between the friends of Ward and Buckingham. This is a sad close of the election.

"Jan. 11th, 1833.—Several friends and I went to the Music Hall, to hear the farewell address of Mr. Buckingham to his Sheffield constituents. The hall was full. He is truly interesting as a public speaker, and keeps up the attention of his hearers by throwing something amusing into his remarks. I think him sincere in his professions, and if he acts out his principles, in an upright manner, he will be very useful to the people, in Parliament. I could not help feeling a real regard for him as a great man."

If the chapter had not already got so lengthy, we should have transcribed several passages from the experience of the period, which deserve permanent record, and as it is, we cannot omit a few. "I never remember having such powerful temptations to doubt the truth of religion. I was tempted to think that religion was all a fancy; that I never had what I thought I possessed, and that I should never have it; that there was no God and no nothing. Under the pressure of these temptations I went to bed, but could not sleep; I got

up to pray, but when I got upon my knees, it was suggested —'Why attempt to pray; there is no one to pray to; prayer is a delusion.' For a few moments, I was completely staggered; at length, I thought it must be temptation, and I said— 'Well, Devil; if it is a delusion, I will be deluded.' This seemed, in some measure, to break the snare, and my hope, as an anchor, took a fresh hold of Jesus. Towards morning, I was led to reflect on the sympathy of angels, and how they ministered to the saints. I thought of Jacob when the angels of God met him, and he said—'This is God's host.' I believed my guardian angel saw my present conflict, and, what was still better, my precious Saviour did. I was comforted by these reflections.

"I have been wondering to-day (Jan. 23rd, 1833), how it is I do not experience so much joyous feeling as I formerly did. My praying often seems formal and cold, and most duties appear dull and heavy. Oh, my God! why am I thus?—Why this dull and lifeless frame? Show me clearly the hindrance, that I may beg Thee to remove it; or if in me, that I may remove it myself. I think, I daily see more of my own weakness and unworthiness. Oh! what should I do without a Jesus, who can save unto the uttermost the weakest and unworthiest of his creatures!

"March 16th.—The last few days I have passed in a profitable manner—reading, writing, and talking to people, on my visits, as they have come in my way, about Jesus and His salvation. It is true I have had some dull moments; but when I look to Jesus by faith, they have fled away. I have got much light from Mr. Fletcher's letters on the exercise of faith. He says, we must believe the promise, whether we *feel* or not; faith must be acted before feeling comes; to expect joy and peace before we believe, is as unreasonable as to expect fruit before the tree is planted; and it is better to

be condemned for believing when wrong, than not to believe at all. May the Lord give me clear views on this subject; it is a turning point in salvation. Faith surmounts unworthiness, guilt, and pollution, and fastens itself on the bleeding sacrifice; when this is done, the Divine Spirit is not long before He brings the witness into the soul.

"Jan. 19th, 1834.—I felt dull and cold in my feelings this morning, yet I hailed the Sabbath. I preached at South Street Chapel, on John i. 40, 41—'One of the two which heard John speak and followed him was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother,' &c. The text was specially chosen on the occasion of the baptism of my infant son. The Rev. T. Allin baptised him in the name of the Holy Trinity, and delivered a pretty address on infant baptism. Now that my dear little Andrew is given to the Lord, it becomes my business to pray for him and to instruct him in the great truths of religion. Oh, my God! bless the lad, and cause Thy face to shine upon him and give him life for evermore.

"Feb. 20th.—I see and feel the need of an entire cleansing of my heart from all sin. I perceive that evil is removed, and grace received into the heart, by faith; not before we exercise faith in the promises of God in Christ: this is God's order. Although we cannot remove evil from our hearts by our own efforts; yet, we can believe that God, who has promised to take it away, can and will do so. We cannot apply Divine Grace to our souls, but we can claim and plead the promises by which the good we need is made over to us, through our Lord Jesus Christ. There is an act of faith which God requires us to perform, without which, He cannot, consistently with His revealed will, save us. If this act of saving faith is not put forth by us, our souls cannot be saved. Lord! I believe Thou art able and willing to cleanse me from all sin, and to fill me with Thy fullness. Oh! let it be *now*.

I have often sought, and sometimes obtained this blessing, but I have never, long together, lived in its full and clear enjoyment. Lord let me have it, and help me to keep it."

At the close of a ministry so eventful, and, on the whole, so successful as this of Mr. Lynn's at Sheffield, we are not surprised to find mutual regrets, on the part of the people and the preacher, at parting. Mr. Lynn was requested to remain a third year in the Circuit, but the Conference did not accede to the Circuit's request. He, therefore, had once more, to take leave of beloved friends, and endeared spiritual children. "I met my class this afternoon (May 26th, 1834). It was quite distressing to see the sorrow of the members at my removal. I endeavoured to soothe them; still, they would weep.

"I got to know (on the 27th), that my appointment was fixed for Nottingham. Many friends here declare themselves greatly disappointed that I do not remain another year, especially my spiritual children, who seem as if they could not bear the thought of parting. Although I feel very sorry to part with so many dear friends, yet I am quite resigned to the appointment. I believe God will be with me, and make me useful where I am going. But, oh my gracious Lord! do help and keep these precious souls by Thy mighty power through faith unto salvation. I have had many days of peace and godly prosperity in this town; and my good God has honoured me with many spiritual children; their parting tears affect me much. May the Lord make me a blessing to hundreds of souls where I am going.

"May 29th.—I attended my Thursday class, to-night, for the last time. The distress of the members was quite affecting. Oh! my children! my children! my dear spiritual children! Great God! save my children!"

The last Sabbath was, like so many more Sabbaths spent

there, a precious and prosperous one. "This (June 1st), is my last Sabbath in Sheffield. I heard the Rev. T. Ridge, this morning, at South Street Chapel. He preached a good sermon. I preached in the same place, in the afternoon, on Rev. xxii. 21. The season was very affecting; the Lord helped me wonderfully, or I know not how I should have done. We had an immense throng at Scotland Street Chapel, where, in the evening, I preached a farewell sermon from 2 Cor. xiii. 11. It was, indeed, a sweet, powerful season. Mr. Burrows wished us to meet him at Bow Street, and then for us all to go to South Street. We therefore, sung right along thither, and thence to South Street. The people were shaking hands with me all the way, and some of them many times over. We quite filled the chapel at the prayer meeting, and about twelve converts professed faith in Jesus. Mr. Burrows * was delighted; dear man, his soul is wholly devoted to the work of God. When all was over, both body and mind were exhausted, and my arms and hands were so sore that I could not endure to touch them. Praise the Lord for the love of His people."

Next day a farewell tea party, was held, in connection with the Monday afternoon class. "There were from thirty to forty present. They placed me at the head of the table, and Mrs. Lynn at the foot. A fine flow of Christian kindness pervaded the meeting. After tea, we sung a few verses of a parting hymn; I then gave an address on the necessity of

* This devoted and distinguished minister finished his career on the 18th of Dec., 1852, after a ministry of twenty-nine years. He was a man of strong sense, lively fancy, and ardent piety. His sermons were thoroughly studied, abounded with striking figures, and sometimes contained quaint sayings, and, at all times, were delivered with a fire and force which impaired the health and abridged the life of the preacher. Of no minister more than of him, could it be affirmed—"He was a burning and a shining light."—Ed.

constantly using the means of grace, that they might hold on their way. After this, I prayed, and proceeded to bid them 'good bye,' when such a scene of weeping took place, as I think I never saw before. They lost all control of their feelings, and their hearts were ready to break. Why, O my dear Lord, have I found such favour with this loving people? I am a poor worm—a child of dust and death. Blessed Jesus! it is the grace Thou hast given me that causeth the people to love me. Do Thou for ever bless them, and enable me so to act as to have always the esteem and love of Thy people wherever I go."

Before leaving a Circuit or sphere of labour, it is commendable in a minister to sit down and review the past. He should ask—What have I done; what have I achieved since I came here? Have I faithfully done my work, and has God owned and honoured my labours? Mr. Lynn pursued this course, and, in the case before us, the review was to him what the sight of brethren from Rome were to Paul, when meeting them at Appii Forum, and The Three Taverns, "he thanked God, and took courage," Here is Mr. Lynn's summary.—"Since I came to Sheffield Circuit, I have preached more than five hundred times, and seen more than eight hundred added to the society; six hundred members, and two hundred on trial. Great has been the Holy One of Israel in the midst of us."

We close the chapter, long as it is, with regret. Sheffield occupies no secondary place in our memory, and enlists no worthless feeling in our heart. Some of our happiest days were spent in its locality, and some of our richest seasons were enjoyed in its pulpits. But the past is only useful to us as it ministers to the situation and service of the present hour. And from our own experience, and the records of this chapter, what may we not learn? Surely we are taught, that

there are no dispensations of Providence, however dark and dispiriting, without their mitigations and their uses; that the path of duty, even when attended with danger and sorrow, is one of safety; that purity of heart, child-like prayer, and plodding diligence, are qualities which insure personal peace, religious prosperity, and praiseworthy esteem; and that if God be for us, He is more than all, in the way of pestilence or persecution, that can be against us. Let us then take heart and be bold for God. Let us recollect that he can convert our foes into friends, and our disasters into blessings.

"It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load:
From whom assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.
It is the Lord—whose matchless skill,
Can from affliction raise
Mater, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise."

CHAPTER XIII.

SUNSHINE.

The people who in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel day,
In Jesu's lovely face displayed.
C. WESLEY.

SUNSHINE: how precious in itself! How delightful after a lonely and darksome night or a dismal and heavy storm! What hilarity it creates within us; what beauty it imparts to the landscapes around us! Touched by its plastic hand, the lakes become mirrors, the flowers exhale their fragrance, the trees yield delicious fruits, the birds chant gleesome carols, and universal nature smiles and sings. "Truly, the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

"I marvel not, O Sun! that unto thee
In adoration, Man should bow the knee,
And pour the prayer of mingled awe and love;
For like a God thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest with benignant ray,
Beauty, and life, and joyance from above."

Not less precious and soul-elating is the sunshine of God's favour; indeed, the one is but faintly emblematic of the other. When God lifts up "the light of His countenance upon us;" when, after days and weeks of bitter repentance and religious struggle, the penitent sees "light in God's light," or the Church, after long watching and hard toiling, hears a Divine voice say—"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee;" when, within the believer

and around the Church, the "true light shineth," oh, what a Heaven the earth becomes! Duty, otherwise irksome and heavy, is pleasant; Christian fellowship reviving, and Christian worship inspiring; every day becomes a Sabbath, every place a sanctuary, and every work a worship; in fine, the earth is transformed into the vestibule of Heaven. O great is the era which awaits the Church, when the rapt prophecy of Isaiah shall become actual history!—"The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." (Isaiah lx. 19,20.)

It is given to most who live here, to experience a period of sunshine in their brief and eventful career. Life is not a sunless day, or a day of perpetual and portentious clouds.

> "After long storms and tempests overblowne,
> The Sunne, at length, his joyous face doth cleare:
> So when as Fortune all her spight hath showne,
> Some blissful hours at last must needes appeare;
> Else should afflicted wights oftimes despeire."

Nor is less the privilege of the faithful minister of Christ as a minister. He, too, has his periods of sunshine; when circumstances appear to favour him, when friends rally around him, and when God signally honours him. Nottingham, as it appears to us, was such a place, and his three years' stay there, such a period to Mr. Lynn. He, from former visits there, was well received, throughout he was well sustained, and, as the records will show, his labours were largely blessed and successfully crowned. It was a prosperous era—a successful appointment—a period of sunshine, and will be read with interest and edification.

"June 3rd, 1834.—This day, amidst the tears and regrets of many attached friends, we left our beloved Sheffield for Nottingham. Several scores of people came to see us off. We had a very pleasant ride, and arrived in safety at our dwelling. May the Lord dwell with us, and give us to see many great and glorious things in this Circuit. My colleagues in the ministry are Messrs. Livingstone and T. Robinson, with whom I hope to labour in peace and success. Several friends have called and given us a very cordial welcome; we joined in a prayer for God's blessing on my appointment, and we had a glorious season; a holy shower fell upon us, and we enjoyed some profitable talk about soul matters.

"5th.—I met a class to-night that I am to take care of. We had some good experience. I believe a backslider, present, prayed herself into liberty. Oh, how I long after the salvation of sinners; I believe the Lord will save many.

"7th.—I attended a prayer meeting in the vestry; the pleading Spirit was given to the people, and their expectations are high that the work of God will revive: I trust their most sanguine hopes will be realized.

"9th.—I had a pleasant seven miles' walk to Hucknall, one of the principal country societies in this Circuit, and took tea with my dear friend Mr. Ward, who expressed great pleasure at my being sent to labour here. I preached to a numerous and attentive company. I believe the Word was convincing and refreshing. I trust the way of faith was made clear and plain, and that the people may enter and walk in it, with all their hearts. We had a good prayer meeting, in which I spoke to many persons, individually. There was a good feeling, and the meeting did good."

Hucknall became the scene of many a successful effort, and this, the opening visit, the precursor of many a happy hour to Mr. Lynn: yes, and these long-past services and joys still

live amongst the most treasured reminiscences of the more aged of the people, who wisely strive to bring all the fairest colourings of memory, with the fondest pencilings of hope, to bless and brighten the present hour.

"13th.—My colleagues and I held a band meeting in my study; the Lord was specially present with us, and a sweet feeling of love, joy, and gratitude, filled our hearts. I went to the band meeting in the vestry also. Upwards of forty persons were there. The people evidently cherish great expectation of good being done, and are full of faith and prayer. I believe, therefore, that our glorious God will show us His great salvation, and save many souls; 'for as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children.'

"15th.—Lord's Day.—I opened my mission in the town this morning. The General Baptists are enlarging their chapel, so they worship with us at present, their minister taking the service every Sabbath afternoon, and on alternate Sabbath mornings. This swells our congregation greatly; and this fraternity is very pleasing. I preached on 2 Thes. iii. 1.—'Brethren pray for us,' &c. I said some plain things, which were well received. I do not, as yet, feel quite at home in this chapel; there is much refinement among the people, and I know not how my roughness may be received. I preached at Radford, afternoon and night, and made collections for the Sunday School. We had a prayer meeting at night, and six souls, or more, obtained liberty. Thank God, for these sweet drops of salvation. I was wearied with the toils of the day; but I rejoice to be thus employed. I really believe we shall see great things this year.

"19th.—The Nottingham leaders and preachers took tea together. Great friendship and unanimity prevailed. We conferred on plans of future usefulness, and several were agreed upon. I hope we shall be able to carry them out.

The zeal of the Lord's house seems to eat us up; may it burn with increasing fervour. We closed with a fellowship meeting; the large vestry was full of friends: and the Lord kindled such a spirit of love, life, and zeal as was truly delightful. *The Lord will gloriously revive His work*, and that right early."

Our friend did not, however, lose himself in others; or neglect, while absorbed in Church duties, strict attention to himself. Well did he know how needful is retirement, for study, self-communion, and fellowship with God, to the servant of Christ, that he may be saved from a mere perfunctory discharge of duty; and be blessed with elasticity of spirit, and freedom and power in his public exercises.

"24th.—My feelings have been dull. I have need to be on my guard, in this Circuit especially; for I am so much from home, and I have so few chances of reading, writing, and private prayer, that I see there is great danger of mental dissipation and barrenness of soul. I am quite sure these will issue, if I do not seek for, and *make*, if I cannot *find*, opportunities for close and constant communion with God, and for thoroughly furnishing myself unto every good work. I had a five miles' walk to Kimberley, and preached to four score people with freedom and pleasure. This is a lovely, fertile country; there is a beautiful intermixture of meadows, gardens, and orchards, with ever varying trees, shrubs, and plants; these make the landscape truly rich, and the air deliciously fragrant, and make me love the neighbourhood far beyond any I ever travelled in before. Oh my soul, while thou art surrounded by so many of the beauties of nature, which display the goodness and wisdom of thy God, and the riches of nature, which are 'good for food,' why art thou so bare and barren?' Blow, ye four winds of Heaven, upon the garden of my soul, that the beauties of holiness may be seen,

and spices of spiritual fruit may be fragrant as the scent of Lebanon."

The Circuit journey next recorded, shows that true piety, and pleasure, are quite independent of external circumstances; and presents a sad example of the spiritual ignorance that prevailed, in the past generation, among the rural population of our land; both justifying the employment of Methodistic agencies in villages where, until lately, gospel truth and freedom were rarely enjoyed; and admonishing Christians to be instant, in season and out of season, in sowing, beside all waters, and with unsparing hand, the Kingdom's precious seed. Even now, with the National Church wonderfully awake and active, and after more than a century of help from Methodism, our land abounds in hamlets, fruitful for the most part, in thorns and briers, whose influence is evil, and whose end is to be burned. Yet, in such places, a little of the fruit of good living may be found. Let this sterility stimulate, while particular instances of spiritual fertility encourage, the Lord's labourer's to "go forth weeping" throughout the land, sowing the seed of pure, spiritual, Christian truth, among the people, until it rises, o'er all the land, as a golden harvest for God.

"26th.—I had a somewhat dreary walk to Lambley; a village about six miles off. The road was strange, and lay through many fields, and there were but few houses at which to inquire. I called at the cottage of a woman, eighty-eight years of age, to ask my way. She gave me the desired information; and I then inquired of her if she knew the way to Heaven. She stared at me with evident amazement, and knew not what to say. At length she managed to state that she was 'a true Church and King woman!' She then told me how many children she had brought up, and how many cows she had lost; but, alas! she showed nearly as little knowledge of the

Saviour as if she had lived in a heathen land. When I pressed home salvation matters, as I did repeatedly, she would talk about something else; anything but the one thing needful. At last, I had to leave, grieved with her spiritual ignorance, but grateful for the light of truth that has shone upon my soul. By the good hand of God upon me, I got safe to Lambley, and was kindly received by the poor people. I preached to about forty on the nature of saving faith, and believe they got a little more light on the subject, manifestly understanding what was said. The Lord grant that they may all believe and receive salvation. I gave tickets to about eleven members; with one or two exceptions they are low in godly feeling. I was kindly entertained for the night by a warm-hearted man, who seems of a very tender spirit.

"27th.—I left my bed this morning, resolving to live nearer to God, and putting my faith in fresh exercise, I was favoured with power to take hold of God, and felt His blessed Spirit to move on my soul. We had a comfortable season in family worship; after which I went, accompanied by a truly pious girl, to visit an old afflicted saint of God. She lives in a poor little cottage, comprising two small rooms below, and the same number above stairs. A son and two daughters reside with her; the son and one of the daughters were below stairs; the other young woman was above, with the old lady. I asked to see their mother, and was desired to go up a step-ladder which led to the room where she lay. With some difficulty, I ascended; and found two small rooms, with a bed in each. Although poor, I could not help remarking how very clean they were. Passing through the first room, I found, in the second, the object of my visit. She was a very aged and infirm female, unable even to sit up in bed. By this time, the pious young friend who was my guide, had conquered the difficult step ladder; for having been there many

times before on godly errands, she got up much easier than I. In looking to the roof of the sufferer's room, I saw the morning sunbeams shining through the slender covering. Oh, thought I, in what obscure hovels do some of the Lord's dear people reside. On inquiry, I was glad to find that the soul of this aged pilgrim was truly happy in the love of God, and she expressed great thankfulness to her Lord for His love to her. The girl, who went with me, was a good singer; so we sang several hymns, which cheered the aged saint; then we both engaged in prayer, and the Lord favoured us all with a most delightful manifestation of His precious love. Oh, how sweetly were we filled with joy unspeakable, and how full of glory were our souls! I obtained a greater blessing to my own soul in the sick chamber of this humble cot, than I had obtained before in any place in this Circuit. Praise God that I went on this errand of mercy; it did, indeed, prove a rich means of grace to me. How lovely is sincere piety wherever we find it!

"In returning home, when approaching the old woman's cottage where I called as I went, I was led to contrast her state of soul with the happy saint I had just visited. I felt condemned that I had not attempted to pray with the ignorant old lady, and I said to myself—Poor creature! I dare say she never hears the voice of prayer in this obscure place. I will call again and pray with her. I entered the house presently, and she knew me again. As soon as I could get a word in, I called her attention to death and eternity, and the need of preparing to meet God. These subjects she did not relish at all, so flew off to other matters of conversation. Again I called her back to them, and added, that I should like to pray with, and for her. This proposal she pretended not to understand, and would not give over talking about worldly things; and I had positively to fall on my knees, and begin to pray

before she ceased. When I had done praying, she looked utterly amazed, and was much quieter and more serious than before. Poor woman, my heart is grieved for her: may the Lord enlighten her mind. After I reached home, God blessed Mr. Robinson and myself, in our band-meeting, held in my study. We then went, at the invitation of Mrs. Anderson, to the 'Radford Folly,' to her 'School Treat.' It is a beautiful place, and we passed a few hours there very delightfully. I gave an address to the young people on soul-business; and Mr. R. and I prayed with them. This has been one of the happiest days of my life: yet, it had a very solemn close.—We had just gone to bed, when our next-door neighbour was brought home dead! While walking in the town with his wife, apparently as well as usual, he dropped down in the street, and died there. Oh Lord, what a solemn call is this for us to be ready when Thy summons comes!"

For several weeks, the kindled flame of "life, love, and zeal," before referred to, burned with increasing power and brightness, in a goodly number of the societies, but more especially in Nottingham. Many an eye watched it; many a diligent hand brought fuel to it; and Mr. Lynn, whose heart bounded with gladness because of it, added fervour to his zeal, infused greater life into his prayers, and threw greater energy into his plans and labours. Here is the first striking effect of preparatory processes—processes which, it is but fair to say, were warmly supported, from the first, by many devoted fellow-helpers, who continued Mr. Lynn's warm allies until he left that neighbourhood.

"Aug 17th.—Lord's Day.—I was very desirous for God's glorious power to attend me in my duties to-day, and many friends, equally anxious, prayed for, and expected that power to be displayed. Thank God, we have not been disappointed. This morning, I preached in Nottingham, on prayer. Many

were stirred up to pray, and I trust there will be greater attention to closet and family devotion. In the afternoon I preached at Radford, and publicly received eleven members into Church fellowship. It was a very affecting time; the old members wept for joy. We had an immense crowd of people in Nottingham Chapel at night; we had a very lively service, and a large attendance at the prayer meeting. It was indeed a blessed season. I called upon anxious inquirers to come forward to the penitent form. This, in the chapel, was quite a new thing, and, at first, there was great shyness and hesitancy. At length, a young woman ventured forward; she said she felt as if the chapel was rocking as she came; but she was driven to the act by deep distress. Presently, three or four young men also came up, and after a hard struggle, the female, and one of the young men got into liberty. We then adjourned to the vestry, and laboured until near ten o'clock, by which time five others had entered into the enjoyment of God's favour. This was evidently the Lord's doing, and it seemed marvellous in His people's eyes. I do bless Him, not only for the success realized to-night, (which is the best night I have spent here,) but for a troop of able and willing soldiers of the cross, who work wisely and well in the glorious cause.

"18th.—My soul was delighted this morning with thoughts of the work done by the Lord last night. I had two fresh members at my class this afternoon; one of whom found the Lord in her own house last week.

"29th.—My colleagues and I spent the afternoon with Mr. R. Sutton. We held a band meeting, and the Lord was near to us. How much better it is to spend an afternoon of social intercourse in such a way as this, than so to employ it as that it will not bear reflecting on, with approval afterwards.

"31st.—Lord's Day.—I came to Hucknall yesterday. This morning I arose, full of desire and expectation that my gracious Lord would manifest His power to save. In the morning I had freedom while preaching, and a conviction of their neglect of prayer was very general among the people. In the afternoon, I preached at Papplewick, in an old-fashioned little cot, but we had a very lively meeting. At night, we had a full chapel at Hucknall. My heavenly Master gave me great liberty and power, and the people were much affected. A great many remained to pray in the social service; but I was surprised and grieved that many, upon whose help I ought to have been able to reckon, kept aloof, as if they had nothing to do with soul-saving work. We struggled hard for some time, but nothing visible was effected. We then closed the meeting, and desired all to remain who were either seeking salvation or would help seekers to secure it. As soon as we opened the second meeting, a young woman cried out for mercy. Soon afterwards, four other persons, all backsliders, began to cry to God for restoring grace. Four of these five penitents obtained a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. Blessed be God for these seals of my ministry. I pray Him to keep them unto His coming."

The revival here noticed was general; it extended to every place in the Circuit, and added numbers to the churches in every place. It was not like showers in summer, which accompany thunder, deluging some parts of the country, and leaving others untouched and unwatered, but a shower which reached the remotest place in the Circuit, and fell in vitalizing influences upon each society. Nor was it the movement of a day or month; it stretched for the most part, over the whole period of Mr. Lynn's stay, but was particularly powerful during the earlier stages of it. We shall best perceive its extent and chronicle its history by giving, though somewhat

lengthily, extracts in chronological order. The reader will, however, find enough in them to fix his attention and fire his heart.

"Sept. 14th.—I arose with a thankful heart, yet my mind was dull. I was told that Mrs. P. obtained liberty whilst I was praying with her on my last visit to Wilne. I went to see her, and rejoiced to find it even so. Dear woman, she was happy and thankful. This circumstance proved a reviving cordial to my drooping soul. I preached for the Trust Funds, afternoon and evening. We had many people at chapel and much of the Divine Glory amongst us. In the evening there was such weeping and shouting as made the place awfully solemn and grand. I hope, poor dead Wilne will be revived.

"28th.—Sunday.—I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Rickering, who preached one of our School Sermons, in Parliament Street Chapel. He is a blessed minister; my soul was specially refreshed by hearing the Word at his mouth. I addressed the scholars in the afternoon, and preached at night to a very great crowd. The presence and power of God were made known in the midst of us; seven souls were brought to God in the prayer meeting; and one was purified from all sin. Praise the Lord.

"October 5th.—Lord's Day.—At Chilwell, in the morning, the service was precious and profitable; and at Stapleford, afternoon and night, the seed fell on good ground. We closed with a royal prayer meeting, and five souls were saved. Many of the friends were astonished as well as rejoiced. Oh, this blessed work of saving souls—how grand it is!

"19th.—Lord's Day.—I preached in Nottingham this forenoon with much enlargement of soul, dwelling at length on entire Sanctification, which, I believe, had a good effect on the people: would to God this great blessing were more

generally enjoyed by the friends of the Redeemer. We had a large company in the same place at night; a solemn feeling prevailed, but I had not full liberty. At a society meeting, held after the public service, I took into the church about twenty new members; an evidence of the gracious moving that is amongst us here. Two souls also professed to find mercy of the Lord.

"November 9th.—This day I preached at Nottingham, morning and night, and at Radford in the afternoon. An excellent prayer meeting closed the day's services; three souls found peace in it, and three others at Kingston Street. Praise the Lord!

"23rd.—Lord's Day.—In a calm state of mind, I walked to Hucknall. On commencing the duties of the day, I felt unusually anxious to be useful, and I believed that God would again follow me with His blessing. By faith, I felt Him very near, and preached with much pleasure. We had an immense company at night; the power of God rested on the people, and there was a great awakening. Several souls professed to find liberty in the prayer meeting, but I was again grieved very deeply, and the good work suffered considerably, by the backwardness of many friends to render active help. Blessed Lord! what can be the matter with men—members of Thy body, the Church, who, when such gracious chances occur for them to make 'increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love,' still fold their arms and sit at ease in Zion?"

"December 7th.—Lord's Day.—I preached thrice at Basford. The glory of God rested delightfully upon us. A gracious work is going on here among the Sunday Scholars; many were in deep distress at the prayer meeting. Several children prayed with amazing power; and one scholar professed to obtain liberty."

Might not much more be done than is done, to bring our

Sunday Scholars to the enjoyment of experimental religion? And would not the result be worth infinitely more than all the labour it might cost? Let no one suppose there is anything in personal piety that even children cannot experience and practice; for the great cardinal facts and doctrines of the Gospel can be made plain, even to their understandings, and be brought home, with saving energy, even to their hearts. And when we ponder the fact, for it is a fact, that four-fifths of our church members were converted to God in their early days, how anxiously should we, who now bear the burden and heat of the day, strive to bring to religious decision those whom youthful piety will best prepare to occupy our places and do our work, when we are striken with the decrepitude of age, or numbered with the clods of the valley.

"9th.—We had many hearers at Chilwell; and the service was a lively and powerful season. God is doing the people much good here; there are more than twenty on trial, and many of them have found peace through believing. How refreshing and invigorating it is to be brought in contact with the life and power of true religion!

"14th,—Sabbath.—I left my happy home in a sweet frame of mind, longing to see souls saved. I was appointed at Chilwell. Sometime after the service commenced, I was seeking, but without success, for the text I had fixed on; within a few moments of the time when I had to preach, I had not found it; so I was obliged to fix on these words—'Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.' In preaching I had great help from the Lord; it was a melting season, and many wept for joy. I believe the Lord directed me to this text. Oh that purity of heart was more generally enjoyed. The friend with whom I dined took me in his conveyance to Stapleford: this I found a great relief. In the afternoon, we had a large company, and a powerful season.

Oh Lord, apply Thy salvation. Returning to Chilwell for the night service, we found the chapel quite full of people. The spirit of conviction operated very powerfully among them; and I hoped that many, like Joshua, would determine to serve the Lord. In the prayer meeting I found many seeking mercy; two of whom professed to find it. There is a grand move here: the Lord increase it.

"In the house where I supped, I proposed prayer with the family. Instantly, a son-in-law, who was partly drunk, and was a very wicked man, began to swear, declared he would not stay in the house, and asked me why I came there to bother them? I was astonished, not expecting such an interruption; so I said to him—'Man, the devil is in you.' He responded, by ordering me to go to the devil. But I told him he was doing that. He opened the door and asked—'Are you going out?' I said, 'No, Sir.' 'Then,' said he, 'I will.' I replied, 'Very well, go;' and he went. We then knelt down, and had a blessed time in prayer. I should rejoice to hear of God converting this great sinner. When I got to Nottingham I was well tired, but had enjoyed a blessed day.

"1835, January 1st.—Much refreshed, I preached at Sawley, to many hearers. Three backsliders returned to the Lord; one of whom told me the Lord had restored to him the joy of salvation, during the sermon. The other two were heavy laden. We prayed earnestly for them, and both found peace. Thankful for these tokens for good, I went to Breaston to lodge, and there heard one of the persons who had just found peace engage in prayer; her supplications were most fervent and effectual, mingled too, with great gratitude and tenderness. Glory to God, for this good beginning of the new year.

"4th.—Sabbath Day.—I left home for Hucknall, with a bad cold and violent headache. Being a fine frosty morning,

the walk was pleasant. My mind was calmly stayed on the Lord, and in the morning service the cloud of Divine glory descended upon us; it was delightful to be there. In the afternoon I gave tickets to a good class, and then addressed the Sunday Scholars. What a fine school it is! In the evening service, my cold was very troublesome, but the Lord helped me wonderfully. Great power attended the Word, and sent it home to many hearts. Three backsliders were reclaimed in the prayer meeting, and one sinner was saved. My soul did rejoice.

"5th.—My cold was worse; I needed patience and submission. I felt the Lord with me in the night service, when I delivered my lecture on class meetings. The friends here, with one exception, have been in the habit of meeting their classes once a fortnight only, and that on the Sunday; many of the members go to class one Sunday, and to the school the other. My friend W. is much opposed to this, and so am I; in my opinion, it has retarded the work of God. We held a leader's meeting, at which the subject was taken up; it was agreed to meet the classes weekly; I hope this will be done."

We know not whether this was "done" for a season, but, with the exception before named, it is not done regularly yet, though upwards of twenty-three years have passed since the resolution to do it was recorded. The Hucknall society stands in *statu quo* on the subject of fortnightly classes; and we cannot help joining Mr. Lynn in the opinion, that spiritual loss results from the practice, not counterbalanced even by the extra labour it throws into the noble Sabbath School, which, under auspicious circumstances, has just celebrated its Jubilee. Sabbath Schools must be sustained, it is true; but never was the necessity so urgent, as now, for class meetings to be upheld—upheld in their integrity. In Methodism,

public opinion is unanimously in favour of the former; but for some years past it has been turning against the latter; and this too, just when other churches, long hostile to the class, are cordially adopting, and loudly praising it! If the Sunday School is the church's nursery, the class meeting is the church's college; and better spiritual instruction is often got by an hour's fellowship in the class-room, than by months' of other kinds of tuition without it. Though it is unsafe to prophecy, when not inspired to do it, yet there is little danger, (alas for it!) in predicting, that the glory of Methodism will depart, if ever her Christian fellowship is abandoned, or permitted by her polity, to be lightly esteemed. Heaven grant that the heart-strings of Methodism may ever vibrate with strengthening love to these evangelical and blessed means of grace!

"6th.—The work of God is reviving at Hill Top. I had much pleasure in preaching there; the Word was received with great joy. I gave tickets and admitted nine new members, who seem in a good way. May the God of Grace mend all the old ones!

"12th.—I attended our quarterly meeting. We had a full attendance, and a good meeting. Four young men were received on full plan as local preachers; they gave the best answers to the questions I remember ever to have heard. The Lord make them a blessing to thousands of souls! We have had a good increase of members during the quarter. The business of the meeting was conducted with great harmony. At night, I preached, and made a collection in Parliament Street Chapel, for Kingston Street School. My sore throat troubled me in directing attention to 'The Siege of Jericho,' but the power of God rested on us. We had a glorious prayer meeting after the public service; a fine host of workers came up to the help of the Lord; and we held on

until after ten o'clock, when we ascertained that nine souls had obtained liberty. Glory, and honour, and blessing, unto God and the Lamb!

"13th.—My feelings have been flat to-day. At night, the Kingston Street Room, where I preached, was full, the Holy Spirit richly clothed the Word with His influence, and there was great joy among us. Three souls professed to find pardon here on Sunday morning; and this evening, sixteen more have entered into life.

"17th.—This evening we had a solemn prayer meeting, at the close of which we held another meeting for penitents. After a hard struggle, I think three got salvation. This has been a blessed week in Nottingham; above twenty persons have professed to get liberty from guilt and sin. May all be kept, and conducted to Heaven. I pray that this soul-saving work may go on with increasing glory.

"18th.—Lord's Day.—In the evening we had a full chapel at Stapleford. Many sinners were cut to the heart; three professed liberty.

"21st.—I visited about twenty families to-day at Stapleford, which I doubt not has done good. The dear people are very kind, and the goodness of God to precious souls among them last Sunday cheers me. Oh, that He may shake Stapleford from end to end! The leaders need rousing: blessed God, stir them up. I had much help in preaching at night.

"22nd.—Have been in a humble, praying frame all day. God makes me happy with the numerous conversions now taking place. Our class meeting has been a gracious season; there were three seekers, and I think one or two found salvation. One thought he had not repented enough. I asked if he was not sorry he had sinned against God? he said 'Yes.' 'Do you not feel to hate sin?' He replied,

'Yes.' 'Do you not feel grieved because you are not more grieved?' 'Yes,' he answered. 'Would you not rather do anything than grieve God?' 'Oh yes,' he responded. 'And should you not wish, above everything, to know that God has pardoned you?' 'Yes,' said he. 'Well,' I answered, 'this *is* true repentance. You may suffer more, but you will never be fitter for salvation than NOW. All the promises of salvation are yours.' Mrs. B., who was in the same state, now saw her way to Christ, laid hold on Him by faith, and went on her way rejoicing; and I am sure this young man will soon rejoice in Jesus, too. Another lady, in this same state, came to my house; I placed before her the way of faith; the snare of the Devil was broken, and she entered fully into liberty.

"25th.—I preached at Chilwell this morning. Oh, how delightfully the Spirit of God flowed through our souls during the first hymn. In prayer, increasing power descended upon us. The text was—'Come, for all things are now ready.' Oh! what glory God breathed through the Word. My soul has not felt such a flood of joy for sometime, and the people frequently praised God aloud, during the service. In the afternoon I preached at Stapleford to a numerous company; I had Divine Power with me, but not the clearness and freedom I could have wished; yet God was felt in the Word. I preached there again in the evening on 'The Siege of Jericho.' We kept on a glorious prayer meeting until ten o'clock; and, praise God, eight or ten persons professed to find the Lord.

"Feb. 9th.—A very large company at Breaston; they heard the Word with deep and lively attention. We held an earnest prayer meeting. When I was at supper, a backslider and a seeker of mercy came in deep distress; we joined in hearty prayer for them, and they both got liberty. How

wonderfully near is the Lord to those who call upon Him in truth.

"12th.—I visited several families this morning in Hemington, and in the afternoon at Sawley, where the work of God is reviving. We had many to hear the Word, and a long prayer meeting after it. For sometime nothing seemed to be done. Several were under conviction, but would not submit to be saved. We closed the first meeting, and opened a second, when one young man came forward to be prayed for, weeping as he came; falling on his knees, he engaged in right good earnest, and the Lord soon set him free. By this time, there were two sisters in deep sorrow for sin; one fell off her seat, and screamed loudly for mercy but neither got saved. I believe, however, the Lord will give them the desired blessing. This has been a wonderful night.

"March 1st.—My mind was cold and confused, but in drawing near to God in prayer and confessing my unwatchfulness, putting out my faith and laying hold of the Lord, there was breathed into my soul Divine unction, and kindled in my heart Divine fire. I left home in the spirit of prayer, and preached at Beaston to about thirty people and four children. In the first prayer I was much refreshed, and God was in the preaching. We had a good influence at Stapleford; at night the chapel was quite full, but I was not quite at liberty; yet the Spirit of God was in the Word; two souls found the 'pearl of great price' in the prayer meeting. There is a blessed work going on here; those who have been brought to God during my last few visits stand well, and the people work much better.

"3rd.—I preached at Chilwell to many people, with uncommon power and glory. Oh, what a Heavenly joy flowed down upon us. The work of God is going on grandly here; at the leader's meeting, we proposed eighteen persons for

church fellowship, and there are fifteen more on trial. I rejoice greatly at the prosperity of Zion. I was the guest of Mr. Hudston.

"4th.—At Stapleford, again, there was a good attendance. After preaching, the prayer meeting was continued till nine o'clock, and two or three souls got clearly saved. I spoke to the two females we had in the chapel on Sunday evening, and they still retain a sense of God's love and are truly happy. Thank God for His goodness to precious souls in this place.

"I met the Stapleford leaders this morning. On examining the class books, we found above twenty on trial. The revival spirit has got hold of the friends; if some of them only keep from wildness, a great work will be seen. The leaders are greatly encouraged. I returned home, preached, and led my class.

"9th.—I dined at Breaston and visited a few of the people; the chapel was quite full at night; the power of God flowed down upon us very gloriously; and the Word was heard with unspeakable joy. We had a prayer meeting until past eleven o'clock, and God gave such a spirit of powerful and successful prayer as I have seldom witnessed. I appointed a pew in the chapel for penitents to enter, that they might be directed to Jesus; eleven persons went into it in search of mercy, and they all professed to find it. We had, indeed, a glorious scene of sorrow for sin and joy for salvation: it will never be forgotten. May the Lord keep all who have tasted of His love steadfast in the faith.

"10th.—I was sent for by a family, two members of which obtained peace last night. I found two men in great distress respecting their souls. We sung and prayed together, and one, a backslider, was restored and made very happy. I dined at Mr. C.'s, and visited a few families in the afternoon. We had a large congregation in the evening and a rich influence;

one young man got liberty, and two went away in deep distress.

"14th.—My heart has flowed with gratitude to God for his goodness to me and others. We had two souls saved in the prayer meeting to night; fifteen on Sunday, that is seventeen in Nottingham this week, and fourteen in the country places which I have visited. What mighty wonders our Jesus has wrought!

"15th.—Lord's Day.—I spent the day in Nottingham, and it was a good day to many; the refreshing influences of the Holy Spirit accompanied the Word this morning, and it was sweet to the taste. I can say with Barnabas, that the sight of the saving grace of God makes me glad. I gave tickets to three classes in the afternoon; there is a goodly number on trial, and the experience of many is rich. We had a very large congregation at night; the Lord greatly helped me; there were several souls saved in the prayer meeting. Oh! what a work the Lord is doing.

"22nd.—I awoke with a mind anxious for the blessing of God on my labours. A little self-indulgence the night before grieved the Spirit of God and hung like a dead weight on my soul; I fled to the Lord Jesus by faith; He healed my soul, yet I felt feeble in spirit. By the grace of God I will try to watch against this enemy. I preached at Ison Green. There is something wrong here. Lord revive Thy work and set fire to Ison Green. In the afternoon I went to New Radford, greatly concerned for the salvation of souls; I preached hard, and with great plainness; and I was happy to find that there was Divine power in the Word. I gave tickets to two classes, and preached there to-night with point and plainness; in the prayer meeting many felt greatly blessed, three souls were saved, and two went home in distress. I hope Radford will now rise.

"28rd.—Greatly wearied with my hard toil yesterday, I spent the day at home to recruit my wasted strength. At night I preached at Bulwell; we had a full place, and the Word was seasonable. I gave tickets and was glad to find forty members, and five on trial. There were nineteen members the first time I gave tickets there. Glory be to God for this increase.

"29th, 30th.—I was at Hucknall, and held exhaustive but delightful services. On the Monday evening we had a leaders' meeting, and, after preaching, a royal prayer meeting until ten o'clock, and about twelve persons professed salvation. Some of the greatest sinners in the town were brought to God. The rejoicing of the friends was very great. Do, my blessed Lord, give stability to this work.

"April 1st.—At Kimberley, I visited a few families in the afternoon and preached to a goodly number of people at night; we had a powerful sense of the Divine presence. When the service was concluded, one young woman was in deep distress; we asked her to kneel, and we would pray with her; she did so, and soon entered the glorious liberty of God's children. Oh! how happy she was! My soul adored the Lord for the beginning of a good work at Kimberley; it is a dead place, but, I hope, this spark will kindle a great flame.

"4th.—Preached at Nottingham twice, gave tickets in the afternoon to Mrs. Salthouse's and Mrs. Kirk's classes—two blessed women of God, and attended to the Lord's Supper, where a solemn, good feeling prevailed. At night, I preached on the 'Valley of Dry Bones,' and, glory be to God, there was a shaking. We held a prayer meeting in the chapel; then adjourned to the vestry, where there were twelve penitents, eight or nine of whom got liberty. We had a hard struggle, but God came down and saved them. When I got home, I was glad to learn that there had been a mighty outpouring of

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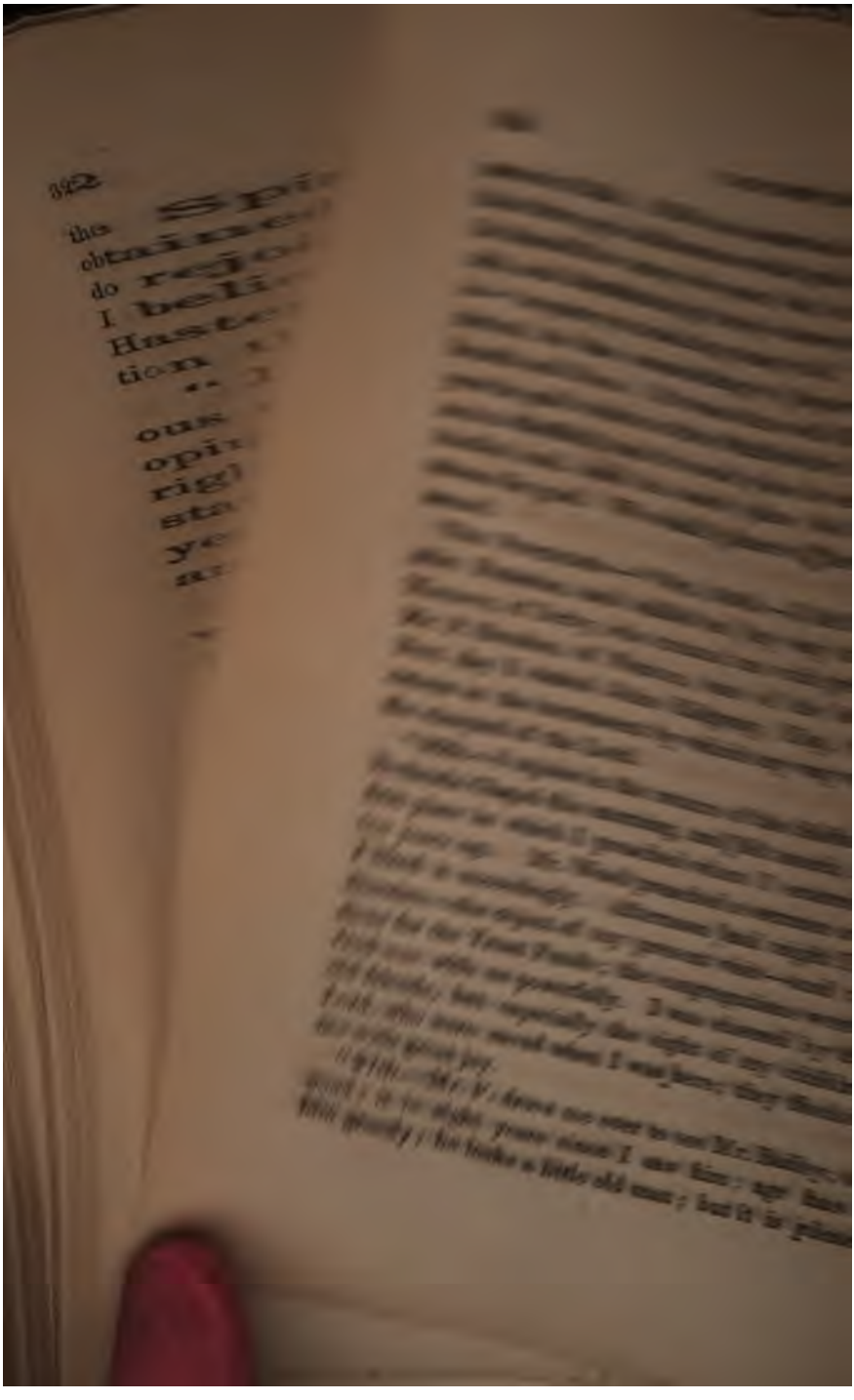
produced, delightful. I was thankful to hear many of my spiritual children declare the goodness of God. Oh, my soul, I call upon thee to adore that gracious God who condescends to own thy feeble endeavours, and who makes thee the spiritual father of so many children! He magnifies His strength in my weakness, His wisdom in my ignorance, and the worthiness of Jesus in my unworthiness. Oh, that I may ever lie low at His feet, and ever give Him all the praise! I preached in the evening to as lively a congregation as I have seen for a long time. Afterwards, at a Society Meeting, we admitted upwards of twenty persons into the 'fellowship of the saints:' it was a season of great life and love; at its close the prayer meeting began and went on till after ten o'clock, and was finished by singing a few hymns in the streets. Oh, how sweet they were!

"May 26th.—I went to Wilne. How lovely creation now appears; the beauties of spring are now enchanting. Oh, that my soul may resemble the vegetable world in vigour, beauty, and fruitfulness. Come, Divine Spirit! and richly clothe me with the graces of Thy train and make my soul to be adorned as a bride for her husband. Let no sterility or barrenness be seen in me, and grant that every temper, every grace, may to Thy matchless glory shine."

The prosperity so graciously vouchsafed in his own Circuit, and noticed so extensively in the copious extracts already given, attended Mr. Lynn, during this period, in visits to other places. This is what might be predicated. Some places are, no doubt, more favourable to a minister's usefulness than others; but, after all, it is the minister who is to move and mould the place, and not the place which is to make and ennoble the minister. A good minister of Jesus Christ may be *more* useful there than here, but he will be *useful* everywhere. He carries with him the spirit and the



him as full of zeal for the glory of God and the salvation souls as ever. Our interview was very pleasant; we conversed freely about the cause of God; we then commended ch other to God, and parted, perhaps, for ever on this side ordan. At Longton, I met Mr. Donald, who had just returned from Stapleford, where he supplied for me, and I rejoiced once more to see this blessed man. We drove back to Burslem, where I preached again to a large assembly; the power of God was with us; three souls were saved in the prayer meeting, and believers much quickened. The collections were £33 2s. 7d.; being £20 over those of last year. The friends were more than thankful. Praise God for all His mercies.

"28th.—I preached this evening in Bethesda Chapel to about fifteen hundred people, who heard the Word of Life with lively attention. The faces of the friends beamed with pleasure, and I had a heavy business of hands' shaking.

"29th.—My next move was to Newcastle. I met many dear friends at Mr. B.'s, whose hearts warmed at the remembrance of bye-gone days. At seven o'clock, I preached to a chapel full of people; the Lord gave great power with the Word.

"Nov. 2nd.—Being near my friends in Cheshire, I went forward from the Potteries to visit them. At the request of Mr. Wilson, I preached in Chester to-day, morning and evening. At the close of the first service, I was informed of the death of the Rev. H. Seals. He entered the joy of his Lord about two o'clock this morning. He was a deeply pious, precious young man. His warfare is over, and his reward is secured.

"4th.—I preached at Wiliston. My relations there were pleased to hear a sermon from their kinsman; they have ten children, several young, but happily four are united to the

cause of Christ. My brother-in-law prays twice a day with his family, and he and his wife are alive to God.

"5th.—On my return, I again preached at Newcastle, and the glory of God filled the place. We continued the prayer meeting until after eleven o'clock. Oh! what a blessed stir there was; sixteen souls professed to find God, and the Divine Power rested upon us all wonderfully. I adored the Lord, and retired to rest, weary but truly thankful to God for this rich display of His goodness.

"6th.—Left Newcastle for Derby, where I preached at night in Devonshire Street Chapel; God was richly with us. Next morning, I rejoiced to get home, and praised God for His many mercies during the journey, which has been both pleasant and profitable."

Newark, is a small but pretty town, seventeen miles N.E. of Nottingham. It has a population of over ten thousand, and sends two members to Parliament. It is "situated on the eastern bank of a branch of the Trent, which, about two miles south of the town, divides into two channels, and about two miles north of the town, unite again, thus forming a river-island on which are the ruins of the ancient castle of Newark.* The town extends about a mile along the banks of the river, and consists of several streets, with a market-place in the centre of the town. It contains a handsome town-hall, a court-house, a very large parish church of very elegant perpendicular architecture, several places of worship for dissenters, a fine grammar school, and various other schools." In this ancient and interesting place we had no society up to the time of Mr. Lynn's appointment to Nottingham, when one was formed, as the extracts which follow will explain.

"Nov. 29th.—Mr. Sutton and I went to Newark; he to

* The castle in which King John, of Magna Charta notoriety, died.

preach at Collingham, and I at Newark. We had a pleasant ride and cordial welcome. There has been a secession here from the Old Methodists of more than fifty members, who have formed themselves into a New Connexion Society, and shape to do well. There are three local preachers; I took up my abode with one of them, a Mr. Barrows.

"30th.—I arose in a happy state of mind; oh how near my soul got to the Lord in prayer! I preached in the room to one hundred and thirty people; the Lord made it a sweet, powerful time; tears of joy flowed from many eyes. In the afternoon I went to Collingham, six miles from Newark. Our friends there have engaged an empty chapel, with the view of raising a society. Mr. Sutton had preached in the morning to about sixty; there were upwards of one hundred this afternoon. I asked them this important question—'Who is on the Lord's side?' Many heard the Word with seriousness, and others looked as if they had seldom been in a place of worship before. I returned to Newark; it is an interesting country. At night we had a crowded place, and several could not gain admission. I was not quite at liberty, yet the Word was one of power; at the prayer meeting five souls professed to obtain mercy. Mr. S. had a pretty good attendance, I understand, at Collingham. Thank God this has been a happy day.

"Dec. 1st.—I visited several friends and saw the town; I was delighted with it. I think we are likely to raise a good cause here; there are many nice families who appear to be heartily with us; several souls have been converted and added to them since they joined us. After tea, a few of us rode to Collingham, to give an explanation of our New Connexion polity; the chapel was full; the meeting was conducted in a good spirit, and many seemed highly gratified. We came back to Newark, singing, and the time passed away swiftly and sweetly.

"2nd.—This morning, Messrs. Sutton, Clarkson, and I returned to Nottingham, much pleased with our visit to Newark.

"June 14th.—I gave tickets at Newark to three classes; the Lord is graciously with the people. I preached, with heavenly sweetness, in the forenoon; and we had a well-attended love feast in the afternoon. There have been many sound conversions since our cause was opened at Newark. A great and effectual door is opened to us here; there are adversaries, but the cause is God's, and I hope he will carry it on. Our friends have got the old Assembly Room; it is a larger place than we had before, and we had it very full. The Lord was graciously present; in the prayer meeting several souls were in distress, and one got liberty.

"July 22nd. I had a very pleasant ride to Newark; the services were very delightful; the love of God made us shout His salvation together. * I hope the friends will keep united, and, I think, they will get on. They want a chapel. Oh Lord, open their way, and let them have a temple erected for Thy glory. I believe there is real piety among them; the Lord preserve them." *

The only other visit which we notice at present, was paid to Sheffield, a town consecrated by hallowed associations and recollections in the memory and heart of Mr. Lynn. Soon after his settlement in Nottingham, he writes—"I have been comforted in writing to friends at Sheffield; I have such love to them, now that I am absent, that I feel as if I could love a dog if it came from Sheffield!" A visit, therefore, to this town, after a lapse of nearly a year, was sure to give mutual

* A chapel was obtained, and it becoming too small, under the efficient ministry of our estimable friend, the Rev. T. Boysett, a new chapel, capable of seating five or six hundred people, was erected upon the old site, and opened Oct. 29th, 1848. It is pronounced a "credit to the Connexion and an ornament to the town."—Ed.

pleasure. It was undertaken specifically to open a chapel at Ecclesfield, four or five miles north of Sheffield. The evening before its opening, we find Mr. Lynn at the band meeting, at Scotland Street Vestry.

"I shall never forget the joy that sparkled in the countenances of the friends when I entered. While I detailed the work of God I had witnessed in the Nottingham Circuit, they were in raptures; the meeting was indeed a treat. Oh, may we all be preserved in grace until the coming of the Lord!

"May 17th, 1835.—Mr. W. Dixon took Mr. Burrows and myself to Ecclesfield. Mr. B. preached a very good sermon in the forenoon; the place was nearly full, and the influence was delightful. In the afternoon, the chapel was crowded, and a sermon was preached out of doors besides. My text was—'Holiness becometh Thy house O Lord for ever.' I hope holy ministers, holy doctrines, and holy worshippers will ever occupy this house of prayer. In the evening the sanctuary was thronged, and a congregation also in the Independent Chapel close adjoining. I preached from—'What hath God wrought?' A glorious power rested upon us; the Word was full of the Spirit.

"18th.—I met my old class at South Street. Lovin souls! some of them wept for joy when I entered the vestry, and praised God for allowing us to meet again. I preached in the evening at Bow Street, and made a collection for Ecclesfield Chapel. We were very full and the Spirit of the Lord was mightily with us. One backslider was restored in the prayer meeting.

"20th.—I preached at South Street; the Word was heard with delight, and several souls were made happy in the forgiving love of Jesus. Bless the Lord for this manifestation of His mercy. Next day, after a pleasant ride, I arrived in safety at my happy home."

A few months after Mr. Lynn's removal to Nottingham, an event, as great and philanthropic as ever occurred in this island, was celebrated; we allude to the Abolition of Slavery. Many Acts of Parliament had previously been obtained, regulating, controlling, and even repudiating the nefarious trade in slaves, from the year 1788, when Mr. Wilberforce first introduced the question into Parliament; but on the 7th of August, 1833, an Act passed the Lower House, and received the Royal Assent on the 28th of August, the memorable words of which were—"Slavery shall cease and be unlawful in the British colonies, plantations, and possessions." This was a noble consummation of the indefatigable labours of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Macaulay, Sir T. F. Buxton, and a host of other philanthropic individuals, who consecrated their time, their talents, their energies, and their all, to the good cause

The Act obtained, which provided that the slaves should serve an apprenticeship to their masters, and that the masters should receive a compensation of £20,000,000, sterling came into effect on the 1st of August, 1834, which was kept "very generally throughout England as a day of rejoicing." Nor in England alone. "Throughout the colonies, the churches and chapels were thrown open, and the slaves crowded into them. On the evening of the 31st of July, as the hour of midnight approached, they fell upon their knees, and awaited the solemn moment, all hushed in silent prayer. When twelve sounded from the chapel bells, they sprang upon their feet, and through every island rang the glad sound of thanksgiving to the Father of all; for the chains were broken and the slaves were free."*

It was a religious question, for humanity and Christianity are one, and religious men kept the day of its final settlement

* Life of Buxton, p. 297.

religiously. "Let it not be supposed," said Sir T. F. Buxton "that we give the praise of the abolition of slavery to Mr. Wilberforce (who died a fortnight before the Act was passed), or to Mr. Macaulay, or to any man. I know the obligations we owe them; but the voice of the Christian people of England was the *instrument* of victory; its *Author*, however, was not of human race; but infinite in power—what His mercy decreed, His fiat effected." How Mr. Lynn spent the memorable day which emancipated 700,000 slaves, will appear in the next extract, which we precede by a copy of the hymn to which he refers, worthy as it is the name of its honoured author, and the greatness of the event which it celebrates.

"Hie to the mountains afar,
All in the cool of the even,
Led by yon beautiful star,
First of the daughters of heaven:
Sweet to the slave is the season of rest:
Something far sweeter he looks for to-night,
His heart lies awake in the depth of his breast,
And listens till God shall say, 'Let there be light!'

"Climb we the mountain, and stand
High in mid-air, to inhale,
Fresh from our old father-land,
Balm in the ocean-borne gale.
Darkness yet covers the face of the deep:
Spirit of Freedom! go forth in thy might,
To break up our bondage, like infancy's sleep,
The moment when God shall say, 'Let there be light!'

"Gaze we awhile from this peak,
Praying in thought while we gaze;
Watch for the dawning's first streak,—
Prayer then be turned into praise.
Shout to the valleys 'Behold ye the morn,
Long, long desired, but denied to our sight!'
Lo! myriad of slaves into men are new-born,
The word is omnipotent—'Let there be light!'

"Hear it and hail it;—the call
Island to island prolong;—
Liberty! liberty! all
Join in that jubilee song.
Hark! 'tis the children's hosannahs that ring!
Hark, they are freemen, whose voices unite!
While England, the Indies, and Africa sing,
'Amen! hallelujah!' to 'Let there be light!'"

"This is a day rendered memorable in the page of British History: inasmuch as all the slaves of the West India Colonies, belonging to the British Crown, are on this glorious day made free. The pious part of this nation have devoted the day to prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God for this great display of His providential goodness. As the General Baptists are at present worshipping with us, they united in the celebration of this interesting event. We had a prayer meeting in the vestry this morning at seven o'clock: it was a sweet, softening season. Two hundred persons took tea in the School-room this evening, and a very hot job it was. The tea was preceded by prayer, and followed by singing Montgomery's Hymn, composed for the occasion, and the interview was closed with prayer. We adjourned to Parliament Street Chapel, and held a public meeting, which was addressed by Messrs. Livingston, Robinson, Hunter, and myself; the speakers were very warm in their expression of gratitude to God for having allowed them to live to see this delightful day, and there prevailed a feeling of general joy and gladness. The earnest prayer of my heart is, that the oppressed children of Africa, in all parts of the world, may soon be set free, and, better still, may all Adam's fallen family be freed from the bondage of sin and the brand of Satan, and humanity, the world over, rejoice in the event as we in England rejoice to-day."

We do not like to omit, however it contrasts with the pre-

vious one, a record which brings before us a name often recorded in the early annals of the Connexion—one that will long live in the memory and affections of the people. In accents loud as thunder peals, this record admonishes us all to "work while it is called to day;" and, keeping our mind's-eye continually fixed on the solemnities of eternity, to be ever ready for the coming of the Lord, that we may render our account to him with joy.

"22nd.—I gave an address on class meetings, in Nottingham. At the close of the service I was told that our dear aged minister, the Rev. Joseph Manners, of Derby, was taken, last night, to the world of spirits. He preached twice, yesterday, with more than ordinary energy, and conversed afterwards with great cheerfulness. About ten o'clock he conducted the family devotions, and retired to rest. He slept soundly for an hour and a quarter, and then awoke unwell. He rose, took a little medicine, and got into bed again. As soon as he lay down, he said to Mrs. M., 'Make haste; get a light! I am dying.' She replied, 'Oh, Joseph, do not say so! Must I call my neighbour?' He said, 'Yes, do;' but, before a light could be obtained, he breathed his amiable spirit into the hands of his Heavenly Father. Oh, my God, what a sudden and solemn dispensation is this! It preached to me to be also ready. He has been upwards of thirty years a travelling preacher, and was a holy, sensible, generous, circumspect minister of Jesus Christ, a zealous good preacher, and remarkably diligent in his work. When I began to preach, he took me on the plan; and when I commenced travelling, he was my first superintendent.

"25th.—I went in a gig to Mr. Manners's funeral; we took up Mr. Robinson at Stapleford. I was glad to find Mrs. M. bearing her bereavement with such fortitude. Mr. M. was interred in the General Baptist Chapel-yard. When the

corpse was placed in the chapel, Mr. Robinson read a chapter, prayed, and Mr. Livingston gave a very affecting address. At the grave, I gave out a few verses of—

'Hark! a voice divides the sky,' &c.—

and then engaged in prayer. The presence of God overshadowed us, and this made the occasion still more solemn. The dear friends in Derby are deeply affected.

"28th.—Sabbath.—I spent the day in Derby. This morning I preached in Devonshire Street Chapel, and was solemnly affected with the thought that I was standing in the place where the departed Mr. Manners stood last Sunday, I dined with Dr. W., who seems under serious concern about his soul. He wept while I prayed with him. Oh that he may struggle on until he gets liberty! I took tea with Mrs. Manners, and preached a funeral sermon for Mr. M. in the evening. The chapel was quite full. My subject was 'Elijah's Translation.' Mr. Fenton read an account of Mr. M., and between us we managed to make out a pretty correct character of him. Oh, my God, fit us all for a sudden departure hence, if Thou should'st so call us!"

At the close of the year, Mr. Lynn spent a pleasant and profitable day at a conference of local preachers, held annually to promote the cause of God in the Circuit; the record of which will terminate the chapter.

"June 8.—I rode with some friends to Stapleford, to attend the local preachers' conference to examine into the spiritual state of each society in the circuit. The day was very hot. I heard Mr. Archer, from Keyworth, preach the annual sermon with great animation. His subject was 'Christ all and in all.' The Spirit of God was gloriously in the place. We dined together in the School-room; and at two o'clock we met and opened the Conference. I was requested to

preside, and delivered an address on the great importance of preaching a present salvation to penitent believers. It was joyfully received by the preachers and friends. After this, I called over the preachers' plan, and we received an account of the spiritual state of each society in the Circuit. The description given of the different means of usefulness employed, and the glorious results experienced, produced a thrilling effect on the assembly. The shouts of 'Glory to God,' with which they were received, were most enrapturing. When all the places were gone through, and means had been suggested to revive those that were yet low, we attended to the business of the Local Preachers' Relief Fund, the object of which is to help poor, sick, and aged local preachers belonging to the Circuit. We then prayed and took tea together. At six o'clock the conference held its love feast; such a time I scarcely ever witnessed for good feeling and grand speaking. Surely this has been one of the most delightful afternoons I ever spent; every one seemed filled with joy, and the general move which we have had recently in the Circuit, has evidently had an arousing effect on the people. They now see very clearly that united prayer and faith, with the plain and pointed declaration of the saving truths of the Gospel of Jesus, will be blessed of God in the salvation of souls."

We must close, leaving for another chapter the last two years of Mr. Lynn's ministry in what was to him an eventful and successful Circuit. He entered there, as the records show, in the burning spirit of Christian zeal, anxious only for God's glory and man's salvation. This object was ever before him—in his closet, in his study, in the pulpit; in public labours and in private visitations; in season and out of season. This object he sought not by wild and fanatical expedients, not by compromise or caricatures, but by the

exhibition of Christ as a sufficient and present Saviour, by continuous and believing prayer, by laudable diligence and perseverance, by homely and zealous expostulation; in fine, he sought it everywhere, and by looks, and words, and deeds. Aye, and he found it. Honouring God, he was honoured by God. He was made the father of a large and loving spiritual family—an honour more dignified and durable than that of all the Alexanders, and Cæsars, and Napoleons that ever lived. Their honour was piled upon death; this proceeds from life. Their honour molested the world's peace, and stopped, for the time being, the world's progress; this brings the sublimest peace and starts the noblest career. Their honour will perish when the earth has undergone its destined change, and the glass of time shall have marked its last moment, and dropped its last sand; but this will live on and on, shining with the brightness of the stars, and keeping pace with the unfolding eras of eternity. Oh, ye ministers of God! what is the thundering applause of crowded assemblies, what the flattering eulogium of erudite but erring critics, or what the hearty commendations expressed by delighted congregations, compared with the honour which cometh from God, and is consummated in Heaven? Study—visit—preach—pray—and toil for it. Aim at nothing lower, and stop at nothing short, of the Master's high applause—"Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CHAPTER XIV.

RETIREMENT.

"Rest dwelleth only on an island in the midst of the ocean of existence,
Where the world weary soul for awhile may fold its tired wings,
Until, after short sufficient slumber, it is quickened into deathless energy,
And speedeth in eagle-flight to the Sun of unapproachable perfection."

TUPPER.

LABOUR, Rest, and Recreation are indispensable to the health and happiness, the progress and elevation of all. Labour is a normal want; we are made for it, and it developes and rewards us. He who labours not lives not—enters not into the secret, realizes not the bliss, and grasps not the honours of life. "Idleness," says Isaac Taylor, "is the burial of a living man." But men cannot always labour: "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." Labour, whether of the head or the hand, whether in the counting-house, the crowded factory, or the open field, is exhaustive, and nature demands a restorative. Nor is the demand unmet. Beneficent nature, or rather the God, whose wisdom nature expounds, and whose love nature attests, provides a remedy. As winter gives repose to vegetation, so sleep administers relief and restoration to man; sleep—

"Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
When tired with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends."

Recreation comes between labour and rest, as their friend

and ally, partaking of their nature, but occupying independent ground and fulfilling a distinct mission. It abhors idleness, but its labour is rest; it is restless, but its activity invigorates. It finds its home in *change*—change of scene, of society, of employment. And change of this nature we all require. "Diversions," innocent and dignified, "are the most properly applied to ease, and relieve those who are oppressed by being too much employed. Those that are idle have no need of them. To unbend our thoughts, when they are too much stretched by our cares, is not more natural than it is necessary; but to turn our whole life into a holiday, is not only ridiculous, but destroyeth pleasure instead of promoting it."

In Nottingham, Mr. Lynn gave himself up, as already seen, to hard, exciting, and exhaustive labour: this was noble, manly, and Christian; but the mistake (often made by pious ministers, whose flock should not permit it), was in his not taking sufficient rest, and seeking, in appropriate change, healthy recreation. The consequence was, a serious affliction, which tested his faith, exercised his patience, and, for a time, suspended his ministry. By intervals of recreation, this affliction might have been escaped, and this suspension of work avoided; but recreation neglected made retirement compulsory. With this retirement, coming at a time when Mr. Lynn had reached the meridian of his days, and had just been honoured with a fine climax to his labours, we must retire. Before this, however, let us supplement and complete the chapter already given on Nottingham Circuit.

The revival of religion, previously noticed, which was so extensive and glorious, and which we have illustrated by copious extracts, did not cease with the cessation of the first year's appointment, or the novelty of the preacher's voice and style of preaching. It abated, but it did not evaporate. It

will be traced, in its further progress, in the details which we now supply.

"July 5th, 1835.—I preached at Ison Green with much joy. It was a sweet season. We had a love feast at New Radford in the afternoon. Oh, what a happy opportunity the Lord made it! Tears of joy flowed from many eyes, and we praised a present Saviour for a present salvation. I preached to them in the evening, and the Word was received with pleasure and applied with power; two souls were saved. Glory be to God!

"19th.—I preached in Nottingham on, 'Take heed therefore how ye hear.' I had much liberty, and the Word was seasonable. This forenoon, there has been a camp meeting in Nottingham Forest. Mr. Jones, and a few others took part in the services, and, I believe, God made it a blessed time. I joined them in the afternoon. Some suppose we had two thousand people present. We had three sermons and two prayer meetings. During these exercises, which occupied about two hours and a half, the most serious attention was paid; and a blessed influence accompanied the Word. Real good was done. The hills and the valleys sweetly echoed the sound of Jesu's name. Oh, that the fruits of this meeting may be lasting and glorious! In the evening, I preached at Mr. Wild's chapel, on behalf of the Sunday School. The congregation seems a pious one. The Lord manifested himself to us, and gladdened our hearts with his love. This has been a day of great labour, yet of rich enjoyment.

"Aug. 2nd.—I had a lovely walk to Hucknall. The Word was accompanied with a blessing; may it sink deep into our hearts. My dear friend Ward and his wife had experienced a narrow escape from death by a serious accident. Praise God for His preserving goodness to them. We had

many hearers, and the Lord breathed His life-giving Spirit into our souls. Oh, may every diseased soul be cured of its wounds! We had a full chapel at Hucknall at night, and Divine Grace was vouchsafed; many were affected; we had a powerful prayer meeting, and a few backsliders were healed. Oh, that they may become hearty in the good cause of God. This has been a laborious, but happy day.

"31st.—I have been in a more cheerful and happy frame than I was last week, and this arises from a better state of health, rendering me fitter for work. The body is the instrument by which the soul acts; when *it* is out of tune, the soul cannot make sweet music. Thank God for returning health. I preached in Nottingham with great pleasure. May the Lord engraft every soul into Himself. I am cheered by hearing of souls being saved in Nottingham, Ison Green, and Old Basford. Glory be to our Jesus for his mercy to poor sinners!

"Sept. 5th.—During the last few days my soul has been very happy; Thursday and Friday meetings were very delightful. Oh, what showers of glory were poured upon us! I believe we shall have another revival. The Lord send it soon. I rode to Newark this evening, and slept at old Mr. Pacey's, a good, honest man. I feel happy under his roof.

"6th.—Sabbath.—The Lord enabled me to preach this morning with pleasure to myself, and, I believe, with profit to the people. In the afternoon, we had a well attended love feast; the speaking was sound and clear; a rich and happy influence was breathed upon us; the shadow of the Lord was delightful, and the fruit was sweet. I know not when I enjoyed more unmingled happiness in a love feast. My love to the Lord and His people was strong. The place was full and very hot in the evening. Two souls were made happy,

and several more were in distress, in the prayer meeting. I hope this fruit will remain.

"7th —I visited many families and tried to draw them to God. I felt him happy in my own soul. I took tea in a gentleman's house with the cook and some other of the servants, who are inquiring their road to Zion; one of them is a member; she is a dear, happy soul; I spoke to them of the things of God, and prayed with them. They received my visit very gladly, and treated me very kindly. After this, I gave tickets at the chapel, and had a rich blessing. I then preached; many came to hear, and the Word was applied to their hearts. One of the young women, where I took tea, who was a backslider, after a hard struggle, found peace, and another was in deep distress, but did not get saved; but, I hope, she soon will. The Lord has given them a blessed stirring up; may they go on gloriously.

"13th.—I preached and made collections for the New Radford Chapel Trustees. In the afternoon the attendance was good; the presence of God was felt among us, and many rejoiced therein. In the evening service, several were affected about their souls; in the prayer meeting, two professed to find liberty. Praise the Lord for this good day.

"Nov. 28th.—When I got to Newark, Mrs. D. was waiting to take me to the gentleman's house where she resides, to tea. I was glad to find that the two females, who got salvation, when I was here last, were still going forward to Heaven. Dear creatures; they were so rejoiced that we had met again; the religious change is visible in their countenances, and they are pictures of happiness. The housekeeper and lady's maid are nice women, and both are under deep concern about salvation; I gave them directions how to find it, and prayed with them.

"Dec. 27th.—I preached, gave tickets, and administered

the Lord's Supper at Chilwell; grace flowed into our hearts. I preached also at Stapleford, and gave tickets; the Lord is blessing many there; the Word to-day was owned of God, and in the prayer meeting two souls obtained liberty, and the people generally were much blessed. Thus ends a hard and happy day."

This year, too, as last, when Mr. Lynn went from home, he carried with him "live coals" from the Divine Altar, and these, emitting sparks, kindled a heavenly flame in many hearts, where, before, spiritual icicles clustered. A visit to Birmingham, made in September, 1835, will, on this account, be read with pleasure.

"I left Nottingham for Birmingham, in exchange with the Rev. W. Baggaly; I had a pleasant journey. My soul is in a spiritual, humble state; and this makes me very happy. Birmingham is a very large and populous town, and very full of sinners. There is in it a great deal of low, vulgar wickedness. What a mercy it is to have been brought to love and serve God, while there are so many living in sin! My soul, cleave thou unto God with greater gratitude!

"20th.—Lord's Day.—My gracious Saviour was very precious to my soul this morning; I felt emptied and humbled, and laid at the feet of my Jesus; my faith clung to Him, and I was enabled to rest on His power and grace for the success of my labours: this is just such a frame as I like to possess. My heaviness during the past week has been greatly blessed to me; thank the Lord for His sanctifying grace. At the proper time I went to chapel; I found it in a better situation than I expected, and a smaller chapel than I conceived; but I was disappointed to see so small a congregation. The Lord, however, blessed our souls together. In the afternoon I rested and spent the time in reading and prayer, and I was blessed with calmness of spirit. At six o'clock I went to the

chapel; it was pretty well filled; the Lord gave me power to apply the truth, and His blessed Spirit sent it home to the hearts of the people. We held a prayer meeting, and many stopped; this was a good feeling time, but the friends were shy about praying. We invited the penitents into the vestry, and, oh, bless the Lord! there was a glorious break out. We were there till about half-past ten o'clock, and sixteen souls professed to get liberty. Glory, glory be to God!

"21st.—I am tolerably well, considering what a night I had last night. My heart rejoices in what the Lord has done. Oh, my Saviour, do keep these precious souls! In the afternoon I surveyed the town; it is a wonderful place, but sin abounds on every side. Oh, how thankful I am to feel the love of God in my soul! At seven o'clock I went to chapel; we had a pretty good attendance. There was much godly feeling in the service. Many stopped at the prayer meeting, and a solemn, good feeling was breathed upon us. When four had prayed, we adjourned to the vestry with the seekers of mercy; the vestry was crammed, and the cry for mercy soon commenced, and went on gloriously. We continued until half-past ten, and nine persons professed to find peace with God, and I left friends praying with the tenth; so that, last night and to-night, twenty-five have professed faith in God's forgiving love. Thank Thee, my God, for this manifestation of Thy mercy. Oh, do Thou keep these precious souls unto the day of Thy coming. I did not expect to see such a work as this. Oh, my Lord, spread it more gloriously, and let numbers more in Birmingham be born again!"

Once more we must observe that, while in ordinary work at home and in occasional services abroad diligence and devotion insured success, the mind of Mr. Lynn was not so occupied with the cares, or his heart so enamoured of the triumphs of the churches as to make him forget entirely, or cultivate

indifferently, his own piety. The popular opinion is that, with his opportunities for study and devotion, his freedom from secular occupations and his continual discharge of religious duties, it will be easy on the part of a minister to maintain and make head-way in practical religion. This is one of many instances in which the current opinion of society needs moderating.—The minister is a *man*, with a man's tendencies and temptations; and we know that it is the fault of the greater part of mankind, in the best sense, to forget themselves. "It is a matter of great difficulty, and requires no ordinary skill and address, to fix the attention of men on the world within them, to induce them to study the processes and superintend the works which they are themselves carrying on in their own minds; in short, to awaken in them the faculty of thought, and the inclination to exercise it. For, alas! the largest part of mankind are nowhere greater strangers than at home."*—Besides this there is professional danger. Constantly engaged in expounding for others, in counselling, commending, or correcting others, the minister is in danger of studying for public duty alone, and so convert himself into a channel to water others, but leave himself unwatered.—Moreover, who does not know that the tendency of familiarity with anything is to weaken our impression of its solemnity or beauty? Familiarity with its sounds enables the forgeman to hear better amid the thunder-claps of the tilt-hammer than elsewhere. Familiarity with such sights enables the soldier to fight with undaunted courage amid the cruel slaughter of his compatriots, and the surgeon to dress without emotion wounds which would affright unpractised eyes. And, if not guarded against, may not the minister's familiarity with the great truths of the Gospel and the holy exercises of piety, rob the former of their

* Aids to Reflection.—COLERIDGE.

solemnity and the latter of their influence; reducing faith to a creed and religion to a form? It is so, and the Gospel teacher, giving way to these tendencies and temptations, may at length (oh, terrible thought!) become a "castaway." The remedy is found in studying the Gospel daily, with the object of securing personal belief, experience, and growth. The minister should aim to *live* as well as learn, *embody* as well as exhibit Christ. In this way he will save himself, and give greater freshness to his ministry. "Their is one way of giving freshness and importance to the most common-place maxims," says the author just quoted, "that of reflecting on them in direct reference to our own state and conduct, to our own past and future being. Mr. Lynn pursued this course, and we copy the extracts for the example they present, not less than their interest.

"July 31st, 1835.—I have had some happy visits from the Spirit of God while reading. I am delighted with religion; it sweetens the temper, saves from sin, and supports under all the ills and storms of life. My dear wife and I paid a visit to a good family, and spent the time profitably. I long to draw all to God wherever I go. He is willing to help, and I am willing to try. My good Lord, pour more of Thy grace into my soul.

"August 6th.—I have been engaged about good things. I was specially blessed at Mr. Brunt's in prayer. My class was well attended, and Christ was precious. I feel, however, a weak, helpless creature; but Jesus is my strong refuge to which I wish continually to resort. Lord, Thou knowest I wish to be sincere; show me the path of righteousness, and lead me therein.

"17th.—Indisposition to-day, has made me very dull; I have had scarcely a single glimmering ray of comfort all day. Oh, what a life of misery this would be were I to live in this

way; yet what a mercy I feel no condemnation. Lord, make me more thankful, and help me more fully to improve my days of health and cheerfulness.

"24th.—A solemn, tender sense of the love of God glows in my heart, and I feel anxious to grow in grace. Lord, I want to be saved from pride and prejudice, and to have nothing but the love of God, prompting me to Thy love and the love of Thy people, and all mankind.

"October 27th.—I was not so watchful over my tongue as I ought to have been, and this made me smart in my conscience. How hard I find it to keep from fault-finding and disputation, which often do harm but seldom do good.

"December 15th.—I have been striving to do good and to get good, and the peace of God has reigned in my heart. I met with a Jew at A's; I felt it a great cross to pray before him, knowing that he did not believe in Jesus. However, I took it up, and I was enabled to call on the God of Abraham in the name of Jesus.

"21st.—This is the shortest day in the year. It ought to remind me of the shortness of life, and that it will soon end. Oh, my soul! do employ time to the best advantage, lay up treasure in heaven, and seek incessantly to glorify God."

In Nottingham, as in Sheffield, a select band meeting for seekers or possessors of sanctification, to encourage and edify one another, was established. It would appear to have been an extensive blessing. Several females, among whom may be mentioned Mrs. Hall, wife of Robert Hall, Esq., one of the founders of the New Connexion, Miss Hall, Miss Oldknow, Mrs. Cope, and Mrs. Kirk, were very devoted, and ranked among "the best women," says Mr. Lynn, "I ever met." Many of them were deeply interested in this class, and some professed to live in the enjoyment of the blessing which it was designed to exhibit; indeed, "there is," we read Jan. 17th,

1835, "a great thirst after it in this town, and several enjoy it.

"February 14th.—A select band has been formed for those who have obtained sanctifying grace and those who are seeking it; and oh, what delightful meetings they are. I have felt the happy effects of attending one, all day.

"27th.—Affliction in my family has tried my patience to the uttermost, and I have had to cry to God for more. At the select band meeting the bliss I felt was unspeakably glorious. Thank God! the storm is nearly over, and I can say that mercy has been mingled with judgment. I praise God for the bitters as well as the sweets.

"July 27.—We had a happy season in the select band this morning; showers of love dropped upon us, like the rain upon the grass."

The Hebrews, true to the instincts of their nature and the noblest conceptions of Providence, regarded children as a mark of the Divine favour, and looked upon their parents as particularly honoured. "Children are an heritage of the Lord," and a precious one they are: what parent would exchange one, however many he possessed, for an imperial crown or a princely fortune? "As arrows in the hand of a mighty man," defending him, driving off danger, and pushing forward his conquests, "so are children of the youth;" they are a defence and delight to parents in declining years. Nor can they lose their interest by their multiplication. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." There is room enough in the world, and provision ample enough in Providence for all. "Sober calculation," observes Dr. R. W. Hamilton, "has shown from the square miles and their relative inhabitants of China and Britain, that nine thousand millions of human beings might live upon the planet without crowding its area or impoverishing its supply." Not in vain

says the popular maxim—"Wherever God sends mouths he sends meat." Let no parsimonious economy or Paternal Fund anxieties, therefore, damp the ardour of joyous welcome when the family is enlarged. "Justly and benevolently," says the author just cited, "let us think of any imaginable addition of man as a happy consummation—as calling upon us for a more active and zealous discharge of the duties of philanthropy. O, precious is the life of man! Well may we hail him who has begun to live for ever!"

As in Huddersfield and Sheffield, so in Nottingham, Mr. Lynn had this pleasure. "I returned," he writes, Nov. 12th, 1835, "from a country appointment, wondering whether my dear wife had passsd the critical hour of child-birth. I was glad to find that the occurrence had taken place this morning, at six o'clock; the Lord has sent me another little daughter. I bid her a hearty welcome, and have dedicated her to the Lord in earncst prayer. I have asked the Lord to convert her, and make her a Methodist class leader. I know not how my children will turn out, but I have a strong confidence that the Lord will save them all, and raise them up to holiness and usefulness."

On the 14th of January, this "little one" was consecrated to God in baptism.

"Messrs. Livingston and Jones took tea with us on the occasion of our little Sarah's baptism. Mr. Jones read the first chapter of John; Mr. L. prayed very devoutly, and addressed us very affectionately; then he baptised our darling infant, and Mr. Jones and he both prayed. Do, my blessed Lord, hear and answer their prayers in behalf of our child and us; and may she grow up a holy, happy woman. I have given her the name of her precious mother; may she inherit all her good qualities."

"Birth-days" are days of special interest, and may be

turned to excellent account. Sunny memories, sweet and sacred, cluster round them; congratulations, hearty and loving, gladden them; and hope points the glistening eye forward to their oft-repeated return with increasing prosperity and joy. The Christian will convert such occasions into life's Ebenezer's, which—as Samuel's 'stone of help,'—would memorialize the answered prayers, wonderful deliverances, and joyful moments of the past; would thus help to invigorate the graces shrined in the soul; and would teach us, more gratefully, to look backward on the path of peace, and more gladly to look forward to the heaven of joy. Mr. Lynn, from early life, tried to make the most of birth-days, and we now offer his reflections on three which he spent in Nottingham, as specimens of many that might be cited,

"December 8th, 1834.—I have now completed my thirty-eighth year. Truly grateful do I feel to God for His past and present loving kindness. How great, how constant, and how rich has been the goodness of the Lord to me—a poor, unworthy worm. Many things, looked at retrospectively, humble and shame me; but my trust is in the precious Saviour: His blood is my trust, and His righteousness, my boast. Here I find a Rock to build on, a Fountain to wash in, a Refuge to hide in; and here, by grace, I mean to abide. To Thee, Oh Lord our Righteousness, I now make a fresh surrender of all I have and am. I am thankful and encouraged that I have been privileged to see so much fruit of my ministry during the past year, and hope each soul brought into the church, will be, at length, gathered into the garner above. May it please God to make me more than ever useful in His great vineyard

"Dec. 8th, 1835.—This is my birth-day; I am now thirty-nine. What a dream is life! How short a period it seems since I was a boy! Oh, how great has been the goodness

and loving-kindness of the Lord! During the year, the Lord has succeeded my feeble efforts, and many souls have been brought to the knowledge of the truth. I do give myself afresh to the work of my blessed Saviour, and I desire to live more than ever to His glory. I rejoice that ever I was born, and that I might so enjoy the favour of God, and be useful to mankind.

"Dec. 8th, 1836.—This day I am forty years of age. How soon is the time gone! It is like a dream of the night when one awaketh. The summary of my life is brief. Seventeen years and a half I was in nature; twenty-two years and a half I have been in grace; and about nineteen years I have published to the world the sinner's friend. I have had more affliction during the last year, than in any year of my life; yet, it has been mixed with great mercy; the Lord has dealt tenderly with me; blessed for ever be His name! My heart is full of gratitude for personal and family blessings, and for the great kindness shown me by the friends of Jesus; these streams of kindness have mingled with the cup of affliction, and greatly sweetened it. I adore the Lord for the hope I have of returning health. I have this day presented myself and all that I have afresh to the Lord. Oh, my Jesus, accept the offering, and give me grace evermore to love Thee, and delight in Thee. Time, life, ordinances, and mercies fly fast away, and never can be recalled; how needful to improve them as they pass! I long to be fully prepared for the world of unending blessedness. Ripen me, Holy Spirit of God! for a rich and happy seat above. If I live in the flesh, may the fruits of my life be holiness and righteousness. Lord increase my wisdom and purity, and make me more useful to Thy church than ever. The world is in a sad state; oh! that I may see sinners saved. I should like to be the means of plucking a few more from the burning before I go hence."

An increase of sanctuaries is not an infallible sign of the increase of churches. By Church Extension and Chapel Building Societies we have recently inverted the primitive order of erecting a sanctuary in which a church already formed might worship, and have erected edifices where there were not churches to occupy them. Now it is better to raise churches —true believers, than chapels—dead stones; still, when the church is raised by God's grace, it is a jubilant event to witness the completion of a sanctuary in which it may worship. Nor should we erect such places without tasteful design and appropriate ornament. The perception and appreciation of the beautiful is instinctive; and God, the Maker, and Model for us all, sets us an example everywhere—in sea, and sky, and land—of the beautiful in combination with the useful. So long, then, as grace destroys not, but developes our intuitive perceptions and mental powers; so long as the Great God is the author, and end, and pattern of our piety; so long let Christian sanctuaries rise all over the land, as models of refined taste, not less than, as they are, monuments of praiseworthy liberality. Mr. Lynn, during the period of which we write, was invited to take part in the opening services of three chapels; one in Newcastle-on-Tyne, a very superior and costly building, occupying a commanding and central situation in that fine and flourishing town. We transcribe the records of each.

"February 10, 1835.—I went to Derby to take the last service in connexion with the opening of the Temple. The Rev. Messrs. Robe and Allin preached on the Sunday, and Mr. Burrows on Monday; on Tuesday, they had a tea party —several ministers addressed the meeting. I closed the series of services with a sermon on Wednesday; the congregation was pretty good; the blessed service did us good; the

united collections were upwards of £40; there is now a cheering prospect for our cause here."

The next service of this interesting character was at Beeston, a nice, rural village, about four miles from Nottingham. The foundation stone of the chapel there was laid March 21st, 1835, by Mr. Hudston, an aged and revered friend. "The Rev. W. Jones and I conducted the religious part of the service. Afterwards, the company took tea in the General Baptist School Room, and closed with a good prayer meeting, in which the blessing of God was sought on the undertaking. At seven o'clock, I preached in their chapel; the living God was powerfully with us, and, I trust, real good was done. Oh Lord, I beseech Thee send now prosperity."

The chapel was soon completed, and opened on the 7th of July, when the Rev. W. Burrows preached. "I heard him with great pleasure; the sermons were good, and the collections £12. On the 14th, sermons were preached by the Revs. P. J. Wright, J. Hudston, and myself. Many persons were present from Nottingham. These interesting services were closed on the Tuesday following, by a tea party. The united collections were £64 5s. 10d. May the Lord make this chapel the birth-place of many thousands."

The last in this group of chapel-opening services, was at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Towards the close of February, Mr. Lynn writes—"Having been applied to by friends in Newcastle, to get them articles for their bazaar, I resolved, as it was the Circuit where God converted my soul and where several of my dearest relations got religion, to try to help them. I succeeded; our kind, generous ladies in Nottingham gave me articles to the amount of £15; this interesting parcel I have sent off to-day. I am delighted with this proof of their kindness to me and my Newcastle friends. What

wonders can be done by united effort. May the Lord seal this gift with his blessing."

The chapel which this bazaar was designed to help, was opened in May, 1835; Mr. Lynn was one of the preachers. "By an invitation of the Newcastle friends, I went to the opening of their new chapel, in Hood Street. I took the second Sunday's services. The chapel is a splendid building; I was thankful to see such an edifice for the worship of God, belonging to us. I was announced to preach morning and evening, but as Mr. Forsyth, of Gateshead, did not come, in consequence of the failure of Mr. Trotter, who had to preach for him, I was obliged to take his place. It was heavy work to preach three times, considering the state of my head. The congregations were numerous, and many heard the truth with great joy. The united collections were £166. On the Thursday of the previous week, there was a large tea meeting; Mr. Fenwick presided, and addresses were delivered by Dr. Raffles, Mr. Barker, myself, and several other friends: it was a joyous season. I view with delight the zeal and activity of my Newcastle friends. I hope God's blessing will crown their endeavours, and that many will be brought to a knowledge of the truth. While in the north, I spent some time with my father and family. The complaint in my head continues. It is a great interruption to me in my labours; neither have I the rapturous enjoyments I formerly had, and Satan fills me with gloomy apprehensions respecting the future, but I am determined to trust in the Lord, who never has and never can fail me."

The affection in the head, complained of in the last extract, had been coming on for some time past. Continuous excitement and hard application had produced serious symptoms. In March he had to be cupped, and on the 7th of April he thus writes:—"I have been laid aside from preaching by my

head affection, for the last fortnight! I have had no pain; but I could not preach, pray, sing, converse, nor endure company; some part of the time I could not think about one thing more than a minute together, and I had little power to shift my thoughts; indeed, I have had to count my fingers to relieve my thoughts; when I stood, my backbone appeared to possess no strength, and my brain was so confused that I could not think correctly; in fact, all I could do was to lie patiently in the hands of God. I have undergone many operations; I have been cupped behind the neck, bled in the arm, blistered on my neck, and taken a great deal of medicine besides. These things have very much weakened me; they are intended to prevent giddiness, but I often think if I had entire rest and recreation it would be better; for the weaker I am made the more I am affected in my head. My kind doctor, however, has done what he believed to be best; meanwhile, I have been greatly humbled; I see the hand of God in the affliction; no doubt it is a thorn in the flesh, and designed to preserve me from dangers to which I am exposed. I feel my weakness more than ever; oh, how dependent I am on God every moment. In the midst of all, the kindness of my friends has soothed my feelings, and their united prayer brought many a rich blessing into my soul. What a happy thing it is to have the affections and prayers of the people of God! I would charge my soul never to forget the solemn views and feelings I have had respecting eternal things. What a dream is life! What a shadow is time! What a trifle is the world! What a rich treasure is the Book of God! How sweet is His smile! How great is everything that keeps us out of God, be it ever so trifling in itself! How wise it is to cut off right-hand sins, to pluck out right-eye sins, and to part with anything that seems to be useful, or near and dear to us as these, rather than by

their indulgence to forfeit the favour of God! Well may it be said that His favour is life. The honour, riches, and pleasures of life are only as a feather, when compared with the light of God's countenance; may I ever possess it for Jesu's sake. Amen."

In this critical state of health, the Conference of 1836 was looked to with considerable anxiety. Mr. Lynn was asked for a third year, in the Nottingham Circuit, but the request might be refused, and, in that case, a change would be more than ordinarily inconvenient. While, however, desiring to remain where he was he committed his future to the guidance of the Almighty. "I am, by prayer, seeking His guidance, with respect to next year, and I trust the Lord will place me where I can live to His glory, and greatly advance the honour of His name. Oh, my gracious Lord, help Thy poor worm in this season of conflict, and breathe Thy life-giving spirit into his heart, and bring him safely over life's tempestuous sea, into the desired haven! Teach me all I ought to learn in this trying school. Oh! how thankful I feel for the promises; they are so suitable to all the various conditions of mankind, while in this state of trial; they are unchangeably true and their author is unchangeably faithful. These helps cheer and revive my heart. I am trying to look above man and from man to the living God; and, I believe, He will direct me aright."

Conference, as was to be supposed under the circumstances, granted the request presented, and reappointed Mr. Lynn to the Nottingham Circuit for the third year. "I am very glad," he writes, "it is so; I love the people dearly, and many of them were anxious that I should remain, especially my spiritual children, who are greatly delighted at the circumstance. I also rejoice that my worthy friend, Mr.

times I felt strong confidence that He would do it, but whether speedily or gradually I cannot tell. Whatever else, however, results from it, my soul was greatly blessed on this happy occasion.

"27th.—I have had a great struggle with temptations to fretfulness. My head and neck do not appear to improve, and the thought of living to be of no use to the Church of Christ distresses me. Lord, do help me to be willing to be nothing and to do nothing. I want more courage and confidence. I have been thinking of the many cautions against fear found in God's Word, and the numerous exhortations to courage. These plainly indicate that there is a great proneness in human beings to faint under troubles, and to fear in the storms and the tempests. Even the Lord's children need these cautions when passing through difficulties. I *feel* it so in my own case. I praise Thee, blessed God, for Thy holy truth. Oh! that my confidence may be unshaken every moment!

"Nov. 11th.—I have been on the sick list for the last fortnight, but I have been greatly succoured by the Lord. Sometimes I have had to fight against fear and despondency; but faith—victorious faith—mounts above them all. I wish to be very humble before the Lord. I have been a vile sinner in His sight, and am not worthy the least of His mercies, yet He opens the fullness of His salvation before me, and makes me welcome to all He has and is. While I have been hearing others preach I have so longed to preach again; when I have seen them in the pulpit I have involuntarily said, 'Blessed is the man that can preach.'

"13th.—Sabbath.—This morning I feel in a sweet, thankful frame; I rejoiced in the opportunity of going to the House of God. I heard Mr. Livingston with pleasure on a very nice point in religion—'How to distinguish between the corruptions of our fallen nature and the temptations of the Devil.'

My good friend made out his case very well. I spent the evening at home, in reading, prayer, and meditation; the Lord has made this a sweet day to my soul. I have been searching all the crevices of my heart, and looking into the most private places of my soul, and have found much to mourn over before God. Standing on the threshold of eternity, as I have been of late, I am more than ever convinced of that great truth—'Holiness, without which no man can see the Lord.'

"Dec. 1.—A few friends met at the house of Mrs. Cope for tea. It is twelve months to-day since God blessed her with a clean heart, and she called us together to commemorate the interesting event. We had much conversation on the rich blessing of purity of heart. Mrs. Cope and I, being both in a state of great feebleness of body, could not use much effort in addressing the Throne of Grace, as we have frequently done together, being near neighbours and much united in Christian sentiment and pious feeling. We frequently held what we termed 'Believing Meetings,' sitting in silence, and exercising faith in the precious atonement for the descent of the Holy Ghost; and, at such times, we were favoured with overwhelming visitations. Having mentioned those meetings to our friends, and being most suitable to me in my state of health, we agreed to have one on this occasion. After tea, accordingly, we all sat in silent meditation, and put our faith in exercise that God would breathe upon us His Holy Spirit. In about ten minutes, a mighty shower of Divine influence descended; our hearts were filled, and we praised God with joyful lips. Five of us entered into a covenant to pray, first thing in the morning and last thing at night, for one month, that the Lord would remove my affliction. I trust the blessed God will be entreated of us, and show me His salvation that I may glorify His name for ever. It was indeed a memorable

season; I cannot describe my experience better than to call it unutterable sweetness. I am quite sure that holy living and believing prayer will bring the tide of glory into the soul, and in this way, heaven may be enjoyed upon earth."

Ten days after this he was able to preach, and continued to preach in his regular appointments for a few weeks; but this was with such manifest injury to himself, that the friends in the Circuit applied for, and obtained a supply to take his place. Mr. Trewin from Cornwall, the supply in question, entered upon his labours, Jan. 22nd, 1837. "I now intend," says Mr. Lynn, "to try what rest will do for me. I hope, by God's blessing, to be relieved of my infirmity. Heavenly Father! pity and help me."

Rest and medical expedients had a happy effect. Writing on the 2nd Feb., he remarks—"I once more consulted Dr. Davison, and he gave me a thorough examination. He seems confident that the affection which troubles me is a derangement of the nerves of the head and neck; he has ordered me a shower bath, and other likely means of relief, and declares I shall soon be well. I am much encouraged by his opinion."

Medical men, from various motives, sometimes express lively hopes when they harbour serious apprehensions, and leave their patient buoyant when, if the whole truth were known, he would be downcast; but, in the case before us, medical opinion was truly formed and expressed. "I am thankful to record (Feb. 28) that my head is better. Some days ago I resolved to sink into the will of God, and desired Him to do with me and my family what He pleased; for I was quite weary with struggling for my own will. I begged for grace to be quite resigned, and, blessed be His name, He gave it to me. I was brought into sweet submission to His holy pleasure, and He has kept me in that state ever since.

The shower bath is of great service; I have nine or ten gallons of water poured upon me every morning. I have, too, had a few delightful seasons with Mrs. Cope in silent waiting upon the Lord. How cheering is the Divine influence which is given to believing souls!"

He now had the prospect of being able at the approaching Conference, to leave his forced retirement and enter upon the regular and loved work of preaching the Gospel, although the horizon which stretched before him was not cloudless. "My head has not been so well during the last few days (May 3), and my feelings have been dull. I wish to engage a Circuit next year, and yet I am afraid I cannot bear the labours of one. The thoughts, however, of giving up the ministry are most distressing; and, if I should be obliged to do so, the gloomy prospect for myself and family is appalling. Oh, my Lord! Thou hast brought me into a strait place; quicken my faith, and do not allow me to faint in the time of trial, but make me strong in faith that I may give glory to Thee."

When the Conference arrived, agreeably to cherished expectation, and pre-eminently to the delight of his soul, he was able to take a Circuit, and was, accordingly, appointed to Manchester. The period of his retirement was over; the break in the regular course of his work was repaired; and now, taught in the school of personal affliction, and rendered eager by temporary separation from his beloved employment, he was ready to enter with sweeter zest and more ardent zeal upon the great mission of his life. The return of Spring's soft breezes and invigorating influences is not more grateful to the invalid, nor the sight of father-land to the mariner, than the resumption of labour, after constrained separation from it for a period, is to the faithful minister. But, inviting as it might be, we cannot follow him further than to give the recorded farewell to Nottingham. Writing June 1st, 1837, he

observes—"The late Conference has appointed me to the Manchester Circuit. My family and I took leave of our dear friends in Nottingham this morning. We felt it hard work to leave those who had shown us so much kindness. I love the place and the people. I have spent here three of the happiest years of my life, both as regards personal experience and ministerial usefulness. I have lived in happy fellowship with my esteemed friend, Mr. Livingston, and feel very sorry to part with him and his truly amiable lady. But, as we are moving in the path of Providence, we seek resignation to the separation. Many friends came to see us off, and were much affected, especially our dear friend Mrs. Cope. We parted in sorrow, but in hope; knowing that if faithful we shall meet, no more to part."

> "Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
> The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food:
> Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
> And then, O how pleasant the Conqueror's song!"

Our narrative, as such, is at an end. We have travelled together, good reader, a considerable distance, during which we have endeavoured to act the part of a pleasant cicerone; but a book, like mortal life, must have a close, and we must pause and part. We have traced the ancestry of our friend, and found it far away from the stir and lustre of fashionable life, yet it, like the spring of a precious stream, originated an influence which, as here narrated, spread into channels of glorious usefulness. We have seen the effects of a pious mother's example and prayers, and the waywardness of spirit but tenderness of heart peculiar to youth. We have seen the current of sin arrested by a barrier erected by the powerful Word and convincing Spirit of God, and the penitent sinner, after long and heavy struggles, relieved by the removal of guilt, and solaced by the assured

favour of God. We have seen youthful piety pitched against the fierce artillery of worldly persecution, sceptical intrigue, and satanic malignity, and, through Heaven's help, standing like the unflinching anvil to the stroke. We have seen the desire to be useful in a high and holy sphere thwarted by failure but ultimately achieved by persevering and praiseworthy effort. We have seen the local exchanged for the itinerant ministry, in a series of steps so marvellous and gracious as to prompt the inquiry—"Is not this the finger of God?" We have seen the zealous ambassador for Christ "instant in season and out of season;" visiting the flock, expostulating with the godless, encouraging the penitent, and preaching to multitudes in all places the glorious Gospel, with quivering lip and anxious heart. We have seen continuous and consistent labour in Christ's cause meeting its reward in the benignant smile of God, the loving esteem of His people, and the conversion of precious souls both in private dwellings and in public places of Worship. We have seen, in fine, that this is God's world; that the Most High has not deserted it; that He is here as the guide of youth, the hearer of prayer, the liberator of the captive, the Comforter of the distressed, and the Reward of the persevering and the pious. If our labours result in the increased faith of God's people in this precious doctrine, they will not have been spent in vain, and if they lead anyone, however humble, feelingly to say—"This God is our God for ever and ever, and He will be our guide even unto death," they will have met an ample, and, to us, inestimable reward.

BOOK III.

MISCELLANEOUS LESSONS.

CHAPTER I.

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

"Oh! I care nothing what the people may think or say of my abilities, if I may but be useful to souls."—Dr. Mc All.

The Pulpit, in the estimation of some, has lived its day, done its work, and abdicated its place in favour partly of the press, and partly of the platform. This is held to be the necessary consequence of progressive movements. As the copyists of the middle ages gave way to printers; as hand labour was superceded by steam power; as the stage coach has succombed to the railway carriage; so the pulpit, the venerable and indispensable teacher of former times, has been eclipsed by the press and platform—pioneers of modern progress, and giants of modern strength. Others, again, look upon the pulpit as a power at present, but unequal to the work which they believe will be wrought, and the moral transformations and triumphs which they believe will be secured in the world, before the scroll of human history has been unfolded. With them, there is no doubt, that in the battle of life, truth will vanquish error, Christ dethrone Belial, and the kingdoms of this world become splendid trophies and loyal colonies of the King of Kings; but this glorious revolution, this conversion of ancient prophecy into actual history, this transformation of the desert into the garden of the Lord, is not to be effected by the moral suasion and Divine force of the pulpit, but by a special and miraculous agency.

We are at issue with both these theories. With the first we may grant, that for the present, the pulpit wields not so massive a power as the press, and puts not forth so attractive an influence

* Dr. Griffin quoted by J. A. Jones.

the diligent study of the works of the great student improves his style and taste by the ıard works in ancient and modern literature; .cher may gain suggestive hints and invaluable great work from the study of those who made the .ghty power. Mr. Lynn availed himself of every ɣ to benefit in this way. He went, as often as ɔ hear the magnates of his time, and to observe and ıeir powers. Not, indeed, to borrow their thoughts, ɣ their address; for few men have preserved their ɜyncrasy more perfectly, or moved in their prescribed ɔre exactly than he. Not either to judge of their ıations by his own standard, and to condemn whatever ɔd from his special thought of line and action; for we ım rejoicing in rays of ministerial excellence, which and combine with his own nowhere, save in the one ɑon centre—the hallowed Cross of Christ. He has re-ed remarks and sketched pictures of eminent ministers, ıy of whom are now dead, that will form a pleasing chapter, ı be read with profit. First in the list is the now venerable d venerated Thomas Allin. This eminent minister is ɔw in the jubilee of his ministry, and remarkably active in is habits, and unimpaired in his powers. His preaching, ılways of an elaborate and argumentative character, was in his earlier days particularly accompanied by an elocution so graceful, a spirit so amiable, a voice so musical, and an energy and earnestness so telling, that his popularity extended far beyond the precincts of his own community, and attracted large and admiring congregations wherever he preached. Mr. Lynn's notices of him will be read with pleasure.

"Dec. 24, 1824.—I took a journey to Chester to supply for the Rev. T. Allin, who is coming to preach at the opening of Burslem Chapel. Miss E. Allin accompanied me. We

reached the ancient city a little before eight o'clock P.M., and were met by Mr Allin. I was surprised to find him so kind and condescending. He presented such a beautiful combination of simplicity, greatness, humility, and piety, as I never saw before.

"1827, March 27.—I was pleased to meet the Rev. T. Allin, who has come to preach the Chapel Anniversary Sermons at Otley. The friends at Horsforth having given up the service there that they might come to hear him, I also had the opportunity, for which I was very glad, of hearing this great and good man. It was a great treat indeed. I have never heard one like him. The large congregation seemed struck with amazement. I was quite delighted; for I never learned so much of God before. Oh! may my love to him daily increase, and may the labours of this man of God be blessed! I think I never saw him so much alive in his soul: Lord help me! I feel nothing when with him. I confess I am much discouraged with the thoughts of my poor preaching; yet yielding to this enfeebles my energies. I pray for help to do what I often feel to be a great work, and were I not to receive that help I should sink under it. I could not sustain the Ark of God for a single day; but the Lord is my strength and shield."

Mr. Lynn has never assumed to be a *logician* in the pulpit, nor, on the contrary, do we find him condemning those of his brethren who make it their business, because God has entrusted them with the talent to "*reason*" with their hearers, and, by sound and skilful argument, to explode falsehood and establish truth. Such preachers he approves and applauds; and, what is more, profits by them. "I have just heard a part of Mr. Allin's sermon in Bow Street. What a mind he has! His peculiar *forte* is that of defending the Gospel, and this he can do in a most masterly style. His text was—"We know

that the Son of God is come.' I was thankful for the opportunity of hearing him. There was much Divine power in the service, and I trust the Word was sent home to many hearts. I am very deeply impressed with the grandeur and nobleness of Divine worship; in my estimation, nothing is so honourable to man as to be allowed to approach His Maker and worship at His footstool, with conscious acceptance and profit."

When Mr. Lynn was in London, he heard several of its most influential ministers; among these was the eccentric but excellent minister of Surrey Chapel, the Rev. Rowland Hill. The son and brother of a baronet, educated at Cambridge and destined for the church, this good man was indebted for his early popularity, not more to his devoted piety and genial drollery, than to the rank and sphere in which he moved. When at college, he gave proofs of sincere and ardent piety, and endured the displeasure of his family and aristocratical friends sooner than violate his conscience or displease his God. He had difficulty (on the score of his piety and zeal, which broke through all the restraints of routine), to get his title for holy orders signed, and very soon had the church doors closed against him. He then entered the sanctuary not made with hands, and preached in the open-air to multitudes who flocked to hear him. Having preached with great effect in St. George's Fields, it was resolved to commemorate the spot by the erection of a noble chapel for him to occupy, and, in the summer of 1783, Surrey Chapel was opened, in a part of London, at that time so bad, that the excellent Mr. Berridge designated it, "the paradise of devils." Mr. Hill preached there during life, and, on the 11th of April, 1833, died, in the 88th year of his age, and the 66th of his ministry. This brief notice will prepare for the following sketch of him:—

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. Hill we have neither Churchman nor Dissenter;
eoretically the one, and practically the other;
Collyer, who is next referred to, we have an
resbyterian." The Doctor was ordained the
Hanover Chapel, Peckham, when but twenty-one
e, having already by the precocity of his talents,
e, fluency, and gracefulness of his delivery attained
larity as a preacher. His congregation, at first
; to between forty and fifty, increased till the chapel
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is usually filled. He received the degree of D.D.
University of Edinburgh, when twenty-five years of
ı was the bosom friend of the Dukes of Kent and
As a preacher his matter is excellent, "not brilliant,"
s style," says a critic, "is always tasteful; it frequently
to simple eloquence. It is too polished to be vigorous.
ften defective in power. It bears in many cases a
l resemblance to the Addisonian model. Now and then,
is a good deal of poetry in it." This is Mr. Lynn's
ption of a visit to his chapel:—

anuary 1st, 1829.—I went with Mr. Earnshaw to
ıam, to hear Dr. Collyer. His church is an old-fashioned,
ortable structure, and there was a good attendance, con-
ing that it was a week-day morning. We found a hymn
ıe pew, suited to the subject; and were told that it is the
s custom to compose and print, for every morning service,
ymn, which is sung by the congregation. He prayed in

a very soft, elegant style, calculated to produce a refined feeling among the people: I designated him 'A lady's preacher.' His text was very appropriate—Psalm xxxii, 1—3. I was instructed, reproved, and much blessed under the discourse, and could not help saying, 'How beautiful are right words.' He was very close in his application; his remarks entered my very soul; and I resolved to try to take heed that I offend not with my tongue. The Dr. is a good preacher and a good man. I feel grateful to God that He raises up such able ministers of his Holy Word, and pray that their number may be greatly increased and their labours greatly blessed in the salvation of precious souls."

Here is an interesting reminiscence of a luminous meteor that crossed the ministerial sky in the past generation, and set in circumstances so melancholy and heart affecting, as to give solemn emphasis to the resolve of Paul, as the rule for every Christian minister—"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

"March 25th, 1830—I heard the Rev. John Thorpe preach in Queen Street Chapel, Chester, on the words of old Eli—'It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good.' He said that in the text there is—

I.—An Important Fact Stated: *It is the Lord.* 1. When we look abroad on creation, and see the wonders He has done, we must say '*It is the Lord.*' 2.—Whilst enjoying our personal and family mercies, we must say '*It is the Lord.*' 3.—In suffering individual or relative chastisement, we must say, '*It is the Lord.*'

II.—From this Fact a Proper Conclusion is drawn: '*Let Him do what seemeth Him good.*' Why so? Because, 1.—It is His right to do it. 2.—He cannot be resisted in doing it. 3.—He always does what is right. 4.—Our

punishments are always less than our deserts. He improved the subject by enlarging on, and applying the following thoughts. 1.—What seems good to God should always be most satisfactory to us. 2.—What seems good to God, is always the best for us. I was much pleased and profited by the sermon: Oh, may the precious text ever be the language of our hearts!"

The Rev. Robert Aitken has been a "wandering star," never abiding long in a place: yet *a* star, and, like the mystic star, which directed the Magi, has led many to Christ. Here is a record of him:—

"January 20th, 1834.—I called at Carver Street Chapel, where the Rev. R. Aitken—a clergyman and a Revivalist—was preaching. He had nearly done his sermon. At its close, he gave out the hymn commencing—

'Weary souls, that wander wide,'

which was sung in the Sheffield tune, to that measure, by the crowded congregation, and, it was indeed a glorious season. The waves of Divine influence rolled across the chapel, and moved the vast audience in a way more wonderful than I had ever seen before. When Mr. A. began to pray, cries for mercy ascended from every part of the chapel; and, to me, the sight and sound were awfully grand. The glorious power of God rested upon the people, and I felt the thrill of it go through my soul again and again. On a limited scale, I have witnessed something like this before, but it reminded me more of Pentecost than anything I had ever seen. There must have been much good done, though I fear they got rather wild at last. Mr. A. is a mighty man of God."

Of Mr. G. Beaumont, of Norwich, who attained some eminence in his time, our friend gives this "racy bit:"—

"July 16, 1834, I heard Mr. B. to-day, for the first time, on 'Be not weary in well-doing.' He said, 'the Christian

must work seven days a-week, and serve God twenty-four hours in the day. He must have no play-days, and yet he can make no over-time.' There is a great deal of pith and point in his sayings, and I believe he is really a good man. He has been forty years in the ministry, and is seventy-two years of age; yet has never been disabled on the Sabbath-day save once, in all that time. This he considers is attributable, under God, to his habits of strict temperance; and I do not doubt it, for I also feel better in my system since I ceased to take intoxicating liquors—a practice to which I hope in God, I shall never return."

The Rev. W. Clowes died March 2nd, 1851, aged seventy years. He was a stout, robust man, with a remarkably stentorian, yet sweet voice, which he used at all times freely, and, at intervals, permitted to break into a shriek, like that of an eagle's. He was distinguished for preaching a present salvation, and for the energy and earnestness with which it was enforced. The Primitive Methodists are somewhat divided in opinion as to the relative claims of Mr. Hugh Bourne and Mr. Clowes, some holding to the former, as *the* founder; and, others, to the latter, as of equal honour. It would appear, if the distinction can be comprehended, that Mr. Bourne was the father, but that both he and Mr. Clowes are to be ranked among the honoured founders of their powerful and prosperous body.

"The first time I saw the Rev. W. Clowes, was in Sunderland, about the year, 1822. As many strange stories were abroad about 'these noisy Ranters,' as the Primitive Methodists were called, I had a great wish to hear them for myself. I therefore went to the 'Long Room,' they then occupied, strongly prejudiced against them, and supposing I should hear nothing but empty noise. Mr. C. had commenced preaching when I arrived, so I stood near the door. I soon learned that

the text was, 'We are made partakers of Christ, if we hold fast the beginning of our confidence, steadfast unto the end.' He was showing what is implied in being made partakers of Christ, and to every statement he advanced my heart responded, 'that is true.' As my prejudices gradually gave way I pushed further into the room, and such a sweet, holy influence filled the place that my soul was quite refreshed. He next assigned a few reasons why God's people should hold fast their confidence—1st—He said: for their own sake as they were safe only while they did so. 2nd—For their family's sake. 3rd—For the sake of their neighbours who would like, no doubt, to see the people of God give up; but when they continued to believe, God would confound their adversaries, and put them to shame. By the time he had finished these remarks, my heart was bound to him in love, as a precious man of God. After singing the hymn beginning—

'Come and taste, along with me,
Consolation flowing free—'

He engaged in prayer, and Divine influence came streaming down in such a way, as completely overcame me. I was so affected that I could not stand, and so sank on my knees. Oh, the unutterable bliss that filled my soul! For many days after I feasted on the rich supply of grace then given, and ever after I revered the name of William Clowes.

"In the spring of 1825, I next met him at his cousin's (Mr. P. Brookes, Fenton, Staffordshire.) Never can I forget that delightful interview. He told me of several very striking manifestations of the power of God which he had witnessed. I was much struck with this one:—After preaching out of doors once, he said, on a Sunday afternoon, a female invited him to her house to tea. When seated in the house, his hostess, with another female, began a worldly conversation,

which quite wounded his devoted spirit. He said to himself, 'I am a Methodist preacher, and a recorder for eternity is here: I must stop this conversation.' It was a delicate matter to attempt, for he was quite a stranger, and this woman had kindly invited him to her house; and it would seem ungrateful to begin reproving her. He, however, watched his opportunity, and soon found it. Said he, 'I think you people are not aware of the nature of my business in these parts; but if you will have patience with me I will tell you. I am come to seek a wife (their attention was now fixed), though not for myself, as I am a married man. But I seek one for my Master; and if you will hearken to me, I will describe Him to you. The daughters of Jerusalem say He is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely; and, as to His riches, He possesses Heaven and earth. Now, if you will deal kindly and truly with my Master, tell me; if not, tell me, that I may turn to the right hand or the left.' At this instant the power of God came upon the women, they fell down and cried aloud for mercy. He prayed with them, and under this excitement left them, having had no tea!

"In 1849, Mrs. Lynn and I were in Hull, and saw Mr. C.'s name on a door as we walked in one of the streets. We called to see him, but as his memory had begun to fail, he did not know me; I soon made myself known to him, however, and he invited us to tea. We spent a very pleasant afternoon, conversing on the deep things of God. As we talked, Mr. C. seemed in close communion with God, and the room seemed to fill with the Divine glory. I felt it, and said 'the Lord is here.' Mrs. C. replied, 'Yes, He lives here.' Mr. C. said, 'We need not change our position to feel the Lord; we can feel Him as we sit as well as in any other posture.' Presently we knelt, and all prayed, and God was gloriously near. While Mrs. M.—a lady present, was in

prayer, she said, 'Lord, give us faith!' Mr. C. at once cried, in his peculiar way, 'Use the faith thou hast; use the faith thou hast.' She did so, and said, 'Lord, I do believe!' 'There now,' said Mr. C., 'that's it; stick to it.' He held the view—a very proper one—that we have no right to ask for more faith, unless we use *that* we already possess. I asked him which is the best way to keep the blessing of sanctification. He said, 'Believe, believe; for the Lord has put all the blessings of salvation in Jesus, and we are to secure them by faith in Him!' Oh how thankful we felt for this delightful interview with this holy man of God."

We extract the following notice of the prince of Wesleyan local preachers—a man whose works praise him in the gate, and whose name shall be had in everlasting rememberance.

"1832—I heard the far-famed Mr. W. Dawson in Carver Street Chapel, Sheffield, on 'The Christian Racer.' I was amazed and deeply affected while listening to this extraordinary minister of Christ. He is like no other man—matter and manner are both peculiarly his own. He said all racers had a prize in view. The patriarchs, prophets, and apostles all ran for a prize. Suppose we ask them what they run for. We will not stop them in their race, we will run on with them, and ask them what they are running for. Here is Abraham—What are you running for? 'A better country.' Here is Moses—What are you running for? 'The recompense of the reward.' Here is David—Well, what are you running for? 'The joys which are at God's right hand.' Here is Peter—Why do you run? 'For an inheritance that Fadeth not away.' And Paul is running—What for, Paul? 'A house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.' Here is old John, now grey-headed in the race—'What are you running for? 'Well, I cannot describe it, for it doth not yet appear what we shall be.'

Thus he preached, and he seemed to have such control over the feelings of the people, that, at his pleasure, he made them either laugh or cry. He has an extensive knowledge of human nature, and is very skilful in applying the Gospel to various classes of men. I should suppose he must be very successful in winning souls to Jesus."

Than the Rev. William Jay, the subject of the next notice, no minister was ever more honoured or exerted greater influence both as a preacher and a writer. He became a preacher when in his teens, soon established for himself a splendid reputation, and preserved it for more than half a century as an Independent Minister at Bath. The secret of his success is thus adverted to in an autibiographical sketch which appears in his life. "I resolved (when first entering upon his career) more peculiarly to dedicate myself, keeping as much as possible from encroachments, and endeavouring to make everything not only subordinate but subservient to my chosen and beloved aim." Observe, subordinate is not enough; *subservient* must be added. Oh, what ministers we should have, if all their observation, reading, and thinking were made to flow into the one channel of their ministry and efficiency! Mr. Lynn enjoyed the privilege of hearing this master in Israel.

"In 1827, the Rev. John Henshaw and I went to hear the Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, in Queen Street Chapel, Leeds. I was pleased with his grave and solemn manner, and the devout way in which he addressed the Lord in prayer. He preached on Matthew xxviii, 18—'All power is given me in heaven and in earth.' He noticed, First, the nature of the trust possessed by Christ—All power. Secondly, the suitability of His character for such a trust. I was not impressed by what he said on the first proposition, but was very much interested with his remarks on the second. He said it was dangerous to put power into the hands of an ignorant man, as he did not know

how to use it; but Christ was infinitely wise and used it properly.—It was dangerous to put power into the hands of a proud men, for their pride made them forget what they were, and if you did not please them, they would make you feel their power, if it was only by treading on your toes. Here he became rather sarcastic, and, in a humoursome way, said, 'Dunghills are dunghills still, if they are covered with snow, and pigmies are pigmies still, if they are set on a mountain; but Jesus is the perfection of humility, and power is safe in His hands.—It was dangerous to put power into a passionate man's hands, for when his passion was aroused there was no telling what mischief he would do; but Jesus was a pattern of patience, and would manage it right.' Mr. Henshaw and I were delighted with him, and as we left the chapel my companion said, 'This is the kind of preaching, sir, that will be blessed of God.' I did not see the venerable minister again until the spring of 1828, when he took part in a very interesting service which was held in the Rev. R. Hill's chapel, in London, on the occasion of Dr. Philip leaving this country with some French missionaries. It was a glorious meeting; Mr. Jay delivered one of the addresses, and, when speaking of the universal reign of Christ, said, 'I do not expect to live to see it, but, if permitted, I shall see it from Heaven, and rejoice at the sight.' His spirit seemed sweetly mellowed with Divine influence."

We close with a short sketch of a preacher in Manchester, whose eccentricities and high Calvinism rendered him a curiosity, and induced many to go to hear him that they might be able to say they had seen and heard him. Mr. Lynn's critique is seasoned with charity.

"When living in Manchester, I had the opportunity of hearing the Rev. W. Gadsby, one Sunday evening. From what I had heard I felt afraid of him recognising me as a

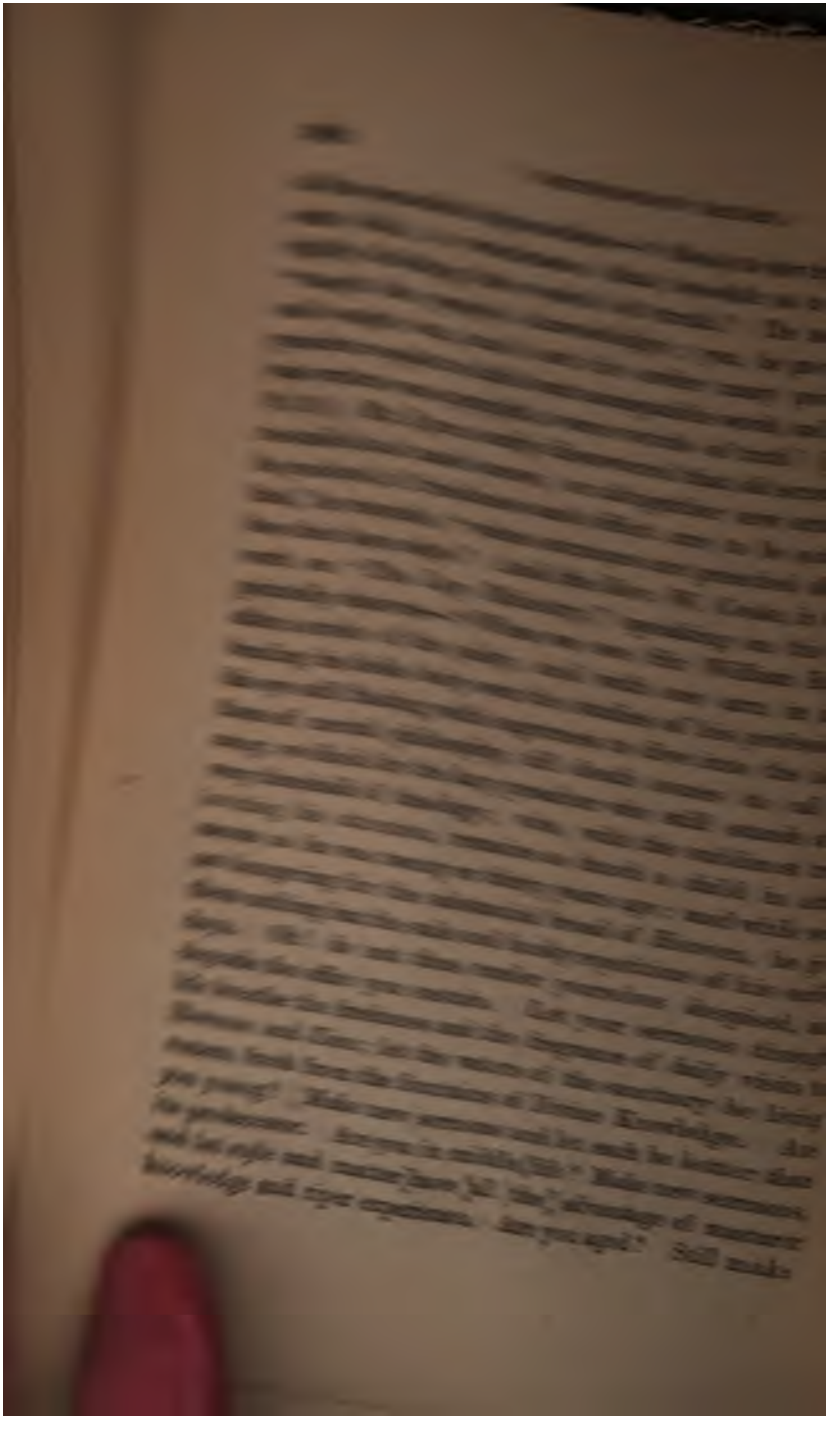
Methodist preacher. To prevent him seeing my cravat I buttoned up my coat to my chin; he looked at me several times but he could not make me out. He had a very puritanical appearance, and wore a black cap. His text was Titus iv, 2, 3. He dwelt largely upon ministers being faithful in declaring God's truth, irrespective of persons. 'I dare say,' he observed, 'some of you would like to give your minister a little advice not to be so plain, lest I should offend and drive away the people. Keep your advice,' he retorted, 'to yourselves, and pray for me that I may be faithful. In watching the Providence of God with me for the last forty years, I can say I have never withheld the truth from a fear of driving any of my hearers, but I lost those very persons, and serve me right, too;' then, with great vehemence of voice, he added, 'If they will not hear the truth, I will make it so hot that it will burn them out of the place.' I was pleased with the honest zeal of the good man. Several years afterwards I read a sketch of his life, and I believe him to have been a rough, honest, faithful minister of God; and it seems to me likely that some of his objectionable sayings were made worse than they really were, by their retailers. He had some very painful things to pass through; but, I doubt not, he is among the faithful friends of Jesus in Heaven."

As these sketches of pulpit worthies have been perused, the reader must have been impressed with their variety. —"Diversities of gifts" are distributed through all grades of Christian instrumentality. They shine forth most conspicuously, however, in the ministry; and operate by a law at once Divine in its origin, and beautiful and blessed in its effects. In both the natural and the spiritual world it is true that "one star differeth from another star in glory;" yet each star sustains a given relation to, and performs a special work in the system of which it forms a part. Between such stars

there is obvious distinction, yet beautiful harmony; and with separate influence, there is uniform and general advantage. Infinite Wisdom thus contrives a supply of spiritual influence adapted to the endless wants of believers, and infinite beneficence shows itself here as everywhere in the works of God. Let, therefore, no preacher be disparaged because he preaches not as another, provided only he preaches with power from on High. God accomplishes His merciful purposes in the church, as elsewhere, by the use of varied and unique instrumentalities. In the pulpit, the preacher, following the bent of his genius, may reason logically and convincingly, or expostulate with pathos and point, or declaim with energy, or declare the truth with ease and mildness; yet each, in his own way, may serve effectually the good cause of truth and righteousness. "Come, then, with what voice thou wilt come thou power-clad messenger of my Redeemer! Come with thunder on thy tongue, or with a sweet 'harp of ten strings;' come to us simple as a little child; or wise as a scribe instructed of God; but oh! let us only feel that fire in thy message which lies not in sentences, nor in tones, but in a heart itself inflamed from above, and pouring fire into our hearts!" *

Nor is the diversity among ministers, as a whole, greater than each one should labour to present in his own ministry. The tale of the minister who had a sermon for each Sabbath in the year, and who was accustomed with the change of the year to turn the bundle over, so as to begin again, is virtually true of a class whose name is Legion. Hear them a few times, and you hear all that they have to say. Follow them into other Circuits, and there again, like a box of music, *minus* its sweetness, they play over the same old tunes! Why should this be? The Bible, human life, and the great universe are full of variety. The cause is found in neglect

* Tongue of Fire.



rmons, and let the richer wisdom of age impart increas-
vity to your counsels and admonitions; and when
omes, let it find you either in the pulpit or still pre-
for its duties."

does the course here prescribed involve the preacher
re labour than falls to the share of those who adorn
professions. The barrister, the statesman, the orator,
each to work energetically in previous and private study
would do his duty effectually. "He will not offer to
." says good old Thomas Fuller, in his portraiture of the
iful minister, "of that which costs him nothing, but takes
is aforehand for his sermons. Demosthenes never made
oration on the sudden; yea, being called upon, he never
e up to speak, except he had well studied the matter; and
was wont to say, *That he showed how he honoured and
erenced the people of Athens, because he was careful what he
ake unto them.* Indeed, if our Minister be surprised with
sudden occasion, he counts himself rather to be excused
han commended, if premeditating onely the bones of his
ermon he clothes it with flesh *ex tempore*. Having brought
his sermon into his head, he labours to bring it into his heart,
before he preaches it to his people. Surely that preaching
which comes from the soul most works on the soul." *

But, it may be asked how are ministers who will develope their individuality, and make full proof of their ministry, to be obtained? They are the gifts of Christ. "He *gave* some apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." As gifts, they are to be had in the way by which others are conveyed; as, for instance, the gift of the Holy Ghost, it is given in answer to fervent prayer. Hence the

* "The Holy State," p. 75.

command of Christ—"*Pray* ye the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest." Does the Church then complain that her ministers are so few, or so feeble? The complaint falls back upon herself with a censure:—"Ye have not, because ye ask not; ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss." Oh! that the Church would but awake to the conviction that she is responsible for the character of the ministry; that if she prays, God will fulfil His promise, "I will give you pastors according to mine own heart; which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding;" if she prays not, she will only possess men-made, men-sent, and men-pleasing ministers.

This, however, is not the age of miracles, and God does not, in answer to prayer, bestow "the gift of tongues." He gives original capacity, and energy, and holy influence, but more He does not give. If, therefore, a knowledge of languages, or other knowledge is needed, on the part of the minister, he must, by patient and plodding endeavour, make the acquisition. And who will say that such knowledge, if not indispensable, is not invaluable? We glory in ministers, who, without remarkable erudition, have, by their devotion and energy, attained remarkable usefulness, but the time has come when all must be blended. Did not God make the head as well as the heart? and is He not entitled to the clear light of the one, not less than the holy warmth of the other? He is, and churches will not do their duty to those whom God has called to His work, until they put within their reach, in institutions for the purpose, the means of acquainting themselves, from original sources, with His Word, and fitting themselves with intellectual weapons for His work.

Above all, in the actual work of saving the world, let ministers and churches combine as one; united, they are strong; separate weak. What is a General, however calm,

intrepid, and skilful, unsupported by a brave and loyal army? And what of an army, however numerous or courageous, if not guided by the skill, and encouraged by the example of a practised leader? Ministers must study for churches; and churches pray for ministers. We do not mean that these functions are to be delegated to each other; so, that because the minister studies for the church, the church shall cease to study at all, and because the church prays for the minister, the minister shall cease to pray for himself. This would, indeed, be terrible, and instead of ministers and churches being helpers of each other's joy, they would be hinderers of each others progress. No, ministers must pray, or they cannot preach, and church members must "search the Scriptures" or they cannot take pleasure in pulpit expositions; but both must combine in study and prayer for each other's prosperity, and the entire world's salvation. Then, when ministers study and churches pray; when the pulpit issues heaven's light and the pew reflects it; then, and not till then, an astonished and enamoured world will ask—"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

[redacted]

find out those who specially need to be visited; for pastoral visitation is not the only kind of visitation for which Methodism provides, and, we would ask—Are ministers the only persons who are to hear the Judge of all say, "I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me?" We have heard, too, very unfair comparisons instituted between Methodist ministers, who cannot, from their frequent changes and large Circuits, be so strictly pastors as preachers, and settled ministers who have charge of but one, and that, perhaps, a small church, as if the former were equally at liberty and had equal facilities for the work as the latter. We think, moreover, that where the charge of neglect of this duty is best founded, that there it rests not more upon the minister than the Circuit, whose labours of a general character are such as well nigh to prevent attention being given to those which are properly pastoral. How can ministers, who have every night engaged—the very time when the working classes are to be visited, and who have long journeys almost daily to take, visit with anything like regularity and efficiency, numerous and scattered societies? We want more attention here, and we must have it both from members and ministers of the churches; but, as in duty, and equity, and piety bound, let Circuits see to it that their ministers have time, without seriously entrenching upon their studies or endangering their health, for the high, the holy, and, we may add the *happy* work of pastoral visitation.

Mr. Lynn ever had a high sense of the importance and usefulness of pastoral visitation, and, wherever he was stationed, he did whatever he could, consistently with other duties, to attend to it; but he felt he had often to combat an indisposition to it, which is the natural result of studious habits, and to experience what few people imagine who have not practised it largely or faithfully, how exhausting is the

exercise. We have culled passages from the journal which will illustrate, in a general way, the pastoral work, showing its difficulties and pleasures, its dangers and its successes. The first presents Mr. Lynn's views and feelings in relation to the work generally. It was written towards the close of his residence in Huddersfield.

"The Lord is gracious to my poor unworthy soul; I am really and truly happy in His love. I paid several visits to His people, which did my soul good. Oh Lord, cure me of the lukewarmness which sometimes comes over me, especially in attending to the duty of visiting: I feel profited when I attend to it; yet I feel so inclined to remain at home to read, write, and study: this, I am aware, is right to a certain extent, but I find that too close attention to these exercises, defeats the desired end. Solomon spoke truly when he said —'Much study is a weariness of the flesh.' I have also found that a little time spent with the flock, in conversation and prayer, fits for other duties. In the evening I preached at Kirkheaton, to a large congregation; the Lord was gloriously among us. On my way home I called to see a dying saint: it did my soul good to see her so happy; she is resting upon the Rock of Ages, and has a sweet hope of glory in her soul. The Lord be with her in her passage through the dark valley!"

The following extracts will show the experience of a minister in the pastoral work. They are taken from records made in Sheffield and Nottingham:—

"1833, March 21st.—The small-pox is very severe among the children; I saw, in my visits, three cases which greatly affected me. I visited a mother and daughter, both ill of the dropsy; I was glad to find them supported by a sense of the mercy of God to their souls. I visited ten families besides,

and prayed with five; I felt the work exhausting, yet it was a rich blessing to me and others.

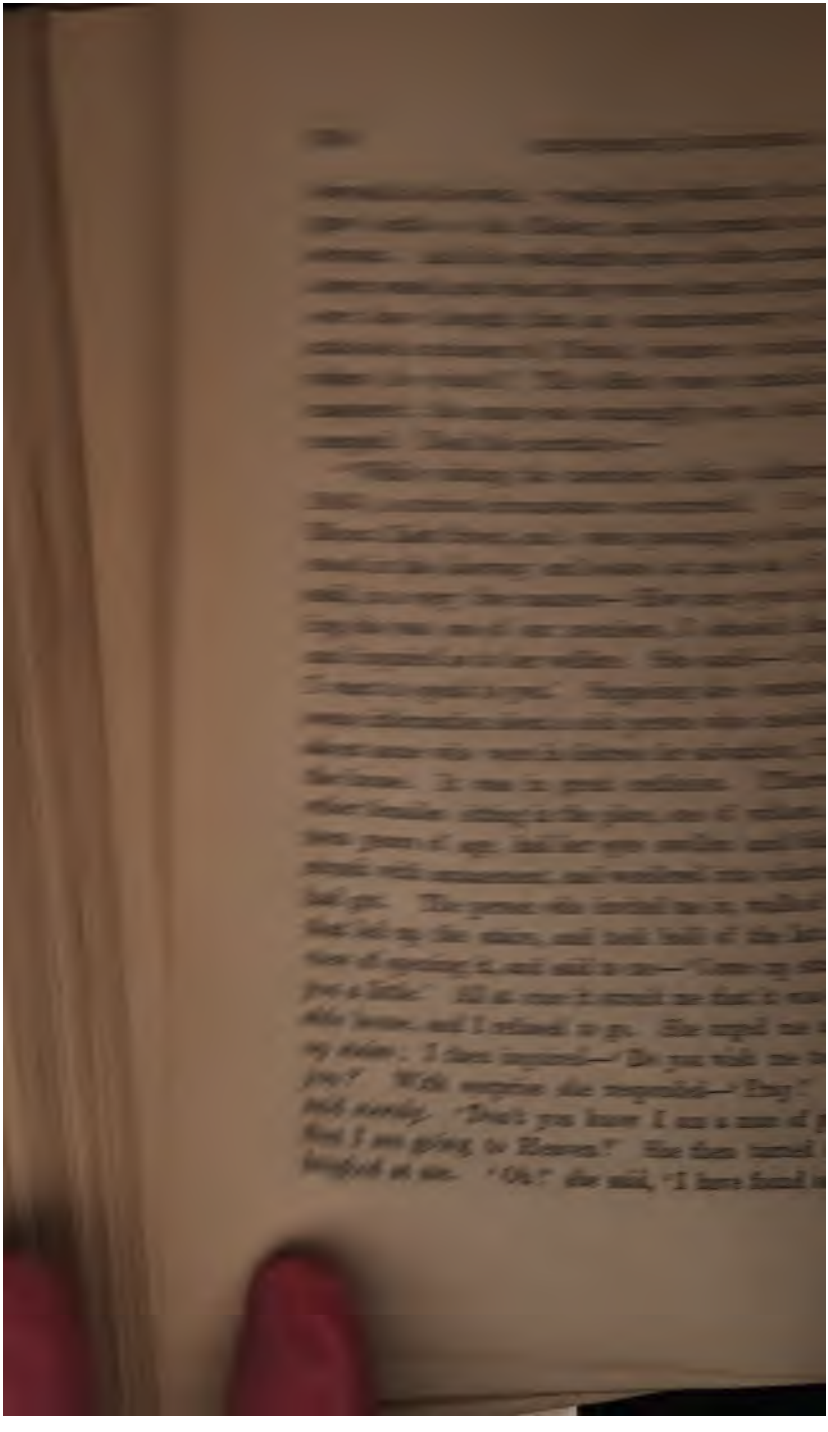
"June 20th.—I visited several members, and was blessed and made a blessing. I see clearly, that more real good may be done, in *some cases*, in household visiting, than in the public preaching of the Word. One of my members, a steady man, has not been at the class meeting for a long time, and I was told that he thought of giving up altogether. I therefore went to his house and brought him along with me. When the meeting was over, he said—'I am very thankful I have come.'

"1835.—Sept. 25th.—I have been greatly blessed in visiting a sick woman; she has been in a backsliding state, but the Lord, in her affliction, has restored her to His favour, and she is now quite happy, and appears both ready and willing to die.

"Oct. 15th.—I was greatly quickened and refreshed by visiting a few old people. How glad I am to see the dear old saints, in the midst of age and infirmities, truly happy in the love of Jesus, and ripe and longing for the Heavenly World! What but the grace of God can cheer under such circumstances! The blessed hope of glory, however, turns age into youth and makes the soul that is confined in a poor, old, infirm body, brisk and lively.

"26th.—I spent the day, for the most part, in pastoral visiting, and God made me a blessing to several. I am sorry to learn that the members are not attending their classes well. Oh, instability! what an enemy thou art to the cause of God!"

No labour, however philanthropic and pious, exempts from temptation and danger to the soul. The Devil is yet accustomed to his perambulations, "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it," and is yet malignantly



'Yes,' I replied, 'you see you have met with the g person; and, allow me to tell you, that if you do not up this wickedness, you will be in a sad state at last; are on the sure road to hell.' So saying, I immedi- y left the house, trembling at the state of these wretched gs, and thankful that I possessed the saving grace of l."

The picture here presented, horrible as it is, is equalled, haps, in some respects exceeded, by one that follows. There have a nest of uncleanness, all its members apparently ing one way, and that the way of destruction; here an ed parent is the melancholy exception to the God-fearing: ere the devil tempts, here he is embodied. The case as met and recorded, Sept. 17th, 1835, three weeks prior that just given.

"I went to see old ——. It was such a sight as I never saw before, and one I wish never to see again. If a woman ever was possessed of the devil, she is. I cannot give an adequate description of the horrible interview I had with her. Her son and his wife, with whom she lives, are members of the Wesleyans, and are, I believe, truly pious. When I was introduced to her, she looked very much displeased and quite fiendish. She said she did not want me. I told her I had come to talk with her about her soul. She ordered me to go, and called me a devil, and wished the devil to damn me, and prayed that God would send me to hell. In this strain she went on, uttering the most horrid language, all the time we were with her. I knelt down to pray, and, while I was engaged in this exercise, she cursed bitterly, and sent forth, in almost every breath, the most awful oaths. When I had finished, her daughter-in-law prayed, and was assailed in the same fearful way as myself. 'The devil d—n you,' was her constant cry. When she said this, I shouted—'Glory!

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ages, and manifold peculiarities. He met with cases which troubled, and others which cheered him, and saw sights which turn the heart sick, and others which supply a glimpse and type of Heaven. A few of these under their respective heads we will now supply.

First, we have the case of one who is the type of a fearfully large class, who die with No Hope. No one has the power to decide with infallible certainty as to the destiny of a soul which has quitted the body; for the keys of life and death are in the hands of Christ, and in His exclusively; yet we may speak, warrantably enough, in negative language, and say, as the apostle said of some, they were "without hope." Here is an instance:

"February 17th, 1825.—This morning, I was requested to visit a dying man, at Hanley, and saw such a sight as I never saw before. He had been above a week ill, and had been urged several times to have some person to pray with him; but his reply was—'No; I can pray for myself; I have neglected this, and I have neglected the other, and I will die as I am;' and then, he would break out, in a very horrid manner, into oaths and curses. One person prayed with him last night, and he seemed to like it. This morning he was much worse, and said—'During the night I have been through hell.' When I entered the room, I was quite struck to see him in such agonies; the sight was most appalling; the image of the devil seemed imprinted on his countenance. I looked at him with astonishment, and warned all that were present to prepare to meet their God. I tried to pray with him, but I cannot say that I had either liberty or faith. I left the man, deeply affected with a sense of his misery, and, in less than an hour after, he died. As he smiled before he died, the simple people about him, thought that the Lord had heard my prayer for him, and that he was gone to Heaven;

[illegible]

but I would not be a thousand worlds place my soul in h[illegible]
with God. [illegible] my soul live thus to God, and prepare
it for future bliss."

[illegible] and then is instilled as [illegible]
[illegible] which were pleasingly [illegible]
[illegible] with the [illegible]
[illegible] which was made to rise: in harmony
with the primary design of our creation, for God made [illegible]
to live ever and live in ever, and it addresses with the [illegible]
of the inward Judge, which 'was of Heaven and leads to
war.' Here then are hope which encourages and warms
hope. The first relates to a young woman at Chime. A
whose expectation of good from the Lord hung before
saw him, there is probably a tinge of the romantic: h[illegible]
ever her case appears a clear and satisfactory one.

"January 4th, 1808.—I was invited to visit a sick woman
who had been some time ill. She has had an impression
her mind for three months that I would be the instrument
her salvation. She had never seen me, but had heard other
talk about me: and, during all that time, she has been hoping
to see me. Her sister-in-law, who is one of our members,
came yesterday to ask me to go to see her, as her earnest
request, and the visit and request were repeated to-day.
She told me her sister begged of her with tears to come for
me; I went without delay. When I entered the house, she
burst into tears. After she had recovered herself a little, she
told me how she felt. She said—Four days ago I gave up
all thoughts of getting better, and I besought the Lord to
have mercy on my soul, and fit me for His kingdom. I
perceived she was just ripe for the mercy of God. I, there-
fore, in a very simple manner, preached Jesus unto her. I
told her she must expect nothing from herself, but all from
Christ; she must take His wisdom for her ignorance, His

mercy for her guilt, His strength for her weakness, His happiness for her misery, His purity for her pollution. This kind of teaching she understood, and the Lord made her feel it. In a short time she said—'Oh, never anyone talked to me in this manner!' She seemed at once to lay hold of the Saviour by faith. Cornelius sending for Peter struck me very forcibly. I asked for a Bible, and began to seek for the chapter. While thus engaged, she exclaimed—'Oh, I feel so changed! I believe my sins are all gone; I do not feel them now.' Some who were present smiled, but she added, 'I must speak the truth.' I read the chapter, prayed, and left her truly happy. I resolved, however, to wait until the next day before I fully determined on her case.

"I accordingly went on the following evening, when she said, with much delight—'I have been happy ever since, and feel such a burning love to God as I cannot describe.' She is fast going to the grave; may the Lord keep her unto eternal life. She declared herself free from the fear of death. Oh, my Lord! this work is Thine, and the praise shall be Thine, to whom alone it is due."

The next examples which we introduce, of the hopeful class, occurred in Sheffield and Nottingham, and speak for themselves.

"Feb. 1st, 1834.—I visited Mrs. D., who I found in dying circumstances. When I spoke, she lifted up her eyes and appeared to know me. I asked her if Jesus was precious. She whispered—'Yes.' I enquired if I might pray; she bowed assent. I then implored the blessing of God upon her. He gave us access to His throne, and we felt the holy penetrations of His Spirit. When prayer was ended she held out her hand, which I embraced, and said—'You will soon be at home.' She then held out her hand to her brother, who went and sat by her and supported her. In a few moments she

began to breathe slowly, and soon ceased to breathe at all. Dying with her seemed very easy work; but oh, how solemn a thing it is to die! I am glad she was prepared for her departure. Several months ago the Lord set her heart at liberty while I was praying, on my first visit to her. Since then I have visited her frequently, and always found her happy. Lord make me, like her, quite ready for glory.

"Sep. 27, 1836.—Mr. K. took me to see his brother, who was earnestly seeking salvation. I was glad to find that he was just on the brink of mercy. I exhorted him to expect the blessing he desired. We prayed for him, and the Lord set him free. When we arose, he told us he felt the love of God in his heart. He wiped away his tears, and rejoiced in the Lord. This was a glorious sight; praise God!

"Jan. 24, 1837.—A few days since I visited a poor, afflicted, old man, who has heard the Gospel in Parliament Street Chapel for years. He is now quite awake to his situation as a sinner, so much so that he is afraid he is too great a sinner for God to save. I pointed out the way of salvation, and prayed with him. When I called to-day, he said, with great joy—'I have found the Lord; no tongue can tell the happiness I feel.' This news cheered me. Blessed be the Lord for making me useful."

The third species of examples which we present partakes of the character of the second, but go beyond it in the encouragement afforded: they are DEATH-BED CONVERSIONS. Two of these are presented in a way as graphic as suggestive. The first occurred in Huddersfield.

"Nov. 9th, 1830.—I visited a man who is sick, and expecting to die. He has until now neglected soul matters; he is very much concerned, and I think he will find salvation. I read, prayed, and conversed with him. He paid great

attention, and was thankful for the visit, and pressed me to come again. The Lord help and save the man.

"11th.—I visited the poor man I saw on Tuesday last. When I entered his dwelling, I heard him, in his chamber above, engaged in prayer. He was earnestly begging of God to save him. When I entered the room, he manifested the greatest joy at seeing me. He said, 'I have been working very hard.' I enquired whether he had got more faith. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have faith to believe the Lord will save me.' 'Have you got your sins forgiven?' I continued. He said—'I cannot go so far, but I have given up all into God's hands.' I prayed with him; he heartily joined in the exercise, and I believe the Lord will show mercy to him.

"17th.—I called this evening to see Mr. Fisher's gardener, the individual who was in dying circumstances at Longroyd Bridge; but his soul had taken its flight. Oh, what an instance is this of the mercy and love of God to sinners! This poor man was ill about three weeks; previously he had not been in the habit of hearing the Gospel, but during his affliction, he was truly awakened, and he cried mightily to God for mercy. On Thursday he found mercy, and up to Saturday morning, triumphantly praised God. He had a few battles with Satan on Saturday, but came off victoriously, and on the morning of the sixth day after his conversion he was taken home to his reward in Heaven, leaving a wife and seven children, whom he resigned into the hands of God. I saw him stretched on the bed of death with a lovely smile on his countenance, indicative of the happy state his soul was in when it left the body. His end was peace."

The second took place while Mr. Lynn was at Nottingham.

"Dec. 11, 1834.—I went with Miss N., a member of my class, to the Bulwell House of Industry, to see her brother, who is not expected to recover. He had a great wish to see

ng; we are warranted in whispering in the ear of the dying the promise of Christ—"Him that cometh to me, I will *in no wise* cast out;" and we are warranted in believing that, if even the dying come to God, through Christ, and by penitent and believing prayer, sue for mercy and grace to deliver them from going down into the pit, the Great Deliverer may rush to their rescue, may snatch them from the verge of hell, may tear away the garments already scorched by the eternal fire, may clothe them in the garments of salvation, may carry them from the yawning gulf, may bear them in His bosom to His heavenly throne, may hold up the ransomed and rejoicing spirit to the gaze of the glorified brotherhood; and, as they view such a miracle of grace, oh, what adoring praise will swell their delighted spirits, as they hear the Saviour say—"Is not this a brand *plucked from the fire*?"

Fourthly, we meet with cases of COMMISSERATION. Affecting beyond description are many of the revelations made and the abject sights presented to the minister who, in visiting sick persons desirous of seeing him, finds his way now to a cellar and now to a garret where, perhaps, a whole family, and that not a small one, are found to reside or to be stored. "One half of the world knows not how the other half lives." Mr. Lynn records a few such cases which we transcribe.

"Dec. 10, 1828.—I visited a sick man, whom I found in the most abject circumstances. He lay upon a poor, miserable bed, afflicted in body and distressed in mind. He said —'I am a backslider, and it is about two years since I fell from grace.' His wife's father had been a Methodist for thirty seven years; I found her reading a tract entitled 'The Prodigal Son,' and that was her husband's own condition. They had no Bible, but received a tract weekly from our tract distributors, for which they felt thankful. She said she

believed the Lord had brought them into that state to h them back to Himself. I talked and prayed with them. left them in sorrow.

"June 19th, 1829.—I visited a poor and afflicted wom with three children. She lay on a poor bed, with an inf at her breast, and a little boy, about seven years of age, w was in bed, because he had no clothes to wear. I found, inquiry, that she had been twice married, and the two eld children were by the first husband, who, she said, was a g man. When he was living she enjoyed religion; and in h widowhood was very comfortable. Her second husband h used her very ill, and about eleven months since left h and she has not seen him since, but had heard that he w dead. What I saw and heard, penetrated the bottom of m heart. I thought on this passage—'I was an hungered, a ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothe me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and y came unto me.' I remembered, too, that Job had said— 'The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upo me.' I had but little to give, but I cheerfully gave that little, and I sent her some old clothes to make the little boy a suit, which she could do herself; I advised her to call upon God to bless her, and then I prayed with her. When I had done, she exclaimed—'How refreshing this is to my soul!' If ever I felt the real pleasure of doing good, it was on this occasion. What mercies I have to be thankful for; Lord help me daily to live to Thee,"

Finally, Mr. Lynn describes cases he met with, which are in the highest degree CONSOLATORY. The death of the good— so easy, so victorious, so joyous—has ever attracted notice, and the place where it occurred has been looked upon as honoured above the ordinary walks of life. Baalam, self-

serving and time-serving as he was, knew no termination of life worthier a just ambition, or more appropriate for fervent prayer. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." "Come," said a great and good man to his son, when about to depart hence, "and I will show thee how a Christian dies." The journal contains accounts of several happy death-bed scenes. We select a few.

"Dec. 19th, 1833.—During the last few days, I have been much affected by seeing an old woman who was in the habit of hearing the Gospel preached in the days of Mr. Wesley. She has possessed a strong constitution, and through life enjoyed good health; but she is now near her end, and suffers greatly. She often says—'Oh, if I had put off repentance until now, what must I have done?' I was blessed in prayer with her this morning, and once more I see how needful it is to be much given to God in life and health, so as to have nothing to do but to die when death comes.

"April 15th, 1835.—I called at B. and saw Mrs. W.; she is very ill, but unspeakably happy; her room was like the suburbs of Heaven; I felt it quite a privilege to be there.

"May 30th.—I visited a dying saint; Oh, how happy she is! She has not the slightest fear of death, and can joyfully sing—'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

We have given proof sufficient, in the facts already detailed, that household visitation supplies a means of usefulness which no Church should disparage and no Christian should fail to employ. Many in this way are induced to attend our churches and chapels; and many more, by this benevolent instrumentality, are prepared for the upper sanctuary. Christians and Christian ministers should enter upon this holy work; nor weary in its discharge. Perseverance, desirable everywhere, is indispensable here, and seldom fails of success.

"I was much interested," observes Mr. Lynn in one place, "with an account of a drunken, obstinate sinner, who for some time has opposed every one praying with him; but he, at length, yielded, sought and found mercy, and died happy. The whole account proves how good it is to persevere in visiting the sick, even when they themselves are opposed to it."

In this unostentatious but pious means of usefulness, any Christian may engage, for a tender heart is a better qualification for it than a fluent tongue; but ladies will find in it a field of labour for which they are peculiarly fitted, and in whose cultivation they will particularly excel. Think of Elizabeth Fry and her Newgate Prison triumphs; of Florence Nightingale, and her Scutari labours, and ask—"Cannot I in some humble sphere and in some small way emulate the noble example of these devoted heroines?" You *can*, if you *will*. Address yourself, then, in God's name and help to the work. Find your way to the chamber of the afflicted and the hovel of misery. Preach, in earnest looks and sympathetic words, and relieving attentions, the Gospel of Him, who when here, declared that He had "Come to seek and to save that which was lost." Continue in the good work; every day will render it easier and more and more blessed. Nor shall you lose your reward. The press may never notice you; royalty may never smile upon you; and when you go hence, no monument may rise to perpetuate your name or commemorate your work; yet, you shall not be forgotten. The visited will visit you in memory and heart for ever. Only the other day we beheld a scene and heard words we shall never forget. A lady, who finds her "meat and drink" in well doing, had visited one of her own sex in an affliction which is the sure precursor of death. Her visits brought salvation to the house. After prayer, on the occasion to which we refer, she took her

leave, perhaps for the last time, of the invalid; the latter, almost too feeble to rise from her pillow, embraced her, shed hot tears over her face, and in pathetic strains which vibrated in every heart, exclaimed—"*I shall never forget you.*" No; she will never forget! If in Heaven she can have a commission, it will be to act as a "ministering spirit" to her mother in Israel; if not, she will be ready to give her a hearty welcome, when her departure arrives, to the mansions in which she lives and reigns. And should no incident, stimulating and recompensing as this occur, yet will the reward come. Visiting, and visiting for their present relief and eternal welfare, the lowly, the penniless, and the distressed, "thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."—Luke xiv, 14.

CHAPTER III.

PENITENT MEETINGS.

Oh that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat.—Job.

Dr. Clarke, when preaching before the Conference, shortly before his death, remarked, that, far as he had travelled, and manifold and diversified as were the people with whom he had conversed, he never met with more than two individuals who denied that they were sinners; the first was an old man, and the Doctor attributed his denial to his dotage; the second was a young lady, and the venerable preacher attributed her feeling to flippancy and folly; besides these, none had questioned, but uniformly corroborated the doctrine of the Bible, that—"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Still, while all in reality, and the majority by confession, are sinners, all do not stand in the same relation to sin. Society, in this respect, may be divided into three classes. First, there are those who know, but feel not they are sinners; secondly, those who know and feel the oppression of their sins; and thirdly, those who know and feel their sins forgiven. The first are pre-eminently *sinners;* the second are *penitents;* and the third *believers.* The penitent, then, occupies a midway position; he has left the company of the transgressor; he has not yet reached the fellowship of saints: he has deserted the city of destruction, and hopes to gain the celestial city, but at present he is in the "Slough of Despond," and must "struggle to the side, next to the Wicket-gate." The multitude, who, on the memorable day of Pentecost, heard the Gospel preached, were "pricked in their hearts,"

and, with agitation and alarm, cried, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"—were penitents. The publican, who, in the temple stood "afar off," who dared not lift his eyes in the direction of the God against whom he had sinned, who, in mental anguish "smote upon his breast," and in plaintive tones prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner,"—was a penitent. The gaoler, at Philippi, aroused from his sleep by the shock of an earthquake, and from his sin by a flash of Divine conviction, who, with trembling heart and bended knee approached Paul and Silas, and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"—was a penitent.

When the Gospel is preached with a power given to it by God, in answer to the united prayers of ministers and members of the Churches, it will be no uncommon thing to find penitents. They should be expected, looked after, and prayed for. If they appear not as the natural result of the preached Gospel, something should be suspected as wrong—*is* wrong; but when they appear, what is to be done with them? The first thing is to ascertain that their penitence is sincere and Scriptural. The Apostle refers to two kinds of sorrow for sin; a godly sorrow, and the sorrow of the world. Godly sorrow is easily distinguished; its secret spring, its object of complaint, its great solicitude is the removal of sin. "Repentance," says one, "is a broken heart *for* and a broken heart *from* sin." Let no mistake be made here; for such mistake would be fearful and fatal. The second is, to get the penitent, there and then, to exercise faith in Christ, as the Saviour of the world, as *my* Saviour, and as my *present* Saviour. Thirdly, fervent prayer should be offered, that God would be "pleased to reveal His Son in them." Mr. Lynn observes in one place truly—"I found them (two penitents), in deep concern about their soul's salvation; but faith, —the instrument of salvation—appears to them, as to

most unsaved people, a great mystery. I tried to explain it to them, but it is God only that can properly make it known to their hearts. I hope He will soon give them the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins."

. Mr. Lynn has had much experience in the blessed work of directing the penitent sinner to "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." He has met with all kinds of cases, and from their careful study has gathered practical knowledge. When in Sheffield, he wrote a paper upon the subject, which, for the value of its suggestions, we give here. It first appeared in the magazine for 1833, and reads thus :—

"I was forcibly struck with the happy results of what the Americans term their *Inquiry meetings*, into which it seems, from the great congregation, are invited such persons as are convinced of sin, and are earnestly inquiring what they must do to be saved. I suppose, when these inquirers are thus convened, some experienced person asks them what are their views and feelings as guilty sinners; after which, the way to God, through faith in Christ Jesus, is made known to them, and they are entreated to act faith on His atoning blood, and accept forgiveness *now:* then believers unite in prayer, that the Holy Ghost may visit their souls with life and liberty.

"Such a plan as this cannot but be approved by all who know how much united, fervent, believing prayer prevails with God. My principal object in this communication, is simply to make known a few additional instances of the great utility of such meetings, which have come under my own observation, in this town, and, if possible, stir up the friends of Jesus to a more general adoption of such means. There are, I believe, amongst Methodists in this country, meetings denominated 'Penitent Meetings,' an appellation in my opinion, not inappropriate.

"The first of these meetings to which I would refer, took place after a fellowship meeting, held in our Bow Street Chapel, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 8th, 1833; it was numerously attended, and a great many, who had a short time before begun to meet in class, were present, earnestly longing for redemption in the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of their sins.

"The former part of the fellowship meeting was rather discouraging than otherwise. Little Divine influence was felt, and there was not much disposition to speak manifested by the individuals present. For the purpose of obtaining a more powerful communication of the Divine Spirit, all were requested to kneel down, and silently wait on the Lord for five minutes, and believe for the instant descent of the Holy Ghost. The suggestion was adopted. The thought of so many souls addressing themselves in earnest prayer to the God of mercy at the same moment, for the bestowment of His saving grace on poor perishing sinners, was truly affecting. By the time the five minutes had expired, there was such a manifestation of Divine power to the souls of those present as rendered the occasion memorable indeed—a time of more than ordinary refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The speaking was resumed with considerably more unction and freedom; yet help was still wanted for the sorrowing seeker of salvation. For some time I mused in my heart what means could be employed to ascertain who they were that were in this case, and which was the most likely way to assist them to obtain the blessing they sought. I had often heard of Penitent Meetings, and had frequently wished to see them brought into operation. A strong wish arose in my mind to try if something could be done in this way for the seeking souls present on this occasion. I felt a persuasion in my heart that God would own it if we aimed

at His glory, and this I sincerely wished to do. I was at a loss for a short time for a suitable place in which to meet them. At length I fixed on the forms under the gallery as the most likely place to answer the purpose. Having come to this conclusion, I stated my views to the meeting and told them we should dismiss the present assembly after singing and prayer. We sung again, during which exercise, according to a request I had previously made to all penitent seekers of mercy, persons from different parts of the gallery, by twos and threes, began to repair to the proposed place in great number.

"The thing was quite new, yet it was truly affecting and gave proof how earnestly many of them were seeking the Divine favour. The friends in general were given to understand, when the fellowship meeting was broken up, that any of them who thought proper might retire, and many of them did so.

"Some of the leaders were requested to meet the penitents at the foot of the gallery stairs, and conduct them to the place appointed, When we were collected together, that we might know how many there were who were willing to abandon their sins and accept of Christ as their Saviour, all in that situation were desired to stand up. To our great joy, forty persons arose. When they had taken their seats again, one of the local brethren was desired to point out to them, in a brief address, the nature of saving faith. This he did in a forcible, impressive manner; urging them to expect present pardon, by a simple act of faith in the atonement of Christ. After this he engaged in prayer to God, that He would enable them by His Spirit to cast their souls on Christ, the only Saviour.

"As the slain of the Lord were before us, I felt thankful we had present a goodly number of men mighty in prayer,

who engaged most heartily and fervently in the work. During singing and prayer, much of the presence of God was felt. In the meantime, several friends skilled in the way of salvation by faith alone, spoke a word to the weary, and encouraged the broken-hearted to look by faith to the healing balm. The wrestling spirit and believing heart were given to many; and the holy penetrating power of God moved amongst us. The meeting was continued until about half-past ten o'clock; after which it was ascertained that fourteen souls professed to have tasted and felt that the Lord was gracious; several of whom I know have held fast their confidence to the present time.

"On the Friday evening following, we held a public prayer meeting in South Street Chapel, from eight to nine o'clock, after which a Penitents' Meeting was held in the vestry. On that occasion a place was fixed upon to which the mourners in Zion were invited. Seven or eight persons came forward: a description was then given of the nature of true penitence and the faith which is the operation of the Spirit of God. The fulness and freeness of Redeeming Grace were next placed before them; and they were also assured that if they would believe in Jesus they should *now* see the salvation of God. After which, singing and prayer commenced; the pleading and prevailing spirit was given, and by several of the seekers the earnest cry for mercy was uttered. When some time had been spent in mighty wrestling with God, four or five of them were born again, and made to rejoice in pardoning love. We did indeed find ourselves to be in the House of God, and at the gate of Heaven.

"Several other instances of the success of such meetings might be noticed, but I shall only name one more, which took place on Lord's Day evening, February 24th, 1833, after a solemn discourse on Matthew xxv., 41, in South

Street Chapel. It was stated that we should hold a Penitents' Meeting in the vestry, to which all who were weary of sin and wished to find mercy were invited. The vestry was soon nearly filled. After we had sung a verse or two, a part of the vestry was fixed upon to which all labouring and heavy laden were desired to come. It was also remarked that we hoped not any but such as were sincerely determined to give up their sins would take that station. Eleven or twelve persons came forward and took the penitents' seats. They were severally asked if they were desirous of finding the Lord: they all replied in the affirmative. A description of the guilty, ignorant, and helpless condition of sinners was then given, and the sufficiency of Christ as a Saviour was then pointed out. And they were also informed, that all the blessings miserable sinners needed to make them happy, were to be received from Jesus by faith in His precious blood, and that those blessings might then be received by all who would accept them in the Divinely appointed way: God, being able and willing to save now all who would believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. After this we began to sing and pray, and a considerable degree of the hallowing influence of the Spirit of God pervaded the meeting, so much so that those who engaged in prayer, frequently exclaimed, "It is good to be here." At one period of the meeting it is true, there was something which had, to say the least, the appearance of wildness and extravagance, occasioned by a few individuals, who I feared would deprive us of that becoming seriousness which we had enjoyed at the beginning of the meeting. To check this the friends were desired to remain on their knees in silence before the Lord, for a short time. This method answered the end designed, and each mind appeared to settle down into a devout waiting on God. When this state of feeling had been restored, the singing and praying were resumed, with a

blessed effect. Two or three penitent seekers of salvation were in great distress, and most earnestly sought the liberty of God's people. At the close of the meeting, it was found that five had obtained the blessing of peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and others were quickened in their pursuit after it. This was indeed a 'feast of fat things' to the souls of believers; and, to my mind, clearly proved that such means are acceptable to God, having owned them as the instruments of salvation. Such meetings, I think, must meet with the approbation of all who are longing after sinners in the bowels of Jesus Christ, if it were only for the following reasons:

"1st.—Because they afford an opportunity to the ministers and members of the Church of obtaining a knowledge of the persons who are inquiring after the salvation of their souls.

"2nd.—By such meetings, sympathy for the penitents in their distress is produced in the minds of the people of God, by which they are excited to greater earnestness in believing prayer for them; for they call to mind what were their own feelings and state when they drank of the wormwood and the gall of penitential sorrow.

"3rd.—In them a present salvation, by an act of simple faith in Christ, is exhibited, and while this is as life to the penitent, it becomes a stimulus to the believer.

"4th.—In these meetings the singing and praying are peculiarly adapted to the very blessings then desired and sought, and thus Jesus and his free mercy are kept continually before the mind in such a manner as may greatly assist the exercise of faith.

"5th.—In them the faith and prayer of the Lord's believing children unitedly lay hold on the Divine promises, and the atonement and intercession of Christ are so acknowledged and respected, as seldom fail to bring down a great

degree of spiritul influence. The baptismal fire descends, and the struggling penitent very generally catches the consuming yet purifying flame.

"6th.—In them a very good effect is generally produced on the minds of believers themselves; for whilst pleading and believing for others, they frequently get their own souls fed, and watered, and abundantly refreshed. There is truth in the saying, 'When the Lord makes new ones he mends the old ones.'

"7th.—In penitent meetings, opportunities are afforded of inviting those persons to class who have not yet begun to meet, by which they may be secured to the Church, and the good they may have received be preserved and strengthened; and thus they may be led forward until they secure the 'pearl of great price.'

"Whatever objections may be raised against these meetings may be removed by the consideration that God approves of them, and shows his approval by saving souls in them. My earnest prayer is that more attention may be paid to such meetings by the Church of Christ; and, if the above remarks in any degree tend to promote their adoption, I shall be amply repaid for the trouble of penning them."

A careful record should be kept of such meetings, embracing the name and address of each penitent. The good effects, the fine fruits, of these precious times are often lost, because not properly looked after and garnered. The penitents should be apportioned to classes, and the leaders should need no urging to look after and shepherd them. Does not Christ carry the lambs in His arms? and give the special command to Peter, and through him to all who love Him, to "Feed my lambs?" And shall we not follow an example so glorious and obey a precept so authoritative? Let us recollect what we were when newly converted—how feeble, how tremulous,

how susceptible of impressions from acts of kindness, how anxious for the help and fellowship of members and fathers of the Church! Let us consider what the new convert may become by attention and culture; he may be, for aught we know, an embryo Wesley, or Fletcher, or Allin, or Cooke, or Hulme. Oh! do not let us by coldness, or carelessness, or indolence cause the bruised reed to be broken or the smoking flax to be quenched!

CHAPTER IV.

BACKSLIDERS.

The work of recovering backsliders or believers from under their spiritual decays is an act of sovereign grace, wrought in us by virtue of Divine promises. Out of this eater cometh meat.—OWEN.

THE possibility of decline in piety and a final fall from grace appears to us to require no formal or elaborate proof. It is *involved* in the essential freedom of the human will and the probationary character of mortal life; for free grace is not hostile to free will, nor does the commencement of religion terminate our probation. It is *confirmed* by all those passages of Scripture which urge the man of God not to "weary or faint in well doing," not to "cast away" his confidence, not to make "shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience," but to "stand fast," to "hold fast," and to "look diligently lest any man fail of (margin, *fall* from) the grace of God;" for what propriety or force would these exhortations possess if the Christian, when once past the "strait gate" were infallibly sure that an "entrance would be ministered unto him abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?" It is *illustrated* in manifold and mournful examples, recorded in Scripture, and too frequently observed in actual life; for there are among us, as among the apostolic churches, those to whom the demand of Paul might appropriately be made—"Ye did run well; who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth?" Yes, as the tree which yielded ample fruit may, from want of water, decay and die, and as salt from exposure to certain influences or admixture with hostile elements will lose its savour, so

the Christian, from one cause or other, may lose the spirituality of his mind and the consistency of his character, and instead of presenting the fair and fruitful aspect of the "tree planted by the rivers of water," be comparable to "trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots."

"Ah, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul my fall from Grace:
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never, find it more."

Backsliding is of two general characters—it stops at formality, or it degenerates into actual impiety. In the former case the backslider maintains the profession, when destitute of the power of Godliness; in the latter, he gives up every vestige of religion, and, denying truths he formerly held with unfaltering faith, scoffing at practices he once reverenced, and indulging in gratifications he used to scorn, he seeks refuge in a godless creed or a dissipated life, and the "last end of that man is worse than the beginning."

In the journals before us are many affecting cases of backsliding. We have selected a few which will illustrate the questions—How does the backslider fall, and how may he be restored?

The ostensible causes of declension in piety may be various and complex, but the real and influential one, will, doubtless, be found in the neglect, and ultimate disregard, of private devotion. Let a Christian, from over-anxiety respecting the world, or deliberate dereliction of duty or any imaginable cause whatever, give up or slightly attend to daily closet prayer, daily study of the Scriptures, and daily self-examination, and, depend upon it, he will soon become the mere skeleton of what he was. The soul, like the body, not only

needs a supply of nutritious food, but needs that supply *regularly* and in *sufficient quantities*.

Now, small matters are sometimes permitted to exert great influence upon the soul; distracting its attention, beclouding its perception, absorbing its energy, and cutting off its fellowship with God. Hence the assignable occasion of a backslider's fall is not unfrequently found in trivial circumstances. Here is an example. "I saw one of our members," observes Mr. Lynn in one place, "who has been in a backsliding state. The Lord has graciously shown him his error, and will, I believe, ultimately restore him. He lost his evidence by looking at others, and finding fault with them. May God save me from this and like errors." We are to look "every man upon the things of another," but not with the stern eye of the judge, or the searching eye of the critic, much less with the eye of a certain fly which seeks till it finds a sore place on the back of a beast of burden, and then begins to feast upon it; but with the eye of a brother or saviour, whose eye helps his heart to feel and his hands to minister. The former course is suicidal; the latter soul-inspiring and soul-satisfying; the one is Cain-like, the other Christ-like.

Strife is a potent source of division and declension in a church. Sometimes it finds its theme of dispute in the rival claims of ministers, as when the Corinthians said, "I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ." Sometimes it busies itself with church polity, and in its solicitude respecting the shape and style of the dress to be worn forgets and starves the wearer; and then the melancholy spectacle is presented of a decaying corpse in superb vestments. And sometimes it revives and discusses the question of —"Who is to be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?" But whatever its theme, its spirit is rancorous, and its effects such

as "make the angels weep." Mr. Lynn gives a mournful example. Visiting Sheffield two years after he was stationed there, he writes—"I was glad to see many dear friends, and sorry to find that there is in the society a spirit of strife, withering all the feelings of Christian love. Oh, my God! put an end to it, and fill the people's hearts with love. Too many, even good people, *do right things in a wrong way*, and too many hold the truth in unrighteousness. We are commanded to 'speak the truth in love;' and the 'servant of the Lord is not to strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves.' Here, however, the officials, unmindful of these requirements, have, by their strife, destroyed the finest work of grace I ever saw. What an awful thing that the devil should make the Church the means of destroying itself! It has been so here. Blessed Father make me meek and patient in the season of strife, giving me, in this respect, the victory, and filling my soul with love."

Returning to this painful subject, a few months later, upon another visit to Sheffield, Mr. Lynn observes,—"My spiritual children were delighted at our meeting; I was glad to find so many of them travelling to the Kingdom of Heaven; but I was distressed to learn that many others, who bade fair for eternal life when I left here, are now in a backsliding and careless state. Oh, religious strife! what a curse thou art to the Church of God! It has fallen like a millstone upon the good cause in this town, and damaged one of the finest revivals I ever saw. The persons who ought to have been its protectors have torn it to pieces. Holy Redeemer! breathe a better spirit upon them, that they may love and not grieve one another."

Another occasion of backsliding is *worldly-mindedness*. The Church has had many enemies. Heretics, at different

periods, have introduced damnable doctrines, and by their fair speeches, beguiled the unwary, and by their polished sophisms eclipsed for a time, the truth as it is in Jesus, and, in this way, the piety of some have been sacrificed. Intemperance has been a great foe of the Church; insinuating itself, by slow degrees, into the favour of believers, like Delilah into the secret of Sampson, until they, like Sampson, have been shorn of their strength, and rendered the sport of their conquerors. But, perhaps, worldly prosperity, bringing with it the love of the world, has done as much or more than all besides to rob members of the Church of their spirituality, and convert believers into backsliders. "Religion," said the venerable Benson, "brings us wealth, and wealth destroys religion." As the thorns prevented the growth of the sower's seed; so the "care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches choke the Word," and he, "who had heard, and understood, and digested it, becometh unfruitful." *

Finally, *pride* is a canker-worm, which, when it once enters the soul of the Christian, soon eats out whatever of spiritual excellence it contains. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Pride is directly antagonistic to all that is cardinal in our theology, and to all that is laudable in practical life. It brooks not a mediator between God and man, but would, with open and impudent face, approach the Most High. It makes great abilities small by the pompousness with which it displays them, and renders acts of kindness unpalatable by the ceremonies with which it accompanies them. It is the enemy of progress, and the

* "Elisha prayed that a double portion of Elijah's spirit might rest upon him. A Father descanteth hereon, that a double portion of grace was necessary for Elisha, who was gracious at Court, lived in a plentiful way, and was favoured of the Kings of Israel; whereas Elijah lived poorly and privately; and more wisdom is requisite to manage prosperity than affliction."—THOMAS FULLER.

harbinger of ruin. "Pride goeth before destruction; and a haughty spirit before a fall."

"Therefore see thou that thine aim reacheth unto higher than thyself:
Beware that the standard of thy soul wave from the loftiest battlement:
For pride is a pestilent meteor, flitting on the marshes of corruption,
That will lure thee forward to thy death, if thou seek to track it to its source:
Pride is a gloomy bow, arching the infernal firmament,
That will lead the on, if thou wilt hunt it, even to the dwelling of despair."

One of the cases of backsliding mentioned by Mr. Lynn, illustrates the joint operation of worldly mindedness and pride in the fall of a precious soul from grace. He heard the narrative, which follows, when in the North.

"June, 1828.—We had a love feast at Hetton-le-hole, in the afternoon, attended by about forty persons. The experience of one man was very affecting. He declared himself a backslider. He said—'It is about seventeen years since I embraced religion, and for some time afterwards I lived in the closest communion with God. I found it my meat and drink to do His will. The Lord prospered me in my worldly circumstances, but I did not manifest the gratitude I ought to have done. I became wordly-minded, and resolved to get a firmer hold of the world. This led me into the company of those who not only had no relish for religion, but who mocked its professors. By little and little I drank into the spirit of the world, and thus grieved the Holy Ghost, and an inward declension took place. Some time previously, I had begun to preach, and meeting with great encouragement and much praise, I was tempted to be proud of my abilities. For a time I resisted this temptation, but after awhile it gained upon me; I became puffed up, and boasted what I could do. Thus, by worldly-mindedness and pride, I lost my religion.' Here he became so much affected, that he burst into tears.

On recovering himself, he proceeded. 'I continued to preach. I wonder God did not make me an example of His vengeance, and strike me dead in the pulpit, as I stood before the people to seek the praise of men, instead of the glory of God. Now, it appears, that God intends to bring me back in the opposite way to that by which I fell. I fell by worldly-mindedness and pride, and he intends to bring me back by poverty and disgrace.' On making inquiry, after the love feast, I remembered him quite well. He was very popular as a local preacher amongst the Wesleyans in the Shields Circuit. When the Independent Methodists commenced, he was one of their leading men. He preached and published a sermon against what is called a 'hired ministry.' He flourished amongst them for sometime, but for several years I had heard nothing of him. How true is the Word of God, 'He that exalteth himself shall be abased.' He closed his narration by saying that he took pleasure in brooding over his misery; that God had given to him a spirit of prayer, and that he sometimes had access to the Throne of Grace. My prayer is, that God may restore to him the joy of His salvation, and uphold him with His free spirit."

Having illustrated a few of the causes of backsliding, we next turn to details connected with the backslider's restoration. This can never be an indifferent theme to the Christian, who happily "stands fast in the liberty wherewith Christ maketh His people free." The backslider has special claims upon the sympathy and good offices of such a one.—*Look at the loss he has sustained.* When great losses are occasioned by disastrous fires, by shipwrecks, by commercial panics, how general, and often practical, the sympathy excited in behalf of the sufferers? But what loss on earth—what loss of a member of the body, of health, or of property, is to be compared to the loss of grace? With it there is the loss of

dignity, of usefulness, of happiness, of hope!—*Look, again, at the misery entailed.* The exchange from prosperity to adversity, from the succours of opulence to the trials of indigence, is severe indeed; but what is that compared with the change from light to darkness, from the tranquilities of an approving to the stings of an accusing conscience, and from the smile to the frown of God? True, the backslider does not hourly feel the woefulness of his change; but there are intervals when it flashes upon him like lightning, and deafens him like thunder.—*Look, finally, at the accumulated guilt of his situation.* Every sinner, even where circumstances mitigate the sin, has an awful account to render to God; but oh! what is the increased culpability of the backslider? Weighing these considerations, the exhortation of Paul receives particular force—"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." This is a great, and we fear, neglected duty of the Church. How ready we are to add to the Church by new converts; how ready to expel where expulsion appears to be needed; but how reluctant to leave "the ninety and nine sheep" already safe in the fold, and "go after that which is lost," until it be found!

In Nottingham, Mr. Lynn tells us, the leaders' meeting, impressed with the truth we have just stated, entered upon a plan to bring back the backslider. "We had," he says, "a meeting to devise plans of usefulness, and amongst others, it was decided that each leader should try to see two backsliders during the week, read and pray with them, and endeavour to bring them to God."

How this particular plan succeeded is not recorded; but Mr. Lynn, was often instrumental in the conversion of those it was designed to reach. Many cases have incidentally passed

before us, and many more might be given, but we close with one of long confirmation. Writing July 7th, 1835, he remarks—"While preaching to-day, a woman, who had been a backslider thirty-five years, was restored to God's favour."

And if *one* of long standing were restored, as in this case, *all* may be restored. God has given special invitations and addressed special remonstrances to this class. In the time of Jeremiah, the Israelites had backslidden fearfully; they had forsaken God and worshipped idols, committing "adultery with stones and stocks;" they had abandoned the practice of virtue and addicted themselves to every vice, polluting the land with their "whoredoms and with their wickedness;" yet the prophet is specially sent to this people to "proclaim these words, and say, Return thou backsliding Israel," and to urge the request by reference to the *distinguishing character of God;* "for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger for ever;" and secondly, by the *delightful relationship of God;* "for I am married unto you: and I will take you, one of a city, and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion: and I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding."—Jer. iii, 12, 14. Nor is this the only place in Scripture where such sentiments are expressed. In Hosea's time the people were as wayward, yet God was as merciful. "My people," is the Divine complaint, "are bent to backsliding from me; yet, at that very time, the Divine compassion finds vent in the inquiry—"How shall I give thee up Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee Israel?"—Hosea xi, 8.

If the blessed God, who is sinned against by the backslider, feels thus towards him, how should all, who partake of God's Spirit feel? and how, particularly, should the backslider feel towards Him. The Christian has an example of the right and religious feeling in relation to those who have

fallen from a proper faith and a pious life, in St. Paul. The Jews in his day were backsliders; they had forsaken the God of their fathers, and denied the expected Saviour of the prophets; yet listen to his language in reference to them! "For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." Talk of patriotism, of heroism, of self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice? It is here; here without alloy, without drawback, without parade; here, clear as the light of Heaven and disinterested as its love.

And the backslider himself; what is his duty? Entreated of God and sought by the Christian, he should retrace his steps. Nor should he do this partially and with indifference. "As there are many ways by which a convinced sinner seeks peace to his soul, without being able to find it, so it is with a backslider. Self-righteous attempts to mortify sin, and gain peace with God, are not confined to the first period of religious concern. Having, through the power of alarm, desisted from the open practice of sin, many have laboured to derive comfort from this consideration, without confessing their sins on the head, as it were, of the Gospel sacrifice. Their sins may be said rather to have been *worn* away from their remembrance, by length of time, than *washed* away by the blood of the cross. But this is not recovery; the hurt, if healed, is healed slightly; and may be expected to break out again. The same way in which, if we be true Christians, we first found rest to our souls, must be pursued in order to recover it; namely, repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." *

Happily restored, let past failure teach him present wisdom. There is philosophy in failure, and wisdom to be gathered even from acts of folly. In failure we ascertain our weakness,

* A. Fuller.

the badness of our cause, or the inadequacy of our means, and so we learn what to shun and what employ. It is a hard way of learning, but one in which almost all have to be taught. The universally successful is not always the wisest man; the wisest have been taught in the school of failure. And what is the lesson taught with special distinctness and enforced with peculiar emphasis in that school? The question is answered by another. What does the child learn who has indulged in unwarrantable freedoms with the fire? The proverb replies —"Burnt children dread the fire." And what should the backslider learn from his failures and past follies, but, in future, to avoid them. In certain companies, and at particular places, he lost his time, perilled his character, and grieved the Good Spirit; what is his duty? Break off those associations, desert those places, and resist those temptations.

Particularly let the "easily besetting sin" be avoided. Every one is liable to sin from one more than another temptation. Strong as men may be, there is a *weak place* somewhere. In some it is a tendency to vanity; in others, to sensuality; and in others to undue authority. This constitutional weakness shows itself in bolder and milder forms. In some it is manifest, and obtrudes itself everywhere; in others it is less obvious but not less active. Let the zealous Christian, and particularly the backslider, learn wherein his weakness lies. He will find that while there is a work for which he has special fitness, there is a temptation in presence of which he has melancholy weakness. Safety here is not in *fight* but in *flight*. Where work is concerned, hear the Apostle when he says, "*Fight* the good fight;" where weakness is felt, listen to the same Apostle when he commands Timothy to "*Flee* youthful lusts."

CHAPTER V.

SPECIAL ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

Leave not off praying to God; for, either prayer will make thee leave off sinning, or continuing in sin will make thee desist from praying.—FULLER.

PRAYER is the request of a tiny creature presented in humility and faith to the Great Creator. It is based upon the ordination and supported by the promises of God. There are several reasons why, when prayer is presented aright, we should confidently calculate upon its fulfilment. The institution itself is *presumptive evidence*. Were a king to hold a court at regular periods to receive the petitions of his people, or a physician to sit to examine gratuitously the patients who might present themselves, at a fixed time and place, would the circumstance not imply that the king intended to grant, as far as he could consistently with good government, the requests presented, and that the physician purposed to prescribe, to the best of his ability, for the recovery or relief of the patients? The promise of God is *positive assurance*. Besides instituting prayer, God has promised to answer prayers presented aright and for right objects, and while the institution *implies* an answer, the promise *guarantees* the answer to prayer. "Ask and ye shall receive," is the tenor of the whole Book of God, and the faith which the believer is to cherish grasps the promises,

> "Laughs at impossibilities,
> And cries—'It shall be done!'"

Moreover, *confirmation is supplied from actual success*. The

best proof of the clemency of a king is found in acts of kindness; the most satisfactory evidence of the ability of a physician is given in the critical cases which he has actually cured; and the happiest assurances of the efficacy of prayer are derived from the examples of fulfilled prayer; and, happily for us, these abound. Reason thus supports faith in prayer, and faith renders prayer triumphant.

In the Bible, there is great latitude given to prayer. "Ask *what ye will*;" "*Whatsoever* ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive;" "If ye *ask anything* in my name I will do it:" this is the language and this the liberty of prayer as enjoined in the Scriptures. Surely then the voluptuary, the miser, the ambitious, might find here an easy and rapid way to the realisation of their respective aims. "Ask what ye will—whatsoever—anything!" Yes, but with this *latitude* there is a limit. "*If* ye *abide in me* and *my words abide in you*, ye shall ask what ye will," &c. "This is the *confidence* that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything *according to His will*, He heareth us." In prayer, therefore, *respect* is to be had to our piety and to God's promise. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." *If*, too, God's Word is not our guide and guarantee in prayer, prayer may be vociferous but it will be valueless.

"No man can pray in faith, whose prayer is not grounded on a promise:
Yet a good man commendeth all things to the righteous wisdom of His God:
For those, who pray in faith, trust the immutable Jehovah,
And they, who ask blessings unpromised, lean on uncovenanted mercy."

Yet with this limit, the latitude is wide, and the power of prayer is a great and precious power. Whither shall the penitent sinner, the afflicted soul, the perplexed, the desponding, and the dying resort, but to prayer?

"Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being;
Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of Mercy:
Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, so be it;
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence.
Wherefore, pray, O creature, for many and great are thy wants;
Thy mind, thy conscience, and thy being, thy rights commend thee unto prayer,
The cure of all cares, the grand panacea for all pains,
Doubt's destroyer, ruin's remedy, the antidote to all anxieties."

We offer these remarks on prayer as introductory to the narration of a few striking answers to prayer, which Mr. Lynn has recorded. When we designate them *striking*, we employ moderate language, they are *extraordinary*. We present them as facts, leaving the reader to draw from them whatever inferences they may legitimately warrant.

The first relates to an early period of Mr. Lynn's religious career, when he was engaged as a local preacher, and a resident beneath his father's roof, or rather when in a house of his own he made his father a welcome guest.

"Sep. 5th, 1822.—My poor father was exceedingly ill of a distracting pain in his head and teeth. About three o'clock he was almost mad; after trying everything he could obtain to get relief in vain, I could not refrain from tears at seeing him so ill. He then said to me—'Go to prayer.' Instantly we fell on our knees; for some time I could do nothing but weep, but, as soon as I could pray, I found the spirit of prayer was given, and the Lord drew me after Him, and enabled me to exercise faith in this promise—'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.' My father observed that as soon as I began to pray the pain died away, and we rose from our knees with tears of gratitude for this striking answer to prayer. This circumstance may seem a small matter to some people, but it greatly strengthened my faith; the Lord fulfilling in it His promise, and answering prayer. I named

this case in the prayer and class meetings to-night, and the friends gave glory to God."

The second case is more remarkable still. It is this :—

"May 25th, 1830.—I have heard of a surprising answer to prayer, which was vouchsafed the last time I was in the Hawarden Circuit. A young woman, a member of the Wesleyans, who had lost the use of her limbs and was confined to bed, sent me word that she wished to see me, and that she believed if I would come and pray with her the Lord would heal her. I had never seen her, but she had heard of me preaching at the Chapel. I went to see her reluctantly as I thought she had got some wild notions into her head. When I got to the house, I found her a pious, sensible young woman. I conversed with her on the state of her soul and prayed with her. We were very much blessed; I felt a union of soul with her; and she begged I would see her again. In the morning before I left, I went, accordingly, and found her very happy. During prayer I was sweetly led to ask the Lord to heal her body; I told the Redeemer of several of the miracles He had wrought in the days of His flesh; and I felt a strong confidence that His power was the same, that He could heal his handmaid, and I therefore asked Him to do it. Great power rested upon us while we engaged in prayer; she joined me feelingly in the exercise of faith, and I left her, truly happy in her soul. Afterwards, she told her sister that while I was at prayer she felt a power to stir her limbs and added—'If you will fetch my clothes I can get up.' Her sister did not believe she could, but took her clothes. To the astonishment of all she got up, was dressed, and walked into the other room. On the day following she walked out of doors. When the surgeon came and found her up and able to walk, he was amazed, and said—'I never expected you would walk again, and nothing but a miracle could do it.'

He asked her how the change had happened. She replied—'A Methodist preacher has prayed with me and God has healed me.' He then asked—'What did he *do* at you?' She answered 'Nothing, but prayed with me.' To God's name be all the glory."

The third is not less remarkable than the second, and very closely borders upon the miraculous. Besides detailing the answer to prayer, the narrative, as it proceeds, suggests lessons of great practical importance.

"June 16th, 1830.—I feel bound to record one of the most remarkable answers to prayer I ever knew. Mrs. D—, the wife of a wicked blacksmith, had been a pious member of our Chester Society for some years, and had suffered much persecution from her husband. About two years ago, when suffering from his ill-treatment, which she had hitherto borne with great meekness, and at the same time had enjoyed much consolation from the Lord, there was a spirited young wife, a neighbour of hers, said to her—'You take your husband's ill-treatment too quietly; if you were to stick up to him he would not use you so. My husband,' she continued, 'is sometimes cross with me; but I give it him again. I would never submit to be treated as you are.' This counsel Mrs. D. took little notice of while she was quite happy in God's favour and love; but, in a short time, her husband was out of work, their circumstances became contracted, and, as a consequence, her feelings were low and depressed. One morning her husband got up to kindle the fire, and, all not being right, the room was filled with smoke. She said to him—'I wish you to open the window and let out the smoke.' This request offended him, and he said, in a very cross manner—'You shall get up and make the fire yourself.' His temper ruffled her's, and she, in a sharp manner, replied—'Well, I

will do that, if you will go and seek some work.' He understood her to mean that she thought him idle; and he turned round and pulled her out of bed. The advice of her neighbour now came to her mind; she gave him battle, and a very serious quarrel ensued. Afterwards, her soul was deeply wounded, but she did not fully realize her spiritual loss until she went to the chapel and found that the means of grace which before were so delightful, had now lost their sweetness. When the singing commenced, she had no pleasure in it; the praying was profitless; and the preached Gospel, that had been so delicious to her soul, was tasteless; in short, her religious happiness was all gone. *Now* she saw and felt what she had done, and from this time she sunk into despondency. This, in a short time so affected her health that she took to her bed and suffered unspeakable distress of mind, and could obtain comfort from no source. When I came to the Circuit I was told of her case, and, before long, paid her a visit. I was quite shocked to find her in such a miserable state, and I hoped that God would hear prayer in her behalf. I visited her most weeks during the year; I read, sung, talked to her, and prayed with her, and exercised all the faith and fervour that I could command; but I seldom found pleasure in these duties, and she seldom derived much pleasure from them. Still I visited her, and she received me thankfully, and was most anxious to be right with the Lord. One time, when speaking about her unhappy state, she said—'Oh, Mr. Lynn, if I could but recover what I have lost I would not mind crawling on my hands and knees through the streets of Chester, with all the city shouting after me!' To-night I visited her, as I thought for the last time, and as the Lord had frequently answered my poor prayers for the afflicted, I must say I was disappointed in having to leave her in the

same state of body and mind as I found her, after a year's praying. She expressed her thanks for my attention to her, and I prayed and commended her to God.

"17th.—We had intended to leave Chester, this morning, by the Manchester coach, but it was so full that we could not get seats. During the morning, I received a message from Mrs. D., to say that she must see me, stating, at the same time, that the Lord had heard prayer last night, and healed her, both in body and mind. I could scarcely credit the report; but I went to the house, and when I entered, to my utter astonishment she was dressed, sitting by the fireside mending stockings, and looking as calm and happy as possible. She reminded me of the individual who was disposessed of the devil, and who was said to be 'clothed, sitting at the feet of Jesus, in his right mind.' I asked her how the change had been produced. 'Well,' she said, 'I experienced a strange feeling after you had prayed with me yesterday; I felt as if I had received strength both in body and soul. I then said to my little girl—'Did not Mr. Lynn pray nicely?' 'Yes, mother,' she said, 'he always does.' 'Oh!' I exclaimed, 'but I never heard him pray as I did to day; I feel as if I could get up if thou wouldst reach my clothes.' 'Do you think so, mother?' replied the girl. 'Yes,' said I. The clothes were brought; the mother dressed herself, and walked to the fireside—what she had not done for many months; and she exclaimed, 'I now feel quite happy in my mind.' I could not tell what to say or how to express my gratitude to God for His goodness to this dear woman. Blessed be His glorious name! it has pleased Him to answer prayer. The occurrence was one I could not expect, but all the promises of God are sure to persevering prayer."

We have met with cases similar to these in the lives of distinguished ministers. The Rev. Hodgson Casson, a Wesleyan

minister, who died in the year 1851, was a simple-hearted earnest preacher, and a man of mighty prayer and faith. His biographer relates many answers to his prayers, equally startling character to those we have just cited. We extract one as a companion to the others. It is found at page of Mr. Casson's "Life and Labours."

"Another anecdote of his remarkable prevalency in prayer which occurred in Kendal Circuit, may not inappropriately be introduced here. In a country village, one of the members of the society was taken seriously ill, and every indication appeared that the sickness was unto death. The disease baffled every attempt of his medical attendant to stay its progress, and he had announced to the sorrowing family that there was no hope. Mr. Casson was passing through the place, and being informed of the circumstance, hastened to the bedside of his afflicted brother. After some conversation with those who were around, he said—'Let us all pray!' and kneeling down, he pleaded earnestly with God for some time that if consistent with the Divine Will, the man might recover. It was a time of God's power, and the presence of the Most High appeared to overshadow them. Rising from his knees and taking hold of the sick man's hand, he said, 'Christian, you will live: prayer is heard.' The man opened his eyes and responded, 'I believe I shall.' From that hour the disease was arrested, a gradual recovery followed, and he was soon able to resume his occupation. Both myself and friends attributed his unexpected restoration as from the gates of death, to the prayer of faith. He lived for thirty years after this, a useful member of the society in the place, and did not hesitate to acknowledge that he owed his life, under God, to Hodgson Casson's prayer."

While the instances given refer to prayers fulfilled in behalf of those who were physical sufferers, they will encourage

in the exercise of a stronger faith in our prayers generally. For the removal of physical calamity, or the bestowal of temporal prosperity, we are to pray *permissively;* as the Saviour, when in prospect of His agonising death, prefaced His prayer with the condition—"If it be possible." But when spiritual good is our aim, and where we have an explicit promise of God to plead, the language of prayer may pardonably rise from that of request to demand, and the penitent supplicant exchange place with the patriarch who prevailed with God. "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me."

Fulfilled prayer excites us to this strong faith by two considerations. First, *Whatever they who prayed were, we are.* They were not ideal or mythical personages, but men, with all our weaknesses and difficulties. Even Elias, that prince of successful praying, "was a man;" and, as a man, not exempted from the fears and failings of the species; he was "subject to like passions as we are." Secondly, *Whatever God was to them He is to us.* Our countries change their features; our governments change the principles of their procedure; and our persons and circumstances perpetually change; but God, the maker and preserver of all, changes not. "Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." Whatever He was in perception, in pity, in power, He is. If, therefore, they were like us, and prayed, and God answered their prayers; let us pray like them, and God, the unchanged and unchanging, will "open the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

CHAPTER VI.

BY-WAYS OF USEFULNESS.

He that does good to another man, does good also to himself: not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it; for the conscience of well-doing is an ample reward.—SENECA.

USEFULNESS is the first desire and ultimate aim, the alpha and omega of the Christian. He is prompted to its pursuit by *the fine instincts of his new life.* Life, in general, is aggressive, communicative, and self-propagating; and the religious life is pre-eminently of this character. "Not to desire to impart it to others, is evidence that we have it not; and the degree in which we are blessed with it is the degree in which we shall labour to bestow it."—He *finds delight and profit in the pursuit.* The effort to evangelize, like the exercise of mercy, is "twice blessed, it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." God has made our duty to blend with our pleasure and our profit. He who, miser-like, concentrates his attention and labours upon himself, caring not to extend a thought, or heave a sigh, or offer a prayer, or stir a step in order to benefit and bless the ignorant, the helpless, or the necessitous all about him, is not the man (Christian we will not term him) to be envied. Happiness is a guest which seeks a more fitting abode than that furnished by his niggardly heart; and as for profit, in the best sense, he is destitute of it; for, as in secular so in spiritual concerns, "there is that giveth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."—He is guided to this object by *high and holy example.* If those, who by ill-doing have made shipwreck, are to be elevated into beacons to warn

us of danger, those who by well-doing have reached the celestial port may well be constituted our pilots to guide us aright. And, pray, what was the feature which distinguished them as belonging to one family—as, indeed, the reflected image of their Divine Father? Wherein do Job, and Abraham, and Moses; Isaiah and the Prophets; Paul and the Apostles, agree, notwithstanding their varieties of time, and place, and gifts? Was it not in their tender compassion, their burning zeal, their self-sacrificing toil for others? Nay, what is the example of Christ—of God? Did not Christ go about "doing good?" Is not the great God ever blessing?

If, then, instinctive promptings are to have any obedience; if happiness is to be desired and progress realized; if the lives of the devoted are to teach and the example of God to be followed, the Christian *must* be useful. Never does he honour himself; never does he pursue a course which so exalts and benefits himself; never does he so distinctly resemble his God, as when the wants of others are his study, and their salvation his labour. Indeed, we cannot conceive of a true Christian pursuing any other course. When matter can be defined without reference to bulk, or form, or colour; when the lightning can be separated from its flash, or the thunder from its roar, or the rainbow from its hues; then may the Christian be conceived without reference to usefulness. Wherefore "to do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

But usefulness, though the great aim and just ambition of the Christian, is not, like its Great Pattern, confined "to times or to places." It may be realized here and there, now and then. It shuts not up its disciples to consecrated places or favoured lands; it binds him not to stereotyped modes of action. Everything has undergone great changes of late. Our modes of travel, of warfare, of manufacture, of husbandry,

of education, are all different from what they were, and he who, wedded to the infallibility and superiority of the past, would not adopt them, will find himself a laughing-stock to others and a stumbling-block to himself. And, in like manner, he who would be useful must study new methods and develope new forms of usefulness. If the chapel or church is deserted, resort must be had to the street, or the market-place. If the regular school does not attract, a Ragged School must be opened. If in the high-ways of public usefulness we succeed not to the extent of our desire or duty, let us enter into by-paths.

Mr. Lynn did not underrate the regular means of usefulness; as, for instance, the preaching of the Word and the administration of the ordinances of religion in proper places and at fixed times; but he sought to second and supplement these by the use of private and less conspicuous means. And in commendation of such exertions we cannot speak too highly. They resemble those members of the body "which seem to be more feeble," but "God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honour to that part which lacked." They are comparable to pickets and riflemen in an army, occupying no high position and playing no brilliant part in the engagement, but as *useful* as any part of the army.

Among the means to which reference is now made, are the use of private opportunities of speaking a fitting word for Christ, the conversion of miscellaneous interviews with unknown persons into channels of good, and the employment of novel places in which to hold forth the Word of Life. First, PRIVATE INTERCOURSE. There is much to recommend a private appeal to a friend upon the momentous subject of his salvation.—1. It expresses an anxiety respecting him which no public or official appeal can betoken. The appeal made

in the pulpit or through other public channels, may be parried off as a matter of course, or professional business ; but when the public appeal is seconded by private solicitation, and the hearer is followed from the chapel to the closet, the impression is given that the anxiety cherished is real and not assumed, spiritual and not professional.—2. It furnishes the opportunity for more direct appeal. However pointed a minister may become, he must not be personal, and however faithful a friend may be in company, there are limits within which prudence and good taste bind him ; but in private, the opportunity is afforded which Nathan possessed, when, in company with David, he said, "*Thou* art the man!"—3. It enables one to meet whatever is special in the case ; to answer special objections, overcome special difficulties, and urge special arguments.—4. It excites no feeling of shame or chagrin in the bosom of the visited. Were he spoken to thus in public, that feeling would prompt unkind retort or stout resistance. Hence the apostle Paul, whose philosophy was as sound as his piety was ardent, adopted, among other wise expedients, this of private visitation and expostulation. "I went up (to Jerusalem) by revelation, and communicated unto them that Gospel which I preached among the Gentiles, but *privately* to them which were of reputation, lest by any means I should run, or had run, in vain."

But at such times "words" are to be "fitly spoken." There must be careful observation of "their mood, the quality of persons, and the time;" and, the target fairly eyed, the arrow of selected words must be steadily drawn. There is an adaptation of words to persons and times, as well as of persons to places ; and happy he who, in doing God's work, can get the right word in the right place. Mr. Lynn records an example. "I resided, while at S., with a kind, pious family, and heard with great joy that something I said to

the servant, when I was there last, has led to her conversion. Glory be to God, our conquering King!"

Another mode of usefulness, which Mr. Lynn often employed was found in the right use of MISCELLANEOUS INTERVIEWS. Whenever he was brought into the company of transgressors, as upon a coach in his travels from place to place, or in private dwellings in pastoral visits, or elsewhere, he sought their benefit, now by timely reproof, and now by earnest expostulation. Two illustrations may be given. The first occurred when he was in Chester Circuit, in 1825, on one of his country journies.

"I came up to a man and a boy cutting thorns out of the hedge; the man was swearing most awfully. I said to him —'Do you know that you ought not to swear?' He answered —'Yes, but that man has vexed me.' I said—'Do you know that you are vexing God by swearing?' 'He said he knew it was wrong, but he must do something for pastime.' I asked him 'if he would prepare his soul for Hell for pastime.' He did not seem to like that; I asked him if he knew there was a judgment day, when he would have to give an account of these words if not repented of. He said 'he believed what I told him.' I then urged him to give up swearing and pray to God to have mercy upon him. He received the advice not amiss, and I proceeded on my way to Ince."

A second encounter of this sort took place, on a stage coach, between Huddersfield and Leeds, and developed a conversation which will be read with interest.

"Oct. 4, 1826.—I left Huddersfield for Leeds at one o'clock, and was painfully annoyed by the coachman; I bore the annoyance for some time, until I began to think thus:—Poor man; perhaps I shall never see thee again ere the judgment day, and I must tell thee thou art in danger of sinking

into hell. I lifted my heart to God, and asked Him to give me courage to take up the cross. Shortly after, the coachman turned his head round, and I said to him—'You ought to talk, and not to swear, my good man.' 'You are right,' he replied, 'I ought to do so; thank you, you have a right to reprove me.' He was an ignorant sort of man, but very good natured. I told him as coachmen had so few opportunities of hearing a sermon I would preach him one. He said—'I shall be very glad to hear you.' As I proceeded, I said something about the devil. He cried out at once—'I do not believe there is a devil.' I told him if he disbelieved the Word of God, I would have done with him. As for the devil, I said, 'I see him every day, and hear him speaking out of the mouths of sinners.' He said—'I never saw him.' I asked him if he believed in nothing but what he saw. He replied—'Not much.' I said—'Do you believe there is such a place as France?' 'Yes, I do.' I asked him if he ever saw it. He said—'No; but I have heard many people talk about it.' I said—'I am sure you have heard as much talk about the devil as you have heard about France.' He paused, and did not know what to say.

I next charged him with drunkenness. He rejoined—'There is no harm in getting drunk; I am drunk every day.' I said to him—'Can you drive a coach as well when you are drunk as when you are sober?' He said he could, and *better*. I told him I could not believe him. I then inquired if he would like as well to die drunk as sober. He replied—'You are coming too close now,' and added—'I ask God when I lie down in my bed, to forgive what I have done amiss during the day.' I told him that praying in bed was a lazy way of praying; that such prayers would never reach Heaven; and then, what was worse, when he arose in the morning, he committed fresh sins. He answered—'I cannot

before the demands of the times and the salvation of souls. Places of worhip there should be; they suit our convenience, they economise ministerial labour, they develope the social element in Christianity, and exhibit the strength of union in worship, and, by hallowed associations, quicken the piety of the good. "Say not, it is but lame devotion that cannot mount without the help of such a wooden stock; rather 'tis lame indeed which is not raised, though having the advantage thereof." But why be confined to places, however convenient and helpful to those who frequent them? God is not confined to any place. "The Heathen had this grosse conceit," says Fuller, "that their Gods were affixt to their Statues, as their Statues were confined in their Temples: so that in effect they did not so much build Temples for their Gods, as thereby lay Nets to catch them in, inviting them thither as into a Palace and then keeping them there as in a Prison." But our God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Again, the best worship that was ever offered and the finest sermons that were ever preached, were offered and preached in places where there was no consecration, save that which God has given to every portion of the majestic temple of the great universe. Abel, the first martyr; Abraham, the father of the faithful; and Job, "the man after God's heart," worshipped not in consecrated places; and Jesus, the Son of God; and Paul, the champion apostle, preached everywhere—now in the temple and now in the synagogue; now by the sea shore and now on Marr's Hill. "There is," therefore, to quote once more the author just named, "no absolute necessity, that Christians should have churches; no necessity at all in respect of God, no absolute necessity in respect of men, when persecution hinders the erecting of them: In such a case, any place is made a church for the time being, as any private house where the King and his Retinue meet is presently made the Court."

Acting upon this belief, Mr. Lynn often preached in places where congregations assembled but where sanctuaries were not reared. In London, he preached in a Lace Factory, and we give the incident, as well to encourage attention being paid to the young as to support the efforts now making to carry the Gospel to persons who never hear it, by holding services in places of a novel description. A "Lace Factory" converted by the hand of devotion into a sanctuary, and its fair workers in rich threads directed to look to Him who is the "fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely!" Places, good sirs, do not sanctify persons, but persons places. The iniquity of a people make the land to mourn; their piety bring upon it Heaven's smile.

"Dec. 5.—In the afternoon," writes Mr. Lynn in the year 1828, "I went to fulfil an engagement I had made some time ago with Mr. F.; namely, to preach a sermon to his apprentice girls in the Lace Factory. I suppose there were more than sixty present. I took for my text Psalm xxvii., 10—'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' As many of them were orphans, I thought it a suitable passage; and they heard it with many tears. I hope this handful of seed will not—indeed, I am sure it will not be lost. I shook hands with all present, and this appeared to please them vastly. Some of them, I am glad to learn, already possess and practice religion."

Before quitting the metropolis, Mr. Lynn paid the young people at the establishment a parting visit. "I called," he says, "this morning (June 22, 1829,) at Mr. F.'s, and took leave of the interesting girls in his Lace Factory. I delivered them a short address, then we sung a few verses, and I prayed with them. At our parting they wept as if losing a near and dear relative. I perceive much good may be done by paying attention to young people."

Indeed there may. Young people are very susceptible of impression from kindly attentions, particularly on the part of ministers, who are required by their Divine Master to show their love to Him by feeding them. At present it is an important question—How can the elder scholars of the Sunday School be kept there as teachers and transferred to the church as members? Primarily, we believe, by the scholars, while yet scholars, getting converted and being made "new creatures in Christ Jesus." Until this great change is wrought religious duties are heavy, and religion itself a mere form; but after this, duty and pleasure are identical, and religion becomes a life. Teachers must contemplate this as the end of all their labour; it must guide their preparations, influence their exhortations and exercises, and enlist their prayers. "Many who labour for the good of others, especially amongst the young, seek far too little. They would induce them to read, to pray, to abstain from evil, and to observe the ordinary means of grace, and they are more or less satisfied if for the present they succeed to this amount. There is a world of error in this; and it ends in the fatal delusion of multitudes. To avoid this course, establish two points firmly in your mind. First, that nothing is done for a sinner till he is *converted*. I have known many a parent, truly anxious for the welfare of a beloved child, remark—'My son, I cannot say is converted; but he is, I trust, in a *hopeful* state.' This is an unsound and dangerous distinction. An unconverted state cannot be a hopeful state. He who is unconverted is at enmity with God, is in a state of sin, and is a child of wrath even as others; and this is his unmitigated condition, whatever fair appearances may be assumed, up to the moment of his conversion.

"Second, remember carefully that conversion is not *progressive*. Great error prevails on this particular; and it is

mostly the source of the error we have just noticed. Means may be used in reference to conversion; and the use of them, as well as their influence on the mind, may spread over a progressive period; but conversion itself is not progressive, it is instantaneous. It consists essentially of that *one act* in which the will is determined for God; and it necessarily occurs at some *instant* of the sinner's life. The prodigal of the Gospel must have been the subject of much reflection and conflict; but he was only converted at the instant in which he resolved he would arise and go to his father. This would seem so clear as not to admit of various opinion.

"Yet different opinion has obtained in the church; and to this day it is exercising a paralysing and deadly influence. It is thought not only that means have a progressive character, but that conversion itself is progressive; that if instantaneous conversions are possible, they are not desirable; and that conversions are sound in proportion as they are slow in their development. Can anything be more absurd, more mischievous? If conversion must be a work of time, then it is folly of you to expect it now; if it must be spread over months and years, then the sinner may postpone his conversion, and satisfy himself that his present state is the best possible to him now. And all this time, he is hardening his heart by cherishing at once his hope and his enmity!" * If *converted* in the school, the young disciple of his own accord will turn to the church as naturally as the spring flower opens to receive the rays of the sun which are to unfold and ripen it. Let this great object, then, be aimed at in the teachers' lessons and the ministers' addresses. And, in furtherance of the object, let there be a more visible link connecting the school and the church—a bridge over which we may safely walk, and not a stream through which one has to wade. This

* Advancement of Religion; pp. 79-81.

link of union, this bridge of travel, will appear to many and particularly ministers of the Churches, finding their at stated periods and with interested heart and eye in school. Let ministers be at liberty of a Sabbath afternoon at least once a month, to address the scholars, making their addresses perceptible to the youthful apprehension by their simplicity, engaging by their anecdotes and illustrations, and profitable by the directness and energy of their appeals. Efforts of this description, accompanied and vitalized by the Divine blessing, will bring the church into the school and the school into the church; and, oh our God! is not this what we want? Should not scholars be Christians and Christian scholars?

And surely there are arguments strong enough and reasons stimulating enough to prompt us to get into the royal road and the by-paths of usefulness. Consider the value of the soul, and its destined rise to Heaven's bliss or fall into Hell's woe; consider the price of its redemption and the glory of its salvation; consider the luxury of doing good and the "far more exceeding and abundant weight of glory" which awaits the "good and faithful servant;" consider what others have done for us, and what, by God's blessing, we may do for others; oh, let us consider the example of Him who was "rich and for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich," and let the "love of Christ constrain us" to think and speak, toil and pray for those who are ready to perish! If, as the result of all, you save but one soul, is not that an achievement worth worlds, an honour more distinguished than any that kings award, and a joy more pure, and deep, and lasting than any and all besides? At the end of life Harlan Page could say—"I trust, through the blessing of God, I have been the means of saving not less than one hundred souls." Oh! how sweet the reflection,

ow glorious the recompense! One hundred souls plucked om Hell and sent to Heaven; one hundred souls taken from e army of vice, where conquest is ruin, and added to the ldiers of Christ, who die to conquer and conquer to die no ore; one hundred souls, thus saved by the prayers and toils one individual! If all Christians were as devoted and uccessful as he, how soon would the world be given to the hurch, and Christ receive the homage of universal man! et his devotion admonish us, his success encourage us, and, hen our end draws nigh, may a reflection like his give ease o our dying pillow and joy to our departing soul!

CHAPTER VII.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.—FULLER.

PLEASURE and Profit; what potent words are these! They, or what they represent, form the great springs of human action and the great objects of human ambition. Men everywhere are engaged in their pursuit, although the two objects are not always blended. Some live for profit alone, and virtually reduce the world to a great mart and human beings to machines, which are esteemed or despised as they work well or ill. If pleasure in this case is experienced at all, it is only the morbid pleasure which springs from material gain. Others live exclusively for pleasure: this is the goal to which they perpetually run, the target at which they eagerly aim, and the port whither they adventurously sail. Pleasure dictates the viands to be eaten, the places visited, the companions formed, the books read, and the value of whatever is possessed, acquired, or lost. Most awful are the consequences of this pleasure-seeking spirit. It converts the world into a fancy-fair, its inhabitants into toys to be played with, and life into a dream. When it takes a rough form it produces the voluptuary and the debauchee; when a refined form, the dreamer and sentimentalist. The former are commonly censured, but the latter are not less censurable. "Sentimentality is the poison of all virtue and the phthisis of intellectual health. Where it reigns, feelings—not things—occupy a person's whole attention and admiration, and objects are loved and hated, pursued and avoided, not for what they are in themselves but for the

sentiments they excite. The sentimentalist is so accustomed to have the whole phenomena of human life and character brought before him for the judgment of taste, and to ask himself how he is affected by them, that his whole universe, not excepting its most solemn duties aud relations, becomes to him a work of art."

And yet Profit and Pleasure represent what is Divine in the aspirations of the soul and legitimate in the pursuits of life. We were made to get, to acquire, to accumulate; but the danger is in confining this natural power to what is material, and seeking it as an end in itself, instead of a means to a higher and nobler end. We are to draw into ourselves—to profit—but for the immaterial part of us—the soul, in its mental and spiritual longings, not less than the material part; and so to gather as to sow, more than to garner, and thus develope ourselves in forms that may glorify the God who gave us the wonderful nature we possess. And so of pleasure. We were made to be happy, and there is enough placed within our grasp to minister to our pleasure; but pleasure is incidental to the great end of life, which is the glory of God. Pleasure is not virtue, but virtue produces pleasure; and let it be remembered, we are virtuous not because we are happy, but happy because virtuous.

It follows, then, that while Profit and Pleasure are not to be sought as primary, they may and ought to be sought as minor ends of life; indeed, in seeking them, in the best sense, we seek the glory of Him who made us what we are. Mr. Lynn thus thought and acted. Whenever he went upon a journey, if professedly of pleasure, he sought to turn it into profit, and of profit not only to himself but to others. We have seen this illustrated in several instances already given, and we conclude with two more which deserve special notice. The first was to Epworth.

Epworth is one of those places which owe their renown, not to the excellency of their situation, the value of their resources, the embellishments of art, or the gains of commerce, but to circumstances entirely accidental to them. Who would ever have heard of Marathon, of Waterloo, of the Alma, but for the struggles of which they were the scene, and the triumphs of which they were the witness? Who would ever have heard of Stratford-upon-Avon but for the Bard who has immortalised it; of Elstow but for the celestial Dreamer who entered upon the dream of life there; or of Epworth but for the devoted and world-renowned Wesleys? Verily, places, like persons, have conferred upon them from without, a name which never could have grown up from within themselves. The little market town of which we write stands upon the northern borders of Lincolnshire, about ten miles N.NW. of Gainsboro'. Its population, which is now under two thousand, and was considerably less in the time of the Wesleys, are engaged in agricultural pursuits and in the cultivation, the dressing, and the spinning of flax, of which a large quantity is vended. Sight-seers must not go there to seek the gratification of their taste for what is wonderful or beautiful. Hill and dale, wood and water, are not there nicely intermingled so as to form a scene which rivets the eye and stirs up devout feelings in the heart. The country is low and the surface level. A facetious friend of ours never saw a hill all the time he was there but once, and then he had to climb upon a huge stone to see it! Yet, as long as men have eyes to see and hearts to feel, Epworth will be visited for the associations which cluster around it. In an early number of the Journal of Sacred Literature, Dr. Dobbin, late of Hull, sketched a pilgrimage which he made there, and as the account will form a good back-ground to the visit of Mr. Lynn, we present it.

"Close bordering on the winding Trent, in one of the richest portions of Lincolnshire, is the parish and manor of Epworth, the church standing upon an elevation reached by a gentle ascent about four miles from the river, but shaded from view by a shoulder of the hill. Right well do we remember our pilgrimage to that memorable spot a few short months ago. Our readers may divine the day by consulting their almanacks for the birth.day of our gracious Queen, in the year of our Lord 1848. This occasion, as we are loyalists to the very core of our nature, we never fail to observe as a holy day, we and all our house. The heavens smiled propitiously on our purpose, for never did a brighter spring sun pour gladness into our heart than that which shone upon us as we crept blithely along the road that gradually swept us from the ferry. Our sensations we will not attempt to describe as we passed the pathway of the quiet old country town, where the first relic we picked up was the characteristic one of a torn page of the New Testament. Enthusiasm upon paper is vapid as the lees of wine; it wants the first element of enthusiasm—life. The imagination of our readers must supply the want of graphic power in our pen. Suffice it to say, that it was with more than common emotion we looked upon the font where the man, whose genius made the celebrity of the place, had been baptised; upon the communion table and the pulpit where Wesley had often officiated, yet whence he had been rudely repulsed by an intemperate and ungrateful priest, who had owed his all to the Wesleys; on the tomb-stone of his father, which on that occasion and subsequently served the itinerant John for a pulpit, from which he addressed weeping multitudes in the churchyard; on the withered sycamore beneath whose shade he must have played; and, finally, through the courtesy of the rector, the Hon. and Rev. Charles Dundas, on the parsonage, now scarcely recog-

nisable for the same from the improvement it has received at the hands of wealth guided by the eye of taste, though Old Jeffrey's room still retains much of its ghostliness. The day that revealed all these and sundry memorabilities is one to be noted with chalk in our calendar."

The visit of Mr. Lynn to Epworth was made while he was stationed in the Leeds Circuit. The occasion of it was the indisposition of the Rev. Mr. Mort.

"Our Leeds friends have been applied to by Mr. Mort, of Thorne, who is ill, to allow me to supply there for a fortnight, and they have agreed to my request. I started to-night (Feb. 8th, 1827) by the canal boat; the conveyance was warm and cheap, but dirty and crowded. The passengers were agreeable, but there was little sleep to be got; the captain so frequently blew his horn that as fast as we fell asleep our slumbers were again broken. About seven o'clock in the morning we arrived at the New Bridge, where I left the boat. I went to an inn, had a wash and breakfast, and set off for Thorne, a distance of four and a-half miles. I was glad to find Mr. Mort somewhat improved. This grave and venerable minister brought vividly to my recollection my beloved and revered mother, whose funeral sermon he preached, when I was about seven years of age. I remember well the circumstance. He put his hand on my head and asked the Lord's blessing to rest upon me. I have not seen him since; when I reminded him of the occasion he seemed much pleased, and was glad to find that the poor motherless boy had been brought to salvation and was employed in the glorious work of proclaiming a Saviour's love."

Epworth is in the Thorne Circuit, and, a few days after Mr. Lynn's arrival, he rode over there, "a place," he says, "I have long wished to see, being the birth-place of the Messrs. Wesleys and Kilham. It is a long, rambling place,

with very few good houses in it. How strange that a place so poor should produce so many burning and shining lights! I walked up to the church and found the tomb-stone of Mr. Wesley's father. He appears to have died in the year 1735, on the 25th of April, in the 72nd year of his age. As I looked at it, and stood upon it, many pleasing thoughts occurred to my mind. I thought of the time when Mr. Wesley stood upon it, and preached, when he was not allowed to preach in the church; I imagined I saw the churchyard full of attentive and weeping hearers; I thought of the disgrace which fell on the man who drove Mr. Wesley from the Lord's table, and I admired the zeal, the activity, and success of that blessed servant of God. I left this interesting grave-yard in a very pensive mood. I visited, also, the place where the parsonage stood, and which was burnt down when Mr. Wesley was a child, and my meditations, prompted by these sights, were a source of delight and profit."

The minister at Epworth, at that time stationed there as a supply, was a Mr. ——. Some hale and hearty people, who have lived long and suffered little, are accustomed to tell their delicate and timid friends, in the greatest self-gratulation, that they were made "before nerves were contrived." Mr. —— could not boast of such priority of birth, or of such immunity from weakness. He was a *nervous* man. His strings were seldom whole, and he had not learnt the art, with a celebrated Frenchman, to produce fine music from an instrument of one string! He was, therefore, a man of discords—a grief to himself and a tease to others; yet, withal, a man of sincere and devoted piety.

"I found, Mr. ——, writes Mr. Lynn, ill of a strong nervous affection. When I inquired how he was, he replied, sombrously,—'Just dropping into eternity.' I tried to cheer him as well as I could, and, in a little time, he seemed much

better. He bitterly lamented his unfaithfulness, and was greatly distressed that his evidence for Heaven was not so clear as he wished. We prayed together, and the Lord greatly blessed us."

A mournful episode, however, in this poor fellow's life and in Mr. Lynn's visit remains to be told.

"During my stay in Epworth, I lodged one night with Mr. ——. After he and I had gone to bed, (his wife had gone elsewhere to sleep), a curious incident happened. We had not been long in bed, I cannot say how long, when Mr. —— started up and cried—'Oh! oh! oh! I am dying; oh, Mr. Lynn, get up and get a light, and call my wife; I am dying, I am dying!' 'Not you,' I said; 'you are none dying.' 'Oh, but I am; do fetch my wife; let me see her once more before I die.' I replied, 'I shall not call her; let her sleep, poor woman; she has had no sleep for several nights.' 'Oh, Mr. Lynn, if ever you did any good in your life, get up and get a light; I am dying.' I inquired—'What good will a light do you; if you are going to die, you can die in the dark, as well as in the light?' At length, I got up, awoke the person belonging to the house, and got a light. He then got out of bed, and took the New Testament and read these words—'I give my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.' 'Precious food for the soul,' he ejaculated, and went to bed, putting the New Testament under his pillow, fell asleep, and I heard no more of him. I was really sorry for the poor man."

As intimated, Mr. Wesley was not the only distinguished man born at Epworth: it was the birth-place of the Rev. Alexander Kilham, the founder of the Methodist New Connexion. This circumstance was not at all relished by small-minded men of the parent-body, after Mr. Kilham had ceased

to belong to it. They would have annihilated the birth-place connection of the two men, if they could; but that was beyond their power; it was a fact, and a "fact," says Binney, "is a fact to all eternity." What, however, they could not destroy, they could disparage; and this they did with consummate ability. All general laws, they reasoned, have their particular exceptions, and the exception proclaims and proves the law. "A fountain," for instance, "doth not send forth, at the same place, sweet water and bitter;" but that as the general law, there must be an exception. After rearing a whole mountain of wit, (and that not of a very sparkling character) without standing upon a molehill of wisdom, it was made out to the satisfaction of none but themselves, that Mr. Kilham was nature's exception; and that the Epworth fountain sent forth sweet water in Wesley and bitter water in him!

The laconic and manly reply of Mr. Kilham to this trashy nonsense and ungenerous reflection was—"Whatever may be thought by some on the subject, I consider it an honour to be born in the same town that gave birth to the Messrs. Wesley."

Starting, however, from the same place in the earth, Wesley and Kilham occupy very different positions in the Church and the world. The two men indeed are not to be compared, unless in the one quality of their piety, and, we believe that Kilham's was as sincere, as humble, as ardent, and for the length of his life, as mature as Wesley's. But, in other respects, they are not to be compared, because moving in different spheres and adapted to separate works. Mr. Wesley was of distinguished family, and received a finished education; Mr. Kilham was of humble birth, and, for the most part, self-educated. Mr. Wesley was the father and founder of Methodism; Mr. Kilham stepped in as a "fellow labourer," and served, up to the time of Mr. Wesley's death,

as a son in the Gospel. Mr. Wesley was honoured to r
the Church of Methodism—Mr. Kilham was specially ch
to *reform* it.

Nor did he seek this—a humbler sphere of labour: it
forced upon him. Up to the time of Wesley's death h
a preacher, not a polemic; he took an interest in the di
of the time, not a part. But after that, he could n
silent without being faithless to his convictions and prin
It was a time, when, if a man had light within him, h
bound to impart it; if liberal principles were his lot,
was to avow and defend them, or act the part of a traitor
coward.

The great question of debate was—Where is the p
hitherto wielded exclusively by Mr. Wesley to rest? W
to take his place?—if a Conference, how composed?—
bench of bishops, what their relation to each other,
ministers and the church? How are we to proceed; a
present, an appendage to the national church, receiving
sacraments there and preaching between its hours of serv
or are we to consider ourselves a church, responsible to Ch
alone as our head and the great head of every true Church

We need not pursue the subject further than to obser
that Mr. Kilham went thoroughly with, at first, a very in
ential party who demanded, that Methodism should beco
a Church, her ministers, as was their due and their duty, a
ministering the ordinances, and their people meeting whenev
convenient to them, in or out of church hours. In the n
place, that the church as a whole, not a part of it as the clerg
or an aristocracy consisting of a favoured few of the clergy a
laity, should govern herself; that, therefore, in all her offic
meetings the voice of the members should be fully heard
and that in the Conferences ministers and laymen of equa
numbers and fairly elected, should sit together as brethren

and legislate for the body. Upon these principles the New Connexion body is based.

As it appears to us, then, Mr. Kilham was not an opponent of Mr. Wesley (that is, his system) but his necessary complement. Mr. Wesley had by his Herculean labours raised a large body which glowed with the warmth of celestial love; Mr. Kilham wished it to be fitted with a dress which would not hinder its growth or cripple its energies, but one that would expand with its expansion, and be so elastic as to adapt itself, with ease and efficiency, to the changes of society and the progress of the times. Both were needed, and God sent both; and happy the church—realizing a glorious ideal—that possesses what those honoured men represent; namely, a Scriptural theology and a self-consuming zeal on the one hand, and an enlightened and liberal polity on the other. With our views, therefore, when we visit Epworth we remember with no less warmth of affection than his most ardent admirers the name of Wesley, but we forget not Alexander Kilham; and while we first bless God for the founder, we follow it with thanksgiving for the reformer of Methodism!

The other visit which we have to notice was made to Studley Park, near Ripon—a perfect contrast to Epworth. There nature is plain in features and humble in attire; here she is distinguished by variety and clothed in beauty. There devoted piety has given the place a name it could not have earned; here superstitious devotion, joined with consummate art, reared edifices the ruins of which attract and fascinate multitudes. There, however, a torch was kindled which blazes yet and will continue to blaze till the world's darkness is removed; here, the light that there was has become darkness, and how great is that darkness!

The foundation of Fountain's Abbey was laid in the twelfth century by an order of monks who had ceased to be Benedic-

tines and were called Cistercians, and settled in Skell-dale, which was given to them, Dec. 11, 1132, spending the first winter under shelter of stately trees. In 1539, the convent and lands were sold by Henry VIII. to Sir R. Gresham, and passed thence through different owners to Earl de Grey, their present owner. The grounds adjoining were laid out in 1720, by John Aislabie, Esq., assisted by his gardener, Fisher, in a style which reminds the visitor of the *Champs Elysées de Paris*. "The style chosen was that very prevalent at the time, though now generally looked upon as stiff, formal, and unnatural. The river Skell, which had for centuries rolled down the valley past Fountains, as free from adventitious ornament as stream could well be, in a lovely valley, was cut, straightened and expanded according to the fancy of the architect; here, forming a mimic cataract, there, a smooth canal, and anon a placid pool. The slopes and hill tops were changed, what with the addition of trees, shrubs, and buildings, and the lopping of the wild children of nature; in short the proprietor sought to *make* a place, and, accordingly, he made it."

Visits to such places may, by wise use thereof, yield profit and pleasure; and all persons need recreative visits of this character, recollecting only that in recreations we may "trespass, if using such as are forbidden by the Lawyer as against the statutes; the Physician, as against health; the Divine, as against conscience." Mr. Lynn's visit to this place is thus sketched.

"About to leave this county, I went to visit the justly celebrated grounds of Studley Park and the ruins of Fountain's Abbey. I was delighted with what I saw; it is the most interesting place that I have yet seen. I was amazed beyond description at the beauty of the scenery; scenery in which nature and art appear to vie with each other, and unitedly produce aspects which charm the eye and thrill the soul of

the spectator. The ruins of the Abbey are wonderful and suggestive. Of them a native poet sings—

> 'This venerable pile, with drooping head,
> Abandoned and forlorn, in ruins laid,
> Mourns its lost honours, but without redress;
> Tatter'd and torn, like virtue in distress.'

It is affecting to think that all this was built by money given in the belief that those who paraded its cloisters and worshipped at its altars could pray the souls of the donors out of purgatory; What a mercy that we live in a brighter day and are delivered from such spiritual blindness! Close to the Abbey is a "majestic yew tree" (apparently quite healthy yet hollow) which has grown there, it is computed, not less than 1,200 years. What a lesson does this fact teach us! It was old in our way of judging before the foundation of this place was laid, and now, after successive generations have passed away here it is in leaves while all about it is in ruins! 'Lord what is man?' Even as compared with the life of other things, how short is his! I preached in the village at night, and God was with us in power and great grace."

One more visitor we have all to receive, and one more visit we have all to take. When, where, and how that visitor will arrive is a secret kept so strictly by the Creator that no creature can find it out; and as to our visit into eternity, depending as it does upon death's visit to us, we stand in jeopardy every day. But, thank God, we may get our "house" so adjusted and "set in order," as to hail our anticipated visitor; and we may be so prepared, by grace received and grace improved, for our visit as to find it one in which our profit may be infinite and our pleasure eternal. Let us do the work, run the race, fight the good fight, which God has appointed, and He will not desert us at last. Cardinal Wolsey, it is said, poured forth this lament—"Had I been

as careful to serve the God of Heaven, as I have been to comply with the will of my earthly king, He would not have left me in my old age, as the other has done." No; he will never leave and never forsake the righteous. Their work done, they shall "rest;" their race run, they shall "obtain;" their fight over they shall "lay hold upon eternal life." As showers swell the rivers, and rivers commingle with the ocean, so pious souls shall sink into God, not to lose their identity or individuality, but to find that, "in His presence is fulness of joy; and at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

FINIS.

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